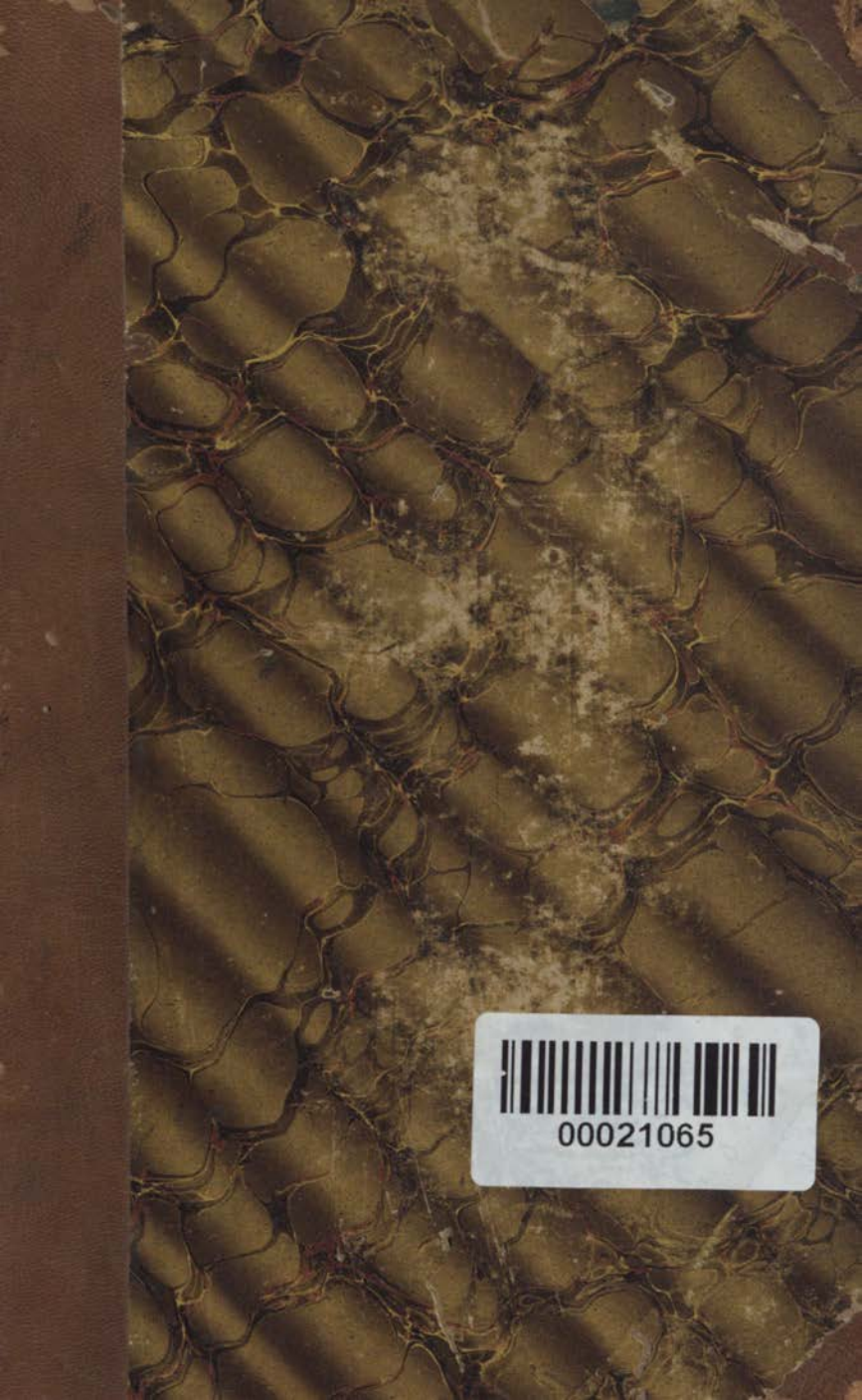
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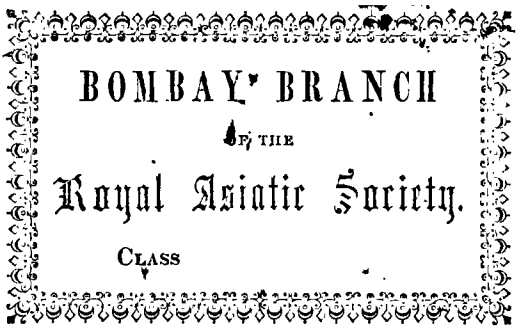

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TWENTY YEARS

IN

RETIREMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TWELVE YEARS' MILITARY ADVENTURE."

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TWENTY YEARS IN RETIREMENT.

CHAPTER I.

Muse feeding.

I HAVE always been of opinion that the best poems have owed their merit to the Muse having been fed, during her pregnancy, in a way suited to the work in contemplation, the stomach having, as I have observed, a strong influence on the imagination. When, therefore, a poet finds his Muse getting squeamish and refusing her breakfast, he should immediately set himself to consider what is the nature of the offspring of which she is likely to be delivered, and put her on a regimen accordingly.

I think these matters must have been well understood among the ancients, for it seems to me,

beyond a doubt, that the Muse of Homer must have been nourished on very strong meat before she could have given birth to such characters as Achilles, Hector, or Ajax; and that, in doing justice to the bright eyes which caused the fall of Ilion, she must have been under the influence of the sparkling fluid; while nothing less, I am convinced, than a jorum of whisky punch could have enabled her to describe, in such forcible language, the quarrel of Pelides and the King of Men. Nor is it possible that the Mantuan bard could have carried his hero through all his perils of war and women, unless his Muse had been pretty well primed, and at least half-seas-over, when she sang the dangers he underwent in his eventful voyage. The poet, indeed, tacitly admits as much; for he does not make Dido to call on her guest for the siege of Troy, till the bowl had circulated pretty freely, nor the pious Æneas to "renew his grief" till he has a "drop in his eye," or is, in other words, crying drunk.

Horace, too, when his Muse was getting round in the waist, must often have been invited to

partake of the good cheers of Mecænas' table; and, doubtless, in those days when patrons were not so scarce, nor poets so independent as they are now, he must have had a knife and fork at the best supplied boards of the metropolis of the world. Indeed, if we could come at the truth, I dare say it would be found, that he was also a constant attendant at the public dinners of the imperial city, there to contribute his quota to "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," with which—if there were reporters in those days—the news-reading part of the public must often have been regaled at their breakfast, as we are now edified after a city feast or a Highland Society dinner.

Or, to approach nearer to our own times, must not the Muse of 'Paradise Lost' have fed most daintily, ere she could have depicted, in such glowing colours, the lives of our first parents in the Garden of Eden; wherein she proves so strong a contrast to that part of the poem, where, having probably taken a glass too much, she makes the contending angels to pelt each other with mountains, or the infernal artillerists to send round

grape and canister, rattling among the celestial ranks, to riddle the incorporeal frames of the aërial militants?

Shakspeare's Muse, indeed, could scarcely have lived on food of earthly growth. Some celestial messenger must occasionally have come down with a basket from Apollo's larder; and nothing less than a bottle of nectar, from the best bin of the rosy god, could have satisfied the thirsty Muse, when she took her station, as it were, between Heaven and Earth. Sometimes, to be sure, his Muse, like the gods in their amours, must have put up with the fare of this nether world, and not unfrequently have been supplied with very gross food, as is evinced by the fruits. But must she not have had her spirits elated by a flagon of Olympian sack when she drew the unrivalled character of the portly knight?

Again, the first poet of the present age, who—all possible peace to his ashes!—has justly earned the distinguished honour of wearing the bays of his Satanic Majesty, must undoubtedly have nourished his Muse in a most peculiar manner, to have given birth to such a medley of beauty

and deformity, of delicacy and obscenity, of sensibility and brutality, of heavenly inspirations and blasphemy; and who cannot trace, in these strange incongruities, a strong resemblance to the contrasts of venison and horseflesh, of nightingale's palates and beef-steaks *à la* Bruce? Would it not, in fact, almost appear as if his Muse, like Thurtell, of pork-steak eating memory, had occasionally quaffed from his Lordship's favourite skull a potion of that fluid which, though it half-choked the ruffian, might have regaled the bard.

Our modern Anacreon, too, in the younger days of his Muse, before she turned *dévote* in her Hebrew Melodies, must have culled Billingsgate—not that I would call his a Billingsgate muse—in catering to her luscious palate. Oysters not crossed in love, but in the full glee of successful courtship, and lobsters in their newest regimentals, could alone have supplied nourishment to a muse whose offspring has done more to fill the pockets of Mr. Phillips than could ten thousand copies of his Emerald Isle, or than the Beggar's Opera did the cells of Newgate.

In like manner, the laureate Muse, while big with her 'Vision of Judgment,' must have been supported chiefly on corned legs of pork, or have been disappointed in her longings for a black-pudding. Indeed, I am almost inclined to think this monster of the Muse, this her darling sexaped, must have been frightened into existence by a mad bull. Henceforth, I would counsel this able and prolific writer, if he do not choose to submit his Muse to a proper regimen, to confine his pen to prose, in which he has few rivals. However, as I presume it is expedient that his Muse should be annually delivered of a birth-day ode, let him, while she is in the *Royal* family-way, feed her on honey, Scotch scollops, butter-milk, and flummery, or any other equally digestible and palatable food.

Sir Walter Scott, too, in his novels, has clearly shown us, from the *gusto* with which he describes the discussion of a venison pasty, that he himself had a taste for good things; with which, no doubt, he indulged his Muse on fit occasions.

But it is quite lamentable to observe how many poets of unquestionable genius have failed

from a neglect in the proper nourishment of the pregnant Muse. Voltaire, in his *Henriade,* is a deplorable instance of this. Fricassees, or *patés de foie gras,* may produce a *Pucelle d'Orleans,* but in an epic poem, where the Muse has to sing "of arms and the man," whose business is one of butchery, she must, to do justice to her subject, live almost entirely on butcher's-meat. Many poets of former times, whose names, of course, have not descended to us, must have sunk into oblivion from the same cause.

Of late years, how easy it is to perceive, from some of the puny spawnings of intellect that come forth from the press, how low their mammas must have been kept. What few inequalities these productions possess—where the Muse seems to rise above herself—doubtless owe their self-compared elevation to an occasional draught of ginger-pop; their pathos to a treat of treacle-posset; and what little point they possess, to a *point* at a red-herring. In short, in many instances, our heroic poems now savour of bubble-and-squeak; our Anacreontics, of goat's-whey; our epigrams, of whip-cream; our Bacchanals, of

the tap-room; our pastorals, of the farm-yard; our metrical tales and romances, of water-gruel; our lyrics, of cabbage and cucumbers; our satires, of gooseberry-vinegar; and most of the various and infinite attempts to *amuse*, by a Muse's attempts, may, without difficulty, be traced to "Twa Dips and a Wallop," or a baubee's worth of oatmeal-porridge.

No wonder, then, that the critic's task should now be so easy. Any dunce, indeed, may qualify himself for the office of a reviewer, by living for a twelvemonth on *carp* and *ketchup*.

It would have been well if some of the greatest and most successful poets had given us some little insight into the manner in which they treated their Muses when in the way in which Muses wish to be who love their bards. As it is, we are, in a great measure, left to conjecture on this important point. Pope, we know, lived daintily; and doubtless his Muse grew fat at the expense of his debilitated frame. Both Dryden and Gay were constant guests at the tables of the great; while Prior, of course, went the round of Cabinet-dinners,—where, notwithstanding the im-

portant subjects discussed, we have no reason for supposing that the affairs of the stomach were neglected, any more than those of the nation; and if the best poets have been compelled frequently to occupy a garret, and to go out at elbows, it probably arose from the necessity they were under of supplying the cravings of the Muse, before they thought of the comforts of the body. It was for this very reason, perhaps, that they generally took up their quarters in *Grub*-street.

The bards of the present day are not, however, reduced to this extremity, and have no excuse to offer for starving the Muse; for though in the time when 'Paradise Lost' was sold for ten pounds, the produce of intellectual matter must have far exceeded the demand, the direct reverse seems the case now; for a cup of literary sky-blue will fetch as much, in these times, as a whole bowl of intellectual cream would in the days of Shakspeare or of Milton.

CHAPTER II.

Paris Races—English Jockeys—The Flashman—Quit Paris—B Flats—Embark for Southampton—Miseries of a sailing-vessel—Civil banker and sneaking inn-keeper—Keeping one's carriage.

About the end of Summer there were races in the *Champ de Mars.* I waded through the dust to see them. The ground is well calculated for an exhibition of any kind, as there is a bank surrounding the whole, on which the spectators can stand; though it is certainly not the best suited for a race-course, the ground being as hard as a road, without any thing like a sod. There were a great many persons assembled; but nothing resembling sport. A few English horses, of third-rate quality, ridden by jockeys of the same country, but badly matched, started. One broke down before he was half-way round, from the hardness of the course; and the others came in like a flock of geese. The Parisians seemed to

take no interest in the thing, and made nothing like a fair of it, but dispersed as soon as the running, which lasted but a short time, was over. The only persons who seemed to make a *fête* of it, were the English jockeys and grooms. About thirty or forty of these sat down to a table spread under the trees. The cheer consisted of immense joints of roast beef, and rounds of the same, interspersed with dishes of potatoes and the national plum-pudding, all served together at once. The hand-maids were strapping English-women, who shuffled through the crowd with the smoking viands, to the astonishment of the Parisians, who very politely made way for them, with the exclamation of—"*Mon Dieu, quel roti! —Est-ce là de bœuf salé?—Sacristi! c'est un rond de bœuf;—et des pommes de terre en redingotes! Oh! que c'est drole! Est-ce là le fameux plomb boudin?*" Then they made a ring round the table, watching the demolition of the eatables, and making their remarks thereon. John, however, was not the least disconcerted, but went on quite at his ease, merely turning round now and

then to drink to the health of *Mounseer*, in a jorum of English porter.

Of these English grooms, there are a great many in Paris. Every Frenchman, who boasts a good stud, has one or more; and they may constantly be seen at the gates of the livery stables, being readily known by their clear complexions, knowing look, and peculiar costume, as well as by the attitude they stand in, with their legs apart, and their hands in their breeches-pockets, or playing with a Scotch terrier.

These chaps belong to a genus peculiarly English, variously denominated, as Flashmen, Swellmen, &c. His full-dress, or toggery, as he would call it himself, consists of a single-breasted coat, long in the waist, a waistcoat very long, with three or four buttons open at bottom, an immense pair of breeches, gathered tight at the knee, the buttons of which are directly in front, and extend half-way down the calf, top-boots, or laced ones with a half-gaiter to meet, a white neckcloth tied somewhat *à la matelot*, and fastened by a large brooch; the whole surmounted by a low-crowned hat.

He has a peculiar phraseology of his own, commonly denominated slang; spits out of the corner of his mouth; is not a bad fellow in any thing but horse-dealing, but there is a privileged rogue. He is to be seen at all races, horse-fairs, boxing-matches, and such like; and in all the various ramifications of the *equine* business he is a principal mover. This class has infinite gradation, from the Gentleman Swell-man who takes the ribbons occasionally, down to the Cad who stands behind an omnibus. He is of some consequence in society, and even noblemen have been known to imitate him, and to feel proud of his company. He has a sovereign contempt for every one who makes use of his own legs; and looks down upon a French groom, as a bull-dog at a Dutch pug. "Lord bless you, Sir!" said one of these fellows to me one day, "these Frenchmen have as much *idear* of getting a horse into condition, as I would have of fattening a frog!"

Towards the end of Autumn we thought of moving homewards, that is, to England; for, as yet, I had no positive home. Not relishing the *diligence*, I hired a *voiture*, and sent my heavy

baggage by the waggon. We proceeded to Rouen by the lower road, which continues, most of the way, along the banks of the Seine, affording much pretty and interesting scenery. It is rather longer than the upper road, but amply repays you for the additional distance.

On arriving at Rouen, we found the inn, which we had before occupied, quite full; so we were compelled to put up at the one where the diligences stop. Here we had not a wink of sleep for the *B flats;* and as I cannot rest, I may as well get up, light a candle, and tell you, reader, a story connected with this subject.

Two young ladies of my acquaintance, who, with their parents, were sojourning for a few days in a country town in France, were invited to a ball. Only one of them could go, as the other was indisposed. This latter, while her sister was absent, being restless, and unable to compose herself to sleep, employed herself in the useful but not very elegant occupation of hunting *B flats,* which, as fast as they were caught, she deposited in a tumbler of water; and good sport she had. At length, however, she fell asleep.

Not long after, her sister came home. Late in the morning the invalid awoke, and the first thing she thought of was to examine the result of her night's labour;—when, lo! the *B flats* were gone, water and all! Her exclamation of surprise, at so extraordinary an occurrence, aroused her sister. "What 's become of my *B flats?*"—"B flats! what do you mean?"—"Why, I mean that I nearly filled that tumbler with *B flats* last night:"—"That tumbler!"—"Yes, that tumbler:"—"Then, I drank them off!" exclaimed the unfortunate girl, sinking back on her pillow: "I came home dreadfully thirsty, I saw the tumbler of water on the table, and I drank it off!" I need not add that the poor girl did not make her appearance at breakfast that morning.

The next morning early we embarked in the steam-boat for Havre, under the assurance that we should be in time for the Southampton packet. We had a delightful paddle down the river, in some parts of which the views were beautiful. The large ruined castle of Tankerville, where the dukes of Normandy formerly held their court, situated on the top of a hill, had a fine effect. On

reaching Havre, we found we had been regularly taken in, as the Southampton packet had sailed some hours before. This was a trick which I should not have suspected in France, where, in general, the public is much better protected from imposition than in England—not from any superior honesty in the people, but from the supervision of the police, and from the public conveyances being in the hands of large companies. Where these matters are left to individual enterprise, as with us, the public must often be imposed upon. Not that I would defend monopolies; but I may be allowed to state the *pros*, as well as the *cons*. It is the same in governments. In despotic ones, the subject, though under arbitrary restraint, is often better protected than in free states, where liberty is frequently as favourable to the designs of the rogue, as it is gratifying to the honest man. The perfection of a government would be that in which the most liberty was enjoyed with the greatest protection to person and property. In England competition is the only protection to the public against imposition. But this, I have no doubt, will, before long, produce what, in

despotic governments, is effected by direct interference.

We had now the prospect, if we waited for the steamer, of cooling our heels for a week at Havre; the idea of which not being agreeable to us, and another party of English similarly circumstanced, we agreed to embark in a small sailing-packet belonging to Southampton; and set sail accordingly. But we had scarcely got out into the offing, when the wind headed us; and, coming on to blow fresh, we were tossed about the whole night without making any progress. We continued in this way the whole of the next day, during which we were excessively sick, and heartily wished ourselves back at Havre. Often was I tempted to exclaim, in the language of Sancho Panza, "*Blessings on the man who first invented steam! for it maketh the world much smaller than it was before, and saveth a deal of labour and pain.*" On the second night it fell calm, and continued so till the fourth day, when a breeze, springing up, carried us into Southampton. Luckily we had been sufficiently provided with prog; for towards the latter part of the passage we had recovered

our stomachs, and the children were in high glee.

On landing, I was anxious to reach, on the same evening, the town where I purposed passing the winter, which was the same we had resided at previous to our French trip. But, on examining the state of my purse, I found, from a little bad calculation, that I had barely enough to clear me of Southampton. So I asked the innkeeper to step with me to the bank, to give me the benefit of his countenance while I drew for a small sum. "O yes, Sir,—certainly, Sir," was the answer; but when I afterwards went to the bar to ask for his company, he began humming and hawing, something about having but little dealings at the bank, &c. I turned on my heel, and, putting a good face on it, went down by myself. I was received by a good-countenanced, gentlemanly-looking man, to whom I told my story; and the amount of my draft of ten pounds was handed over to me. I have mentioned this circumstance, because I think it was very creditable to the liberality of Messrs. Atherley and Co., to whom I was a perfect stranger. I had not gone many yards from the door, when I

met an old acquaintance, who resided in the neighbourhood; so I begged him to set my very obliging friends at ease about their ten pounds.

Having pocketed the wherewithal, I determined to be even with my friend the innkeeper; so, as I had my carriage lying at the coachmaker's, I ordered a pair of horses from another inn; and up it came driving to the door. Mine host stared, but pocketed the affront, knowing well that he deserved it, and bowed us off with great civility. It is astonishing what importance is attached to the possession of a close carriage in England: it stamps one at once with the seal of gentility. To be sure, "to keep one's carriage" is a very different thing; for that implies all the appendages of horses, coachman, &c. But still, if a man only travel in his own carriage, he is a gentleman, although he may have the brutality to load it so as to half-kill the poor cattle. Indeed, it is cruel to see the loads which a pair of horses are sometimes compelled to draw in a *gentleman's* vehicle. In Ireland, they have a good plan of charging according to the number of passengers.

CHAPTER III.

Settle again—Early education of children—public and private education.

Not long after our return to England my wife was brought to bed. The consequences were an alarming illness and subsequent debility, which rendered it necessary that we should settle somewhere. As the climate of the place where we were was considered about the mildest in England, and as the country was extremely pretty, I resolved on taking a house in the neighbourhood, and as near the town as possible, to be within reach of medical advice. I was not long in finding one suitable in this respect, which I secured on a lease of seven years, with about thirty acres of land. I therefore began farming again on the small scale; but I had better have left it alone, for at the end of my lease I found myself two or three hundred pounds out of pocket by it.

The neighbourhood was a very thick one, chiefly composed of gentlemen of moderate fortune—but with very few old families to serve as a nucleus for others to settle round, so that it was one of the most changeable societies in England. The society had, at one time, been very pleasant; but it had altered its character much of late years, and the distinction of out-of-towners and in-towners had grown up, such as existed in the neighbourhood where I formerly dwelt. Politically, the town was exactly in the same situation as Halsborough, which I have already described: it had the misfortune to return two members to parliament—a source of riches to the patron, but of poverty to the place.

The education of our children now began to demand attention; and this became a means of occupation to myself and wife,—and, I may add, a pleasure; though certainly before I tried it, I never could put any faith in the poet when he sang about the "pleasing task," &c.

However, as we proceeded somewhat upon a system of our own, it became to me both a pride and a pleasure; and I had the satisfaction of

tracing its effects in the successful development of the faculties of my children. I will therefore, with your permission, reader, just throw my leg across the saddle of my hobby for a canter. But, as you are not bound to keep me company unless you like it, you may stop till I come back, which will be in the following chapter.

Numerous are the treatises on early education; all containing, more or less, something useful; but I have not yet met with one that has satisfied my mind. I have not found any which sets out on the principle of treating the child, from the first, as a rational being. Now, this is my plan: not that I would attempt to reason with a child, who, perhaps, cannot understand a word of what you say; but I would leave him, as much as possible, to the action of his own reason. The principal part of this lesson, I first learnt from Blacky. During my sojourn in India, I frequently observed, that, when a child was crying from pettishness or anger, the parents never took the slightest notice of it, but would leave it seated on the ground, while they continued engaged in their usual occupations, apparently unconcerned.

At first, I attributed this to indifference or constitutional apathy, till, on inquiry, I found it was done on principle. A child naturally can only cry from too causes—pain or anger. If afterwards, however, he finds that crying procures him indulgence, or the gratification of his wishes, another motive arises besides those of pain or anger. If a child cries from pain, no one can object to his being soothed and caressed; but if from temper, I always treat him in Blacky style. For what is the object of the child in crying? It is either to obtain something which has been denied him, or to annoy you; therefore the proper plan, in either case, is to show him that his crying has no effect. The first two or three times he will continue for a good while, and, if you do not notice him, he will try to engage your attention in some way or other. But on every successive occasion, the fit diminishes, till at length, finding that he does not succeed in his object, he will give it up altogether. Some persons are in the habit of punishing children for crying, either by flogging, or shutting them up in closets. Nothing can be worse than this; for it only

makes them cry the more, and thus strengthens and confirms the habit by exercising it. Besides, the child sees you are annoyed, and thus his object is partly attained. In very early infancy, children of course cry when they require nourishment, for this is the only way they have of expressing their wants; but when they are of an age to make themselves understood by other means, they should never have any thing given them which they cry for. We have experienced the greatest difficulty with nurses in this respect; but perseverance in this plan I have found productive of the best effects. It is the surest way to prevent a child being either spoilt or morose; one of which dispositions is caused by indulgence when crying, and the other by punishment for the same.

In the next place, I am for putting children on their own responsibility as early as possible; and this may be done when they are able to understand what is said to them. Instance the case of taking medicine, which is usually so troublesome a job in a nursery. With us, it is never forced upon them; nor are they deceived as to its taste, nor allured by

promises of reward. If very young, they are told that it is to do them good, and that they must take it before they get their next meal; and when properly reasoned with in this manner, I have seldom known them to refuse it. But if they decline it, go away, and they will invariably call you back and take it. If the children be a few years old, it will be sufficient to present it to them as a thing prescribed for their benefit; and, if they make mouths at it, leave it with them, with the remark that it is their own affair, not yours; and it will soon disappear. In fact, there is nothing so appalling to the infant mind, as the idea of being left to itself; and this feeling, if properly acted upon, will do wonders. This is particularly applicable to teaching: if they find out, that, by not attending to what you say, you leave them to themselves, they will soon come to obey; and, if you are in the habit of reasoning with them, only point out to them wherein their interest lies, and they will be pretty sure to follow it, although it may be obnoxious to their present feeling.

When a child offends, let the punishment be as

much as possible the natural consequence of the fault. If quarrelsome, he is separated from his playfellows: if outrageous, he is deprived of your society: if peevish, his company is disagreeable, and he is left to himself: if he strikes, he is struck in return. The difficulty lies with the lie. This vice is natural to a child; it is the ready resource in every emergency, and the sword to cut the Gordian knot of all difficulties arising from misconduct; and, what is worse, it brings with it no natural punishment. The only way to treat it, therefore, is to impress on the child the enormity of the crime, and to punish it severely whenever discovered. Children have another habit, which is very disagreeable and very unamiable, that is, telling tales of each other. With this propensity, I first try argument:—I say to the complainant, "Do you tell me this to have your brother or sister punished?" After a little hesitation, they will generally say, "No." "Then," I rejoin, "what do you tell it me for?" But if this fails, there is another plan which I have always found successful. As soon as the tale is told, without pretending to doubt the word

of the complainant, I send for the offending party, and say to him, "Your brother or sister says you have done so-and-so;" and punish him accordingly. In his anger he will immediately accuse the tale-bearer of some offence. "Very well;" no hesitation about the matter; the original complainant is punished also; and thus the tale-bearer receives his reward in the most natural way possible.

Most writers on early education have dilated on the importance of preventing the minds of children being imbued with false impressions. Indeed, too much cannot be said on this subject; for much of the character of our after-life depends on this. I have experienced these effects of early impressions in my own person; for, though I believe I can stand fire with most persons, I have always felt a repugnance to personal encounters with the sword, which I can only attribute to my mother's screaming out when I cut my finger. All fear from darkness, churchyards, ghosts, goblins, &c. may be traced to the nursery. By putting children in a dark closet as a punishment, darkness and pain are associated in

their minds. If they are alarmed at thunder and lightning, it is from seeing those around them terrified. On such occasions, therefore, if I cannot trust the nurses, I have them brought to me. Thus my children are not at all alarmed in a thunder-storm. There is another point in which I am very particular: I never allow them to be rewarded or punished through their stomachs; for this is teaching them to be *gourmands.*

Enough has been written on the importance of not permitting children to be deceived by false promises, which is, in fact, an indirect way of teaching them to lie. A great deal has also been said of the necessity of inculcating obedience; but this is a point which may be carried too far—not but that children should be taught to obey their parents and those to whom their authority is delegated; but they should not be led to rest too much on others, but to act on their own judgment. Firmness of character can only be formed by this means; for the plant that is trained to support during its growth, when the prop is removed, is easily broken down by the storm. On the other hand, obstinacy is a fault which re-

quires to be overcome, but which demands great caution in the treatment of it. In the first place, we should avoid all occasions for its display; and before we insist upon a child's doing any particular thing, we should be well-assured that he *can* do it, and that he clearly understands what we mean. But then you must be firm: flogging is bad under such circumstances; for should your orders not be obeyed after all, temper has gained a victory, which will not be the less valued because it has been accomplished at the expense of the body. Some punishment should be hit on, as the consequence of the act of obstinacy; and this should continue as long as the disobedience is persisted in.

Corporal punishment, in my opinion, should be rarely inflicted. A too literal interpretation of the proverb of Solomon, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," has, I am convinced, made many a sneaking villain or hardened scoundrel. Disgrace, as a punishment, is also a delicate point. The sense of shame is a fine feeling in the human mind, and may be made very useful in education,

but care should be taken not to blunt it; while, on the other hand, we should be cautious not to work upon it, so as to render the mind morbidly sensitive of the censure of others; for, unfortunately, most persons are easier shamed out of good than evil. But, above all, I never would attempt to ridicule a child out of any habit, for this renders him open to the attacks of the bad, whose ready weapon is ridicule. Rousseau says, that more libertines are formed from vanity than from the passions: and this I believe; for it is the fear of ridicule acting on vanity that overcomes the sense of right.

Great stress has also been laid by some writers on the necessity of cultivating the affections of the heart. No doubt these may be strengthened, by supplying them with subjects whereon to exercise themselves; and they may also be profitably enlisted in the cause of virtue, by teaching children to do, or to avoid things, on account of the pleasure or pain they may cause to others. But, after all, the main-spring of the human machine is self-love; and this is what must be chiefly

acted upon in the improvement of the mind, taking care, at the same time, that the object should not be perceived.

In the formation of the character, of course the most important part of a parent's duty is to imbue the mind with early religious impressions; but it must be obvious to all unprejudiced persons that, in this respect, we cannot begin too gradually, nor lay the foundation on too simple principles. The most that can be taught a child during the first few years, without perplexing his mind, is natural religion—that is, a knowledge of the attributes of the Deity; a love and reverence towards him; an obedience to his commands, as evinced in the natural and self-evident principles of right and wrong; a belief in a future state of reward and punishment; and the practice of prayer. The doctrines of Christianity will follow when the mind is capable of comprehending them, or when the judgment, having given its assent to the divine origin of the religion of Jesus, is willing to believe, on the faith of God's word, those mysteries which it cannot understand. But to load the infant mind with mysteries, before it

has been exercised on subjects of rational belief, is, in my opinion, extremely dangerous in a religious point of view, and adverse to the formation of those clear and distinct ideas on which the superstructure of education ought to rest.

With regard to teaching children, I always wait till they show a disposition to learn. This, from the desire of imitation, they will do at an early age; but the care must be not to fatigue their minds so as to disgust them with learning. You cannot, therefore, begin too gradually: at first, it will be more of a game than a task. When they are of an age to reason with, I would stimulate them, not by rewards, but by the prospect of advantage: but do not lead them to suppose, that it is to please *you* they are learning; for then, besides weakening the most natural motive—self-advantage, they will, when they wish to show their temper to you, neglect or object to learn their lesson. When such occasions occur, the proper punishment is to refuse to teach them. When our children are idle, we open the door, and tell them to walk out and play. This has more effect on them than the severest flogging.

A child will willingly throw on his teacher the responsibility of urging him on, but this I would never admit of: it is no difficult matter to make them understand that it is their interest to learn. To strengthen this, you should not, when they do right, applaud, but congratulate them on their success; and you should let them enjoy, as much as possible, the privileges and advantages of education as they go on, bringing the knowledge they have acquired into practice, in a pleasing, amusing, but natural way.

The necessity of bringing the mind to habits of attention has been so much and so properly dwelt upon by most writers on the subject of education, that I need say little on that head, except to bear my testimony to its vast importance; for, without that habit, the most splendid natural talents will be thrown away. But I maintain, that the first step is to give a child a taste for learning: when that is acquired, attention follows almost as a matter of course.

I am for teaching a child to read tolerably before he begins the spelling-book; for while the former soon repays the trouble, the latter is per-

fectly dry. Besides, some children, who have not a good ear, will learn to read wholly by the eye: and if you were to try to make them pronounce the words by spelling them, they would make scarcely any progress. Others there are, who learn almost entirely through the ear: with these latter, it will be necessary to spell as you go on; but this may be done without having recourse to the spelling-book. And here I may be allowed to say, that I think I have made a discovery in the human mind, which may be turned to account in education; namely, that the passage to the brain is easier through the eye in some persons than through the ear, and *vice versâ;* and that, consequently, some children learn by heart best by reading, while others cannot commit a passage to memory without it comes *vivâ voce*, either from themselves or others. Thus, one of my children learns readily by the eye, while another is compelled to sing out her lesson while she is learning it. Indeed, I have known this latter, when she has been set to con her lesson in silence, not be able to say a word of it, while she has often set her brother right in a Latin verb,

merely from hearing him repeat his lessons to me.

When children come to learn writing, they will of themselves see the necessity of being able to spell correctly. You may then begin the spelling-book with advantage: but besides this, it is a good plan, after every reading, to make them spell a certain number of the words. "Cobwebs to catch Flies," I have found an excellent beginning book: the words are easy, and the ideas expressed in them flow so naturally, and are so completely within the reach of the child's comprehension, that they are not very easily fatigued with it. In a sentence so constructed, the imagination is of great assistance to the eye, and tends much to diminish the labour of the task. In this manner, it is amusing sometimes to see how an intelligent child will jump to a conclusion. One day my boy read as follows: "I-will-take-a-ride-in-the-c-a-r-t, pony-chaise."

Even in the books best adapted for children there will occasionally be found some hard words. Instead of dwelling on these, I would tell them to the child at once, and pass on. Some children

are slow at first; but these, with a little patience, will often, in the end, amply repay the pains bestowed on them; while the contrary conduct may make them incorrigible dunces, by enduing them with a mean opinion of their own talents, and by accustoming them to censure. In fact, it is as necessary to study the tempers and dispositions of children in teaching, as in the formation of their characters. But, above all, the aim should be, in the first steps, to prevent their taking a disgust to letters—a circumstance of infinitely more consequence than people in general imagine.

Some persons may laugh at my having dwelt thus at length on these early stages of education, which are generally left to nurses or nursery governesses. But I have been led to do so from the conviction, that this is by far the most important season of a child's life, and one in which, in particular, it behoves parents to look after their offspring, and not to trust them to ignorant persons, or to those who may be indifferent as to their future welfare. As they grow in years, so close an attention to them becomes unnecessary; for, if

properly treated in the first instance, they will take the principal part of education on themselves.

In teaching languages I have found the Hamiltonian plan succeed admirably, particularly in modern tongues, the idiom of which so nearly resembles our own, that a literal translation will generally be sense, if not good English. After they have obtained a tolerable knowledge of words, I begin the grammar, and then parse after any translation. But the translation is the main point; and by telling the pupil the English of the words he does not understand, instead of compelling him to look them out in a dictionary, much time is saved, and much more progress made, than by the old system of hammering out the meaning of a sentence. I have made some remarks on this subject in a foregoing part of this work, in speaking of the state of our grammar-schools, which will equally apply here.

In teaching, the reason should be exercised fully as much as the memory. Thus, in numbers, a rule should never be learnt without the principle

on which it is founded; by which means the reasoning powers will be improved, while the rule itself is more firmly fixed in the mind. Proceeding on this plan with one of my boys, by the age of thirteen he had gone through Euclid, as far as the end of the sixth book; not parrot-like, but in such a way as thoroughly to understand it. I kept this boy at home till he was eleven years old, during which he had a great deal more leisure than school-boys in general. After that he remained two years at Mr. Crabb's school near Southampton, the system of which is somewhat on the Pestalozzi plan. His progress there was such, that he was enabled to take his place in the upper class of the Preparatory School to the London University, at the age of thirteen.

With respect to public schools, I am decidedly in favour of them for boys. A public school is a little world, where a boy learns to measure his strength both of mind and body, where the asperities of his character are rubbed off, and where he is prepared for the larger theatre of society.

No doubt, as public schools are at present constituted, he may learn a good deal of bad at them. But then the bad is seldom of a bad nature. Nothing mean is there tolerated. Private schools I do not generally approve of. They have all the defects of domestic education, without its advantages. Boys, in my opinion, should not be sent to schools frequented by the children of persons of a much higher grade in society than that of their parents. Their manners may be improved thereby, and they may chance to form friends and acquaintances which may be useful in after-life. But these advantages do not compensate for the injury done to their hearts and dispositions, from the envious feelings naturally engendered by constantly comparing their own situations in life with those of boys above them. I know nothing so well calculated to make a tody or a scamp. The boy who is accustomed to see abundance and luxury at home, will be less disposed to value them, than he who only views them at a distance; and the boy who goes to school with plenty of money in his pocket, attaches less importance to the articles which that money will purchase,

than he who, with slender means, has those articles placed in a great degree above his reach. The desires of the former are tranquil, while those of the latter are excited. Thus the poor boy is more likely to become a spendthrift than the rich one, while, at the same time, the temptation to gratify his desires may, in the end, lead him to be not over-nice in the means.

Again, a rich man's son has never experienced the pain of poverty; therefore he dreads it not; and if he looks down upon it, it is only because he has been taught to do so. If out of cash he is not afraid to confess it, because he has never been accustomed to feel the want of it as a reproach. But it is quite the contrary with the son of poverty. He knows what it is to feel privation, and therefore he dreads it; and he is ashamed of being thought poor, because he sees the court that is paid to riches. A boy should, therefore, associate as much as possible with that class in which he is to move when grown up.

But for the same reason that I approve of public schools for boys, I object to them for girls. A man belongs to the world—a woman to her own

family. In the latter, all the domestic virtues, affections, and duties, should be nurtured and cherished. But how can this be done, if at an early age they are made, as it were, aliens from their family, and forced either to dry up the springs of their hearts, or to waste their sympathies and affections on strangers? Friendship can never be useful to a woman, but may prove injurious, by diverting her affections from their legitimate objects. Love in a woman springs from nature alone. It is nature that makes her cling to her parents. It is nature that leads her to love the man; and it is nature that binds her to cherish her offspring. Friendships spring not altogether from nature; therefore she seldom has them in reality. Rousseau says, and truly, that women seldom perform kind offices to each other: they reserve all their affection for the other sex and for their children. Notwithstanding all that literature is indebted to females, why does the reproach of blue-stocking still adhere to the fair author? Simply because the character appears unnatural. She seems to be devoting to the public those talents, and that time, which were

intended for home purposes. When a female, without having any family to require her attention, turns all her faculties to the instruction and amusement of mankind, then, indeed, she is more than a woman; and, as such, is entitled to our consideration and regard.

CHAPTER IV.

Institution for the formation of wives.

HAVING given my opinion on the present system of boys' schools, it might be expected that I should say something regarding those of girls; for though I have, in general, an objection to any other than domestic education for females, yet, as it is impossible for all parents to conform to this system, I would beg to suggest a few hints towards rendering such establishments as innocuous as possible. We have already institutions for the education of young women intended to fill the situations of governesses: why not then have some for the formation of wives?

It must be admitted, that amidst all the fashionable accomplishments with which it is thought necessary, in these days, to cram the fair specu-

lators in matrimony, that most desirable of all accomplishments, the art of pleasing a husband, is never for a moment thought of. When those allurements which captivated the eye, the ear, or the imagination, have lost their novelty, or have ceased to be practised, there remains, on the modern system of female education, nothing solid whereon to build the substantial enjoyments of domestic life. The useful is, on all occasions, made to give way to the ornamental. That female who, on the present plan, makes a good wife must not be of the common mould. Thrice happy the man who, in the lottery of matrimony, obtains such a prize!

It cannot be denied that many women have distinguished themselves in the field of literature; still it must be admitted, that this is not their proper sphere of action. Let such, however, as feel disposed to devote their lives to the advancement of letters follow their inclinations, but let them not presume to turn wives. A learned wife may be considered about as useful a member of society as a learned pig. Indeed, the latter may be looked upon as the less injurious of the two;

for all the loss the *blue-stocking* grunter occasions to society is the failure of her half-yearly crop, or in postponing till her dotage the surrender of her flitches; it being presumed that as long as the said pig exhibits for the profit of its owner, or for the gratification of the curious, it is kept free from the incumbrance of a family. In this case, no hungry suckers squeak forth their impatience while mamma goes through the alphabet to an admiring company, no domestic duty is neglected, no moral obligation is broken. But the hapless progeny of a learned human mother must pine in ignorance and neglect, while mamma is preparing pap for "babes of a larger growth," or in reading for her evening's exhibition before a select circle of *savans;* and that wretched appendage, the husband, is prevented from following some profitable occupation by the honourable part of amanuensis to his better and more learned half.

The number of institutions, of different kinds, for the education of female youth, is apparent to every one. Seminaries, establishments for young ladies, &c., meet the eye at every step you take in the suburbs of the metropolis; and it is curious

to remark, that they all avoid, with a most sickly fastidiousness, the more simple appellation of *school.* In this, however, it must be admitted that they are right; for it would be just as appropriate to give the name of school to an establishment for the cramming of turkeys, as to such fashionable young-lady-coops as are now used in preparing females for the matrimonial market. These are, one and all, liable, more or less, to the objections complained of. They "rear the tender thought," it is true, but in such a manner that, when transplanted to the soil of matrimony, the blossoms wither and bear no fruit. They "teach the young idea how to *shoot*," but at the wrong mark. Their aim is at the eye, not at the heart; at the imagination, not at the head. In female education, therefore, there is still a grand *desideratum.*

As, in the present constitution of society, a woman cannot be rendered perfectly *good* upon the *original* principle, without the operator being subject to the penalty of *suspension* from all earthly functions for a time sufficiently long to prevent his feeling any inclination to resume them, it

cannot be expected that any person, however philanthropic his views, would be fool-hardy enough to attempt the reformation of the sex upon the plan alluded to. It becomes then a matter of consequence to render that head, which the law has decreed should remain on the shoulders to the manifest injury of society, as innocuous as possible, by divesting it of all ideas at all adverse to the qualities of the *original good woman*, and storing it with matter useful only in forming the character of a good wife. In this manner that portion of the human frame which was considered by our wise forefathers as a useless, if not injurious, appendage to the female form, may, it is conceived, be made, by proper management, conducive to the welfare of society.

When female talent is once directed into its proper channel, what glorious results may not be anticipated! That genius which could pen a *Corinne*, or a Cœlebs, will then exert its energies in the important office of regulating a family, or in advancing that most useful of all sciences—domestic economy. What a revolution in female habits will then be effected! Those fingers which once

brandished the goose-quill only, will then be permitted to explore the inmost recesses of the noble biped which supplied it. That genius which could force us to waste our sympathies on a fictitious tale, will then be more profitably employed in drawing tears from a calf's-foot, in watching the droppings of a jelly-bag, or in listening to the simmering of a mazarine kettle. That magic power which had our passions at command, and which, by playing on the weakness of our nature, could harrow up our souls with a tale of misery or of horror, will then have a free vent for all its heart-rending propensities in the slaughter of the poultry-yard, in the skinning of the eel, in the boiling of the lobster, or in extracting from beef and cabbage a *bubble* and a *squeak*. That exalted mind which could smile with contempt at the vituperations of the critic, will then listen with equal indifference to the hissing of the tea-kettle. She who once presided at the *coterie*—who was, as it were, the sun of her own system, whose wit radiated in electric flashes to the farthest extremities of her circle, while the pale envious moons "hid their diminished heads," as she displayed her refulgence, or, when

she turned her back, shone in her borrowed light, —may then, without exciting envy, or inflicting a pang, exert equal talent in the manufacture of bohea, and display her Christian virtues in dispensing to a numerous company the refreshing beverage, without its usual accompaniment of scandal. When employed in such truly domestic duties, the homely matron will have nothing to fear from the malice of the world; no clouds of detraction will obscure her modest light, no storms will ruffle her peaceful countenance. When those halcyon days arrive, the literary female will superintend her *litter* of pigs. The *press* will still team with her productions; but it will be the labour of her hands, not of her brain. Instead of writing *fine things*, she will get them up. Instead of *mangling* the character of her neighbours, she will bestow that favour on her house-linen. Instead of saying *tart* things, not easily stomached or digested, she will make tart things to go down glibly, by the happy mixture of sweet and sour. The neat well-darned white-stocking will take place of the blue. In short, all her habits will be

changed, and all her ideas concentrated within their proper sphere.

In the institution for the formation of wives, care should be taken to exclude all those modern accomplishments at variance with the system, and to substitute those branches of knowledge really useful and conducive to the desired object. For instance, for political economy should be substituted domestic economy; for geography and the use of the globes, housewifery and the use of the *needle* (not the magnetic one); for astronomy, the science of gastronomy, and so on. Such parts, however, of the sciences of botany, ichthyology, and conchology, as may be useful in choosing a cabbage, a turbot, or an oyster, should be taught, the object being to omit nothing which can render the young ladies perfectly competent to superintend the concerns of a family; and with this view they should be, when sufficiently advanced in the art of housekeeping, employed by rotation in overlooking the domestic arrangements of the house. As it is also of importance that every female at the head of a family should not only superintend, but know how to execute what

she commands, the best teachers in the culinary art should attend the establishment; and each young lady ought in turn to accompany the housekeeper when she goes to market, in order that she may not only learn how to choose the articles required for domestic consumption, but also how to drive a bargain.

Those young ladies who possess a good ear for music should be instructed in that pleasing art, which, by a proper application of its power, may be made conducive to domestic happiness. In the instructions given, however, the aim should be to please, not to surprise; to captivate the ear, not to take it by storm;—no rattling over the keys with the right hand, like the Southampton Telegraph up the stones of Piccadilly, while the more cumbrous bass keeps pounding, like Pickford's van, in the rear, to the imminent danger of our nerves and the fingers of the performer;—none of that flying off of the right hand in dangerous *ad libitums* from the left, with as much harmony as between a bride of eighteen and a gouty husband of fourscore. In short, instead of variations, divertimentos, fantasias, and the like musical hodge-

podges, the pupils should be practised in those simple and affecting airs, which, by acting as an opiate on the senses, will prove eminently useful in allaying the ferment of the passions, or in contributing to the repose of the husband as he reclines in his arm-chair after the fatigues of the day. No dancing but what suits the dignity of the marriage-state. By avoiding this perilous accomplishment, the most dangerous appendage to a ladies' seminary will be rendered unnecessary, for one of the teachers will be competent to give the requisite lessons in the art. Nor should the young ladies be instructed in any of the dead or living languages beyond their own, the object being rather to control the tongue than to supply it with matter for exercise.

Of course the utmost attention should be paid to the morals of the young people, on whom every domestic duty should be inculcated. No novels or newspapers should be allowed to be read, on pain of expulsion, nor any books permitted in the school except such as tend to advance the principles of the institution. And as no means of instilling the precepts of virtue and economy

should be neglected, the samplers and copy-books in use should contain those homely maxims which have, from their truth and aptitude, received the concurrent approbation of the past and present times: such as, "A stitch in time saves nine;" "Waste not, want not;" "Fools and their money are soon parted;" "Take care of the shillings and pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" "When the cat's away, the mice will play;" and such like. A mind well stored with wholesome maxims goes forth into the world armed at all points. Secure in the experience of the past, it sets all speculation and innovation at defiance, and steadily pursues the track pointed out by the accumulated wisdom of ages.

It being of the utmost importance that that most unruly member—the tongue, should be brought under proper discipline, the young ladies ought to be strictly prohibited from speaking more than a certain number of words during the hour; and on no account to be guilty of puns, *bon-mots*, or the like.

Obedience to the lawful authority of man being among the first principles to be inculcated, the young ladies should be brought up in the utmost reverence for the lords of the creation, as beings of a higher order: and it being essential to the accomplishment of this primary object, that the temper should be rendered as docile as possible, when any of the pupils offend in this particular, or show any disposition to domineer, they ought immediately to be invested in a pair of *inexpressibles*, kept for that purpose, which, like a fool's-cap, will hold them up as deserved objects of ridicule to their companions. In like manner, should any pupil evince an inclination for abstruse subjects, or for the study of any thing not perfectly in unison with the plans of the institution, she should be clad in a pair of *blue stockings*, in which she should continue to make her appearance till repentance and reformation have liberated her from the reproachful hose.

Attention should also be directed to a special source of pain to the fair sex, and the cause of much misery in the marriage-state—the nerves.

Every pains should be taken to strengthen this very delicate portion of the female anatomy, so that the young ladies may be free from all those ridiculous fears and prejudices so common to those educated in the usual manner.

CHAPTER V.

Characters—Archdeacon Plinlimmon—Effects of ignorance—National education—Colonies of felons—Prospects of society—Jack Tars—Captain Hawker—Mr. Edge.

My house was situated on the borders of the town, and I determined, if possible, that my position in society should be the same—neither identifying myself with the in-towners nor the out-of-towners. I enjoyed as much of the society of both parties as suited me—without joining in the petty gossip of the one, or partaking of the assumed importance of the other.

As my circumstances would not allow of my keeping horses for sport, I was obliged to be content with a pony phaëton for my wife, whose delicate health required air and moderate exercise. The share I took in the education of my children,

together with my little farm, gave me a good deal of occupation, and my time passed pleasantly enough. As it cannot, therefore, be expected that I should have any amusing adventures to relate, I shall endeavour to make up for the deficiency, by sketching a few of the characters in our neighbourhood.

ARCHDEACON PLINLIMMON

was a dignitary of the church who occasionally visited our town in the summer months. He was a very tall, portly man, about fifty years of age. He had a pair of small pig-eyes, set very close together; a cocked-up nose, shaped like an old-fashioned saddle, the inflated nostrils of which were so placed as to look, at a distance, like an additional pair of optics; and an upper lip tucked up somewhat in the style of his shovel-hat, so as to leave open for admiration a fine set of teeth. His nether man was incased in black silk stockings and short gaiters; and his upper story, as I have hinted above, was surmounted by a shovel-

hat, ornamented with a rosette. Dr. Plinlimmon moved as if he were the representative of the church dominant, not "militant, here on earth." He was truly both a high *church-man*, and a *high-church* man. What he was in the presence of his diocesan, or in his cathedral close, I cannot say; but, when he honoured our town with his presence, he was the very personification of the Athanasian Creed—proud, pompous, dogmatical, and intolerant. When he condescended to take the place of the curate, which he sometimes did for our edification, he filled the pulpit nobly with his portly frame, and the church with his deep sonorous voice; and most soundly did he lay it on sectarians, evangelicals, and liberals. But where he looked to most advantage, was when he stood before the altar, with the sacred volume in his hand, delivering the decalogue with all the dignified authority of a high-priest. This was always a fine time for the Tories. Their religious zeal, seldom above zero, was warmed to blood-heat by the sunshine of his countenance; and they flocked, in unusual numbers, to church, under the shadow of his orthodox wings.

When the Archdeacon enlightened our hemisphere he came attended by five satellites, in the shape of a little wife and four daughters, with whom he was the all-absorbing object. It was "the Archdeacon likes this," and "the Archdeacon dislikes that," or "Papa says this," and "Papa says that." He was not a man of many words; but those few were delivered in such a tone and manner as showed the value which the speaker attached to them. If any one ventured to dispute his dogmas, or to differ in opinion from him, instead of condescending an answer, he would measure him from head to foot with his eyes, and turn away. He would sometimes put on an air of patronage, and talk to a man of himself or about his profession. Now, this does very well with some people; but nothing is so annoying to a man of sense as to be addressed in that manner. A friend of mine, on whom he was practising his patronage one day, stopped him short by saying, "By-the-bye, Archdeacon, what 's the meaning of that little cockade in your hat?"

The Archdeacon made a point of going to Town every spring for a couple of months; when he

was a constant attendant at all levies and drawing-rooms. Indeed, he cut a mighty fine figure in his canonicals; as the sailors say, he loomed so large. One of his favourite topics of conversation was the impiety and rashness of attempting to instruct the lower classes through the means of schools. "They learnt as much as was good for them through their pastors; and more than that would be turned to a bad account, and make them saucy, and discontented with their lots." But as circumstances stood, he admitted the necessity of schools in connexion with the Establishment, to counteract the designs of the Dissenters, who held out the bait of education to the lower classes to seduce them from the Church. But, then, this education must be, as little as possible, consistently with the object in view, and so mixed up with the anodyne syrup of passive obedience and church authority, as to obviate the stimulating effects of increased knowledge.

The Archdeacon belonged to that party which "loved darkness better than light, because their deeds were evil"—a party whose special business it was to keep the people in ignorance, for two

reasons; first, because the brutality of the lower class—the necessary consequence of that ignorance, might be used as an argument for keeping them in subjection, and for excluding them from that voice in the government of the country, to which, a constitution, nominally founded on the representative system, seemed to give them a right; and secondly, that, "knowledge being power," they should be prevented from acquiring that power, to the assertion of their own rights, and the destruction of the usurped dominion of a greedy oligarchy.

However demoralising this ignorance might prove, or however injurious to the community, by the consequent insecurity of person and property, it mattered little to those who had the plunder of the nation for their exclusive advantage, and were thus protected from the effects of popular commotion. In short, the nation seemed to be divided by them, on the principle of fashionable society, into *somebodies* and *nobodies*—the somebodies being the privileged few, and the nobodies the working mass.

That such a state of things should produce an

increase of crime is natural; for as communities advance in riches and the arts of life, they subdivide, and form themselves into distinct classes, which do not much intermix. Now, where education is the chief characteristic of the upper classes, and ignorance of the lower, it follows, that association in one class, unless counteracted by the evil effects of luxury, must create more knowledge and civilisation,—and, in the other, greater ignorance, brutality, and crime. Indeed, man, in a state of nature, is perhaps as far removed from the extreme of brutality and vice, as he is from the extreme of civilisation and virtue; for, while education and good example in the enlightened portion of society tend to counteract the evil propensities of our nature, and to improve the rising generation, the force of example among the ignorant and depraved must co-operate with our natural infirmities, in reducing their offspring to a worse moral condition than themselves.

I do not mean to say, that man has not a tendency to improve in the aggregate, or that the lowest class, if left to itself, would not, in time, produce a civilised community—for this would be

in opposition to experience; but I still maintain that the lowest class, in a rising community, would, after a time, unless under the influence of education, be in a worse state than that from which it first started; for as society advances, those who raise themselves by their merit or industry will naturally seek to associate with a higher order than that in which they have been brought up; and thus the force of their better conversation and example will be prevented from influencing that class of society from which they have sprung. How important then does it not become to encourage a general system of education, by which alone can be counteracted this natural tendency to deteriorate in the lowest class of society, to the manifest injury of the whole!

The only bad effects that can possibly result from the education of the lower orders, are,—that the children are, in some degree, placed under the necessity of despising their parents, who have not received the same advantages as themselves; and that the younger among the labouring classes, being intellectually raised above their fellows, become

impatient of their situation in life. But this evil is fast passing away, and the true fruits of education may soon be expected.

I have remarked in the preceding page, that the dregs of society, if left to themselves, might in time produce a virtuous community. This leads me to express an opinion which may, to some, appear startling,—namely, that colonies of felons, such as those of England in Australia, are more likely to end in virtuous communities than those which at first consisted of respectable persons. My reason for thinking so is this;—in colonies of the former description there is, from the rarity of the article, a premium upon good conduct; and honesty, being there a mark of distinction, is sure to meet its reward. Thus, the son of a convict, from the warning of the consequences of bad conduct on the one hand, and from the bounty held out to good behaviour on the other, is almost sure to turn out a very different character from his parent: and in this opinion I am borne out by the accounts of various visitors to our Australian possessions, who invariably describe the descendants from the emancipated

convicts, as exceedingly sober and well-behaved. The liberated convict, too, having within his reach the means of comfortable livelihood and independence by the exercise of honest industry, and having, at the same time, infinitely less opportunity for the practice of his old trade than in old densely-peopled countries—where riches and poverty simultaneously existing, the bounty on crime is great—has the most powerful motives for reformation. In free colonies it is different. The barbarous habits induced by a simply agrarian life, uninfluenced by the restraints of society, and the slender reward of industry beyond the supply of the first necessaries of life, owing to the deficiency of markets for surplus produce, necessarily cause a deterioration in the character of the original settlers, which will render their descendants, for some time at least, inferior to those communities proceeding from a stock, which, though originally corrupt, has been purified by the process above mentioned.

Looking at the growth of such colonies as these in so large and so fair a portion of the globe, and at the gradual spreading of Christianity, with

its humanising effects on the character of man, it must be satisfactory to every lover of his species to observe with what sure, if not very rapid, steps civilisation is advancing through the world. I know it is common for political croakers to maintain, that after reaching a certain point the world must necessarily retrograde; and, in the application of this principle—deduced from the fact that alternate periods of civilisation and darkness have pervaded the globe—those persons, who pin their faith on the wisdom of our ancestors, insist that this planet of ours, having reached its acme, is now again on the decline. But in this argument they omit two most essential points of difference between modern and ancient times—the invention of gunpowder, and the press. The one has given the civilised portion of the world such an advantage in warfare over the barbarian, as to secure its ascendency; while the other, by perpetuating and constantly adding to the stores of knowledge, and by facilitating the intercourse of thought, has insured the dominion of "mind over matter," of the moral over the physical world, to the permanent and increasing benefit of society.

It must, at the same time, be a source of pride to the lover of liberty to know, that wherever the decline of states has arisen from internal decay, it may be traced to the corruption naturally attendant on the prevalence of the monarchical or aristocratic principles in their governments; and that, in the growing preponderance of democracy, with the ameliorating influence of its natural ally the press, the happiness of mankind will henceforth be secured on a firm and imperishable basis.

JACK TARS.

Though in the course of this work I have given pretty good proofs that my opinions are in favour of reform, yet there is one instance in which I am, in the true sense of the word, a conservative —I cannot bear any innovation on the genuine Jack Tar. Now, every one must admit, that this being has been considerably altered in appearance, if not in character, within the last twenty years. The first symptom I perceived of this change was not long after the close of the last war, when I

saw a British sailor *walking*—not *rolling* down the High-street of Portsmouth, with *suspenders* to his trowsers! This circumstance, trifling as it may appear, I confess, struck me with a kind of superstitious horror. As the braces *crossed* each other over his manly back, it seemed to me as if fate had put its mark on him. By a natural inference my forebodings extended from my country's defenders to my country itself; and I thought I saw in perspective the pride of the British empire humbled in the dust. This impious landman's custom has since, I regret to say, become prevalent among our seamen, and the degrading spirit of innovation has rapidly extended itself. Those noble pig-tails, thick enough to resist the blow of a cutlass, no longer hang gracefully down the backs of our tars; cheeks of equal protuberance no longer speak the presence of the pungent herb; and swishwash tea, *breakfast-powder*, or small *swipes*, are served out instead of grog, "the liquor of life." The true English names of the *Billy Ruffian* or *Polly Famous* are now so twisted from their proper signification, that you might almost suppose them to be taken out of Lempriere's Dic-

tionary: the eternal fiddle no longer "goes it" on Point and the Barbican: sailors may be seen walking arm in arm with soldiers, or steering up the street like a steam-vessel in the wind's eye, without making a single tack; and things have come to such a *pitch* that *tars* may now be seen begging with two legs on, and both eyes open. In short, Jack has now become an amphibious animal. What need we say more?

The decline has almost been as rapid among the officers. The lieutenants have now got epaulettes; and a naval officer may now enter a room in plain clothes without being known for a sailor. Where then shall we look for a Pipes, a Trunnion, a Bowling, or a Morgan? Alas! the breed is extinct!

Then now-a-days admirals are *equeries* and grooms of the chamber. The King has post-captains for his aides-de-camps. Commanders are no longer captains; and the first-lieutenant is no better than an adjutant. The mid is such a dandy, that he might be taken for a French *aspirant:* he no more orders duck and green peas in the middle of winter, and can pass a dock-yard maty without

a frown. The master is a *petit-maître:* the purser smells more of rose-water than of cheese: the surgeon might pass for a fashionable *accoucheur*, the boatswain for a sergeant-major, and the ship's carpenter for an upholsterer. The marine-officer can now venture to hold up his head; the chaplain is no longer caterer to the mess—taking more care of the bodies than of the souls of his flock; and the duty fore and aft is carried on without a single oath. Men-of-war have now made way for steam-vessels, with a chimney for a mast, and a column of smoke for a pendant. Naval officers command them. The glory of the British navy evaporates in steam, or is condensed into a bucket, and the safety of a gallant crew lies in a valve. Oh that I should live to see the day when a British line-of-battle ship was led by the nose by a floating tea-kettle! To sum up all, the wooden walls of Old England are going headlong to perdition.

Balloons will next come into play. Then adieu to the British empire! We cannot expect to cut such capers in the air as we have done at sea. We shall have too many, and too powerful com-

petitors on that element, which is alike open to all.

CAPTAIN HAWKER.

Our town and neighbourhood was famous for the number of its naval men, of all degrees and descriptions, from the Admiral to the pensioned boatswain or gunner. Their abodes could be readily distinguished by a flag-staff of various size, with a weather-cock on top—for a sailor is never satisfied to turn into bed without knowing from what point the wind blows. Some of the higher ranks, who had made a good deal of prize-money during the war, had good houses; but the less fortunate in rank or riches had cottages, generally in the inverse ratio to the size of their families, with gardens provided with a summer-house composed of the half of an old boat, stuck upright, in which they might be seen smoking their pipes of a summer's evening. These were mostly of the old school of sailors—men who were either superannuated from length of service, or who had been passed over to make room for some of Dame Fortune's pets—a class which had

much increased since Peace had diminished the dangers of the profession.

Our naval neighbours, it must be admitted, in general partook but little of the degeneracy I have already complained of; they still retained the distinguishing characteristics of the *genus nauticus*. Of this species, if it were not for the society to which his rank gives him access, the Post-captain would be the farthest removed from common humanity; for, to the peculiar features of his profession, he adds the qualities of an eastern despot —a very Bashaw of nine tails:—and no wonder, for in the exercise of his tyrannical office he is prosecutor, judge, jury, and sheriff, all in one. He sits in moody majesty, in a fine roomy cabin, while the crew is crowded in a close dark cavern: on deck, uncovered heads his godship's presence own: no vulgar foot dare touch the plank he treads on; and his share of the captured spoil is twenty times that of the sailor, who toils while he snores. But the fault is not his: he is the creature which circumstances have made, and our only surprise should be, how he can ever become a companionable being for his fellow mortals.

Captain Hawker was a tolerable, though certainly not a very favourable, specimen of this class. He was of the middle height, and stout made; and shaped from the hip downwards in the most extraordinary manner: his thighs were not above six inches long, and his legs nearly a yard, with calves of a prodigious size. He had a short bull-neck, with a turnip-head, in which a pair of eyes were set obliquely—as the engineer would say, like embrasures *en crémaillière;* so that, to look you straight in the face, he was forced to give his head a slue, or, as the sailors would express it, to give the ship a yaw before she could bring her bow-port to bear. The common notes of his voice were those of a boatswain; but when he meant to be droll, it could break into the most extraordinary and unearthly squeak that can be imagined. It was like neither pig nor raven, but something between the two. He was a most incessant talker, and was a perfect pest in the news-room, where there was no reading for him. He would hold forth on any favourite topic by the hour, and as he warmed he rose from his chair,

placing himself in the middle of the room, in the attitude of Paul before Felix. This, among the old hands, was generally the signal for getting under weigh; but if he came across a new-comer, he would throw his grappling-irons round his button, and spin him many a long yarn before he would let him loose; among which his own deeds were not forgotten. He was incessantly hawking and spitting, so that he got the nick-name of Captain Hawker, from Spithead. He had been a follower of Sir Joseph Yorke, whose first-lieutenant he was at one time. Sir Joseph was for ever in his mouth: he was loud in his praises, always coupling them, however, with a hint of how Sir Joseph was indebted to him for his advice:—"Says Sir Joseph to me, 'Hawker,' says he, 'what had we better do?'—'Why, Sir Joseph,' says I, 'if I were in your place, Sir Joseph, I would do so and so.' 'Ay, quite right, Hawker—quite right.'" But there were persons who knew something of the connexion between him and Sir Joseph, and who declared that he was nothing but the old Admiral's toady. Though Captain

Hawker talked so big, I could never positively find out that he had ever been in action: he was like the saluting battery at Portsmouth,—all noise, smoke, and wadding.

He generally wore a short sailor's jacket, which left open for display a most capacious seat of honour, from which it is supposed, and with some degree of probability, that Sir Robert Seppings borrowed his idea of round sterns. A pair of blue web tights, which showed off the same to advantage, as well as his enormous calves, were worn till they became as shining as his low-crowned oil-skin-cased hat.

He had a wife, known familiarly by the name of Happy Sally. In appearance, they were no bad match; but in truth, she was an over-match for him, notwithstanding all his bluster. She was a large, bony, masculine woman, with a long hatchet-nosed visage. She was not so easily managed as Sir Joseph, for in her house she was not only captain, but first-lieutenant too. This might account for his sporting so big abroad. No one ever saw the inside of his house; but the neighbours used to say, that broadsides were fre-

quently exchanged—always, however, to the advantage of Sal. This might be accounted for easily, for she kept all her jawing ammunition for home-consumption, while he expended the greater part of his abroad.

MR. EDGE.

No bad contrast to Captain Hawker was an old gentleman of the name of Edge, who had a box on the confines of the town, where he occasionally resided, though his head-quarters were in London. He was remarkably thin, had a sharp face, which seemed to have been formed by pressing the cheeks together, for it was as long from ear to nose as it was narrow across. He had a beak like a hawk, which left little room for mouth or chin, and the eyes of a Braminy kite. He could go in the wind's eye, like a steamer; but a puff on his quarter would send him across the street. His dress was little better than that of a beggar; and he was so partial to his old habiliments, that the only way in which his daughters could keep him decent was, by searching Monmouth

Street for old clothes of the same colour as his own, shaping them according to the pattern of his old ones, and then, when he was snug in bed, substituting them for those that were irreparable. In winter he might be known by an old blue spencer.

Mr. Edge's voice corresponded with his visage: it was sharp and nasal. He was misanthropic in his feelings, cynical in his opinions and language, and eccentric in his habits. In his youth he had been an officer in the army, but afterwards turned merchant. Report said he had been a great beau at one time. He lived mostly in London, where his haunts were as regular as those of a jack-snipe. He kept his address at some coffee-house; but no one knew where he roosted. When down in the country he was a constant frequenter of the billiard-table, where he played with a mace; and he was a dead hand at backgammon, at which he would sit nearly the whole morning, when not occupied in the news-room. He had a particular dislike to Hawker, whom he used to attack in a dry, caustic way, exposing his yarns, and

mortifying his blustering self-importance. An encounter between them was like the combat of the sword-fish and the whale; and it was considered so great a treat, that schemes were constantly laid to set them by the ears.

CHAPTER VI.

Marrying into a good family—The emporium of fashion.

Now, what is here meant by the word *good?* Does it mean honest, religious, generous?—No! Does it imply any quality useful to our fellow-men?—No! It literally means good-for-nothing. It means that the family, to which the epithet is applied, has always lived on the industry of others; that it has never had any hand in the produce or exchange of what is useful or beneficial to man; or, in plainer language, that it has never had any connexion with trade.

Mr. Jacob Hinks Junks, the victim of *goodness*, such as I have described, had a country residence in our neighbourhood. His original name was Hinks. He had been brought up an apprentice in a linendraper's shop; and at the expiration of his time was on the point of being

ejected as a stupid fellow, who had no air about him, when, fortunately, or unfortunately, for him, a maternal uncle, who had made a fortune by trade, died, and left him a good property, saddled with the name of Junks. But this rider to the legacy, however disagreeable it might have been to persons of family pride, was nothing to him. Junks was as good as Hinks, and he had got the rhino. Though not a bad fellow at bottom, Hinks, or rather Junks, became, it must be confessed, a little spoiled by prosperity, as greater minds than his have been; and, if he did not actually cut his old acquaintance of the shop, he looked rather shy at them, or would walk across the street when he saw them coming his way. He had not then learnt the more fashionable plan of dimming the eye, or looking on vacancy, now very generally practised by the great, when they meet any old friend, whom, under present circumstances, it is not convenient to recognise. It is infinitely superior to the cut direct, the cool reception, or the walk across the street; for, in a country like this, where good things are to be got, and where there are such things as constituents,

who may have the means of putting one in a situation to get those good things, it would never do to place it out of one's power to shake a vulgar acquaintance by the hand at some future time, when his friendship may be of use.

As soon as all matters regarding the will were settled, Junks must go down to a fashionable watering-place. To stay in London would never do; he would meet too many of his old companions. Besides, a watering-place is the only spot where one can mix with persons of rank. There you may jostle and stare at a lord as much as you like; but in London they are not to be come at, for there is little to distinguish a duke from a shop-boy; while in a watering-place they are sure to be known and pointed out.

Now it happened that, at the same watering-place, one Mrs. Greville, the widow of a younger son of good family, with her four daughters, was making her last desperate effort in the matrimonial market. Each successive season, for some years past, had they gone, from place to place, cutting a dash with a showy equipage, but starving at home. Each successive year had they lessened

the sum for which she had mortgaged her jointure, till at last the funds were exhausted; and, if they failed on this occasion, they must take in needle-work, washing, or starve. In such a predicament, as may be supposed, they were not over-nice. At first, of course, they aimed at high game; but, in proportion as their means of keeping up the war diminished, they were contented with a lower quarry.

The keen eye and well-organised intelligence of Mrs. Greville were not long in discovering our friend Junks, and her ingenuity soon found the means of becoming acquainted with him. One evening as she and her daughters were perambulating the pier, she took the opportunity, just as he came near her, of being taken suddenly ill. His assistance, of course, was proffered; and he was despatched, with many apologies, to No. 12, Wellington-terrace, to order her carriage. An invitation to her residence followed, and a call the next day to inquire after the lady's health was the natural consequence. In short, the fortress of Junks was regularly invested by the whole army of sisters, headed by their experienced mother; but it was

not yet decided to which should be entrusted the particular duty of carrying the citadel. In fact, there was nothing in its external works, which rendered its capture particularly interesting—for Junks was not the best-looking fellow in the world. It could not be an *affaire de cœur;* so it was resolved that each daughter should make a demonstration, or feint, as we should call it—or, as the French more properly express it, a *reconnoissance.* Lydia began with sentiment, but the ground was found too hard and rocky for approaches of that kind. Augusta tried the artillery of her fine eyes, but Junks's heart was bomb-proof. Next Bellann advanced up the glacis *d pas de charge,* and planted her ladder; but Junks was not to be taken by escalade. But Cecilia effected by stratagem what the others could not do by force: she found the sally-port unguarded, and entered through his ear. One bastion being thus in possession of the assailants, they were not long in bringing the governor to terms. Junks was a shocking name; but they had all along felt confident that it might be changed to Greville, or, at least, that the latter

syllable might be added,—Junksville would not sound so bad; but here the terms on which he had inherited his property undeceived them. Junks was a bitter pill to swallow; but there was nothing left for it. They might hold their noses; but down it must go. Of settlements there was no difficulty. Every thing was done in favour of the lady.

Now behold the happy couple returned from a short tour in Wales, and regularly installed in a fashionable quarter of Brighton: Brighton is a nice distance from town, and it enables one to catch a few rays from the halo of royalty, warming and refreshing to loyal hearts. I think I said something about happy *couple*. There I was wrong: the daughter could not be parted from a beloved mamma and sisters; and Junks had married the *whole* family. There is an old couplet which says,

> "My son is my son till he gets him a wife;
> My daughter's my daughter to the end of her life."

When a woman marries, she is pretty sure to have the husband to herself; and if his family are fools enough to live with her, it is two to one she sets

them by the ears. Not so the man; when he marries *into* a family, unless he take his wife out of the way, or be made of pretty tough materials, he may be almost sure that she will make common cause against him. In this case it was five to one against Junks.

Notwithstanding this fearful odds, he certainly did make fight at first. But every attempt at resistance on his part produced a swoon, hysterics, &c. followed by such a remonstrance on the part of the mother, on the probable consequences to her daughter, who was in an interesting situation, as compelled him to give in; and so it went on till Junks found himself a papa. It was the fashion, just at this period, for ladies to be mothers; or, at least, to pretend to be such. So Mrs. Junks actually gave to her child a portion of what nature intended for its support. Again mamma and sisters went on interfering—again Junks remonstrated with his wife—again hysterics—again Mrs. Grenville was in horrors at the effect which such scenes would produce on her daughter's health—it would injure the nourishment of

the child, and the heir of the Junkses would be killed! That was hitting the nail on the head. Junks was compelled to yield; and, by the time he had been married eighteen months, he was not only hen-pecked, but under the dominion of the whole brood. Every thing was now directed in council by the mother and daughters; and he was merely called in, like the old parliaments of Paris, to register their decrees. He was particularly enjoined to cut all his old acquaintance, and not to presume to ask any one to the house until the name had passed the committee. As for the Junks family, they took care to make the house too hot for them. One day the poor man met an old school-fellow and crony, a clerk in some gas or water company. Junks's heart warmed, and he ventured for once to brave the authority of the conclave, and to ask him to dinner. With fear and trembling he announced the deed. "Asked him to dinner, Mr. Junks? impossible! Why the Mortimers dine here to-day—What's his name?"—"Dobbs."—"Dobbs!" all exclaimed in a breath, "impossible!—Put

him off"—"I can't"—"You must"—"I won't"—"What is he? is he rich?"—"I can't tell"—"He shan't come"—"He must." For once Junks was firm. At the hour of seven precisely, Dobbs made his appearance, dressed in the height of the fashion; but was left for half an hour to admire his carroty locks, curled for the occasion, in the pier-glass, as well as to wonder at the elegantly furnished drawing-room belonging to his friend. At length the master of the house—no, I mean Junks—made his appearance, and soon afterwards the ladies. Then the Mortimers and some others were announced. All eyed Dobbs—some rich fellow for one of the daughters, it was supposed. At dinner Dobbs was placed between two of the sisters, to keep him out of the way of the fashionable guests. But it did not long escape notice, that he ate fish with his knife, lapped up gravy with the same, and that he sent his knife and fork in search of a second helping of beef. All this passed off with a mere exchange of looks among the party; but when he turned round to one of the footmen, and asked for "half a glass of *your* table-beer," a titter could hardly be sup-

pressed. This disposition to merriment gradually increased, when he offered to help one of the company to some *grass to his fowl;* nor was it at all diminished by the invitation to one of the young ladies to take a glass of wine after her *sweets.* Still, however, politeness prevented any expression of ridicule which could be noticed by Dobbs. But when he requested the loan of a pin from his neighbour, and proceeded to pick his teeth with the same, the effort to restrain a general burst was almost too much for human nature; and the servants, whose notions of good breeding were not so nice, were forced to turn away or quit the room. Poor Dobbs! he might have spoken rank blasphemy, and the company would have remained unmoved; but the simple act of picking his teeth with a pin, instead of a quill, produced unmingled contempt. Ah! what is man in *civilised* society? The slave or the victim of forms —the forms of fashion, the arbiters of which are the silly and the worthless. Had Dobbs robbed a man of his good name—had he slandered his neighbour's wife—had he left the sting of sarcasm rankling in the breast of an unoffending brother—

had he done all this, and worse, he would have been innocent. But he had stuck a pin into his *own* teeth, and he was a monster!

I need not add, how poor Junks was roasted after the guests had departed. But he, poor man! had married the whole of a genteel family!

The ridicule incurred by poor Dobbs, for being wanting in the habits of what is called "good company," is no more than all persons are exposed to, when they enter a different sphere from that in which they have been accustomed to move. To obviate this, there ought, I think, to be some means whereby a person could acquire the prevailing manners of good society, without being compelled to go through a regular apprenticeship for that purpose. Ruminating on this subject one day, I sat down and committed to paper the following *card*:—

THE EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

As the changeable Goddess (for I think Fashion may now fairly claim a seat in the Pantheon) has

extended her influence from dress and equipage to manners and customs, and even to matters of taste and opinion, so as, in fact, to control the exercise both of our senses and of our reason,—to be in all respects fashionable, although "a consummation most devoutly to be wished" is now become an object most difficult of attainment.

Though a tailor, a mantua-maker, or a coach-maker can at once put you on a footing with the fashionable world as to dress and equipage, yet the acquisition of most of the other requisites demands either a constant association with the *haut ton*, joined to considerable tact, or else a degree of study, for which few persons have either time or inclination, and for which still fewer have the requisite talents to succeed in.

Even those who move regularly in the ranks of fashion do not always find it easy to "catch the living manners as they rise;" how, then, can it be wondered at, if persons who have been somewhat secluded from the world, although born and educated in the first circles, should occasionally find themselves behind-hand in those peculiarities which characterise the votaries of fashion? or

that such as have neither birth nor education to boast of, should, on emerging from their obscurity, prove as opposite to the man of the world as darkness is to light?

Impressed with the above sentiments, Messrs. Furbish and Fribble have long thought of what infinite advantage it would be to the public, if an establishment could be formed, wherein persons not possessing the advantage of living constantly in the *beau monde*, might, at a small expense of time and trouble, be qualified for moving in the first circles. Upon duly considering the subject, and conceiving themselves peculiarly qualified for such an undertaking, (having long frequented the walks of fashion, although now unfortunately reduced in their circumstances,) Messrs. Furbish and Fribble have resolved on opening an institution of the kind, wherein they trust, by unremitting attention, to secure the patronage of a liberal public.

The system of instruction will naturally be divided into three classes : —

The 1st. To comprise the requisite instruction

for such persons as have not been brought up among, what are called, the genteel circles.

The 2nd. Of such as have had a liberal education, but have lived secluded from the world.

The 3rd. Of such as are members of the *haut ton*, but have been absent from it for any space of time.

The first class, of course, embraces a wide field, and the instructions therein conveyed are indispensably necessary to persons of low birth and education, coming suddenly to affluence, and naturally desirous of associating with their equals in fortune. This, in a great commercial country, where riches are rapidly acquired, is an object of the greatest consequence; therefore Messrs. Furbish and Fribble confidently anticipate, in this branch of their establishment, the patronage of a considerable portion of his Majesty's subjects. Here, on a system peculiarly their own, the utmost pains will be taken to eradicate all vulgar habits and provincialisms, whether in language or manner, previous to implanting the necessary instructions to prepare them for polished society.

This, doubtless, will be a work of labour and comparative expense; but Messrs. F. and F. are confident it will be amply repaid by the fruits: for it is next to impossible, that people of the above description can, by any other means, acquire a fashionable *tout-ensemble*. The ridiculous figures which such persons cut, on their *début* into high life, and even during the course of their subsequent lives, is known to all. It is, then, to be hoped that they will eagerly embrace the opportunity thus afforded them, of escaping the scorn of the world, and of becoming ornaments to the circles in which it is their laudable ambition to move. Persons presenting themselves for admission into this class, will be required to submit to an examination, in order to ascertain their age, as well as the degree of bad habits, &c. to be eradicated; for, without that, it will be impossible to make any estimate of the probable expense of time and money to be incurred in their qualification for the higher ranks. They will also be expected to board and lodge at the Emporium of Fashion, for, without having them constantly

under their eye, Messrs. Furbish and Fribble cannot undertake to accomplish a thorough revolution in their language, manners, or sentiments, or to finish them off in a style creditable to both parties.

In the second class, the task will, of course, be comparatively easy, the chief object being to overcome that *mauvaise honte*, the natural consequence of retirement, and to give them an air of fashion. But though among persons admitted into this class, there may not be much to eradicate, still there will be a great deal to implant. Joined to a general knowledge of the ways of the world, it will be necessary to instruct them in all the fashionable peculiarities of the day; for what is fashionable at one time, may be vulgar at another, and *vice versâ*; while any deviation from the strict *ton*, although perhaps unnoticed by a common observer, cannot, however trifling, escape the lynx-eye of the man of the world, with whom the only criterion of merit consists in a close adherence to fashion.

In the third class, it will not be necessary to

give any instruction as to deportment, but merely to inform members of the *haut ton*, of the changes that have taken place in matters of etiquette and fashion during their absence from the *beau monde*. For this purpose, a regular register is kept, wherein all alterations and innovations are carefully noted, so that persons consulting Messrs. Furbish and Fribble may be confident of moving at all times in the very advanced guard of Fashion. This particularly applies to matters of taste and opinion, for the exercise of which, new subjects are daily springing up in life, literature, and the arts. This register, besides a list of things and persons to be admired, abused, or talked of, will contain all the freshest and most fashionable topics of conversation, with a choice assortment of phrases and exclamations; also of oaths and slang-terms when in fashion. In short, every minutiæ will be so attended to, that persons coming direct from Bengal or the Orkneys may, with the instructions of Messrs. Furbish and Fribble, at once boldly launch out into society, and appear, both in their manners and discourse, as if they had not been for a moment absent from the vortex of fashion.

All movements and occurrences in the *beau monde* are noted at the time, and a list kept of crim.-cons. *faux-pas*, elopements, separations, *fracas*, &c. &c. in high life; also the same in *esse* or in *posse*. This register may be consulted at any time on the payment of a moderate sum. Anecdotes in high life, together with apt remarks on books and things, warranted original, with skimmings and quotations from authors in vogue, adapted to genteel and fashionable conversation, may also be had separately; and, in like manner, dinner-tables are supplied with politics and *stable*-talk, and tea-tables with scandal and tittle-tattle, at the shortest notice. Persons desirous of making themselves agreeable on any particular occasion, but not wishing to burthen their memories with these matters, will find it convenient, previous to going to a party, to drive to the Emporium of Fashion, where they may make what selection they please from the above-mentioned assortment, be instructed in the most fashionable and *piquant* subjects of conversation for the evening, and be furnished with cards containing the heads on which they are to dilate. Or, if they

prefer it, they may be waited on at their own houses, for that purpose—Messrs. Furbish and Fribble engaging, in one hour, to make up any person of moderate capacity, so as to go through an evening with tolerable éclat. In this manner persons who do not wish to go to the expense, or cannot spare time to undergo the process, of complete transformation, may be brushed up for an occasion. This will prove highly useful to persons engaged in matrimonial schemes, or to the inhabitants of the east end of the town about to move westward, but especially to my Lord Mayor and his Lady on the eve of a Drawing-room. These will be warranted not to smell of the shop for twenty-four hours after they are turned out of the hands of Messrs. F. and F. Ladies or gentlemen may also be varnished up for exportation, so as to make them pass current on the other side of the Atlantic or in the Colonies. This cheap and expeditious process will be found of the greatest use to ladies intended for the Indian market, where, from the rarity of the article, the tastes of our countrymen cannot be expected to be particularly fastidious.

Would-be M. P.'s, and all persons about to canvass for popular situations, may be instructed in the noble game of *humbug;* and, when once firmly fixed in the object of their ambition, may also be taught the most fashionable and approved modes of kicking away the ladder, putting off applicants, evading promises, and cutting constituents, &c., unless, as is generally the case, the length of their eye-sight and memories should have already diminished in the inverse ratio to that of their purses. Gentlemen are also initiated into the newest schemes for gaining tick, avoiding duns, out-running constables, and, indeed, into all the mysteries of high-life. In a word, the public may rest assured that nothing will be neglected, on the part of Messrs. Furbish and Fribble, which can in any way contribute to form the character of a true votary of fashion; for which purpose, the first professors in every fashionable accomplishment are engaged at the Emporium, where also a stage-coachman and eminent member of the Fancy will attend to give lessons in their respective departments.

All peculiarities, whether in gesture, air, man-

ner, gait, or language, in the leading members of the *haut ton* are closely observed, and copied by the ablest imitators, and may be transferred to any gentleman or lady desirous of resembling the originals. Lisps, slurs, and impediments of speech, as they become fashionable, are also taught.

The most expert tradesmen in the art of embellishing the person are also selected by Messrs. F. and F., and are in constant attendance at the Emporium of Fashion; where also an eminent professor in the art of cravat-tying, attached to the establishment, will, if required, give lessons separately to any gentleman wishing to attain perfection in that most important branch of the toilet. A male as well as a female stay-maker (or rather figure-improver) is also attached to the establishment. These are well skilled, not only in the art of concealing natural defects, but in that of moulding the human form into the most fashionable shape, and even of imitating deformities, when the same have become fashionable from being the natural and undisguisable defects of some leading member in the fashionable world.

Valets-de-chambre and ladies'-maids are also

qualified for their situations, on the most moderate terms; and, if not already *au fait* in these points, will be instructed in the arts of gossiping, mischief-making, meddling, slandering, and flattering, so as to gain the ear and secure the good-will of their employers.

Tradesmen, whose business has any connexion with fashion, may receive useful information at the Emporium, where drawings, models, and patterns of all the most fashionable articles of dress, equipage, and furniture, may be seen; and Messrs. F. and F. will always be ready to communicate with persons desirous of promoting the cause of fashion; while any first-rate member of the *haut ton*, wishing to set the fashion in any particular point, may, on consulting with Messrs. F. and F., receive every assistance, and have their object forwarded in the shortest and most efficacious manner.

Persons anxious to obtain notoriety in any way, may be assured of it through the means of Messrs. F. and F., without having recourse to the clumsy medium of a newspaper-puff. In this manner, any gentleman desirous of acquiring a reputation

for gallantry may be accommodated. From the situation they stand in with the public, it may be easily seen that Messrs. F. and F. have it in their power to be of essential service to ladies whose characters require a little white-washing. In such communications the utmost secresy will be observed.

An express is daily received from the French capital, announcing all changes in the fashionable world; and the most respectable correspondents are retained in all the principal cities of Europe. In short, no pains will be spared to render the establishment complete in all its branches.

A CARD.—N. B. Old Beaus fresh varnished, stale Dowagers re-touched, and Courtiers polished to look as good as new on the most moderate terms:—The terms will be published hereafter.

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CHAPTER VII.

The comfortable gentleman—The Coney family—The hen-pecked author—The punster—A knowing character.

Mr. Thompson was a bachelor on principle. He had just sufficient property to make him comfortable, and he did not see why he was to share it with any other mortal. Besides, by doing so, it was more than probable that he would be raising up an additional set of consumers, who would have claims on what he possessed. It was not as if those claimants already existed—for then there would be no help for it; but they were to be created, and that by him too. This was a species of self-war which he could not reconcile with his notions of justice, economy, or prudence. Thompson was, therefore, eminently, what the world calls, a selfish man. Now, in my opinion, this is a much calumniated character; for, in acting on the principle of self-love,

does not a man fulfil the first law of nature? If he do not take care of himself, pray who is to do it? Providence always sends into the world an equal number of souls and bodies; and has so arranged it, that each soul shall be incased in a body, in order that they may administer to each other's wants; and it is moreover decreed, that, in this life, they shall be inseparable. Now, what should we say, if there were two friends, bound together by the ties of duty and gratitude, and that, instead of studying to contribute to the comfort and happiness of each other, they were to devote their attention to the wants of strangers? Should we not call such conduct madness? and yet, forsooth, we blame the soul for turning its chief attention to the concerns of that body from which it receives house-room and protection. Besides, how could the world possibly get on, if souls, instead of minding the business of their own bodies, were to be constantly employed in thinking of others? Away, then, with such nonsense. If there is friendship in the world, should it not be between soul and body? Tell me not of the

amiability of preferring others to ourselves. It is folly! it is crime!

Whether Mr. Thompson argued on this principle, or not, I cannot say; but his practice was quite in accordance with it. He was a decided epicurean. Not that he did not feel pleasure in conferring benefits on others. Far from it. When he had more than he wanted of the good things of this life, he freely gave the superfluity to others. He was of a jovial disposition; therefore he liked society. He was an epicure in his living; but, at the same time, he liked to enjoy a good thing with another who equally relished it; but not to share it with one who knew not the value of it. He had nothing churlish or dog-in-the-mangerish about him. He took what he wanted himself, and was pleased to see others enjoying themselves, even with such things as did not suit his taste; because there is something catching in good spirits, and a pleasure in seeing others pleased. You may call this good-heartedness, if you like; but it is quite consistent with the most consummate self-love. Benignity based

on this principle is lasting, and far superior to that founded on impulse. A person acting from the motive of self-love will not slobber a man over with kindness; but he will be kind to him because it gives him pleasure, and avoid quarrelling with him because it gives him pain.

Mr. Thompson, as I said before, inherited a tolerable property, sufficient to command every thing essential to the comfort of a bachelor. The addition of a wife and family would have deranged the whole concern. Every thing about him was the best of its kind, and kept in the very best order. His house was old, but in excellent repair; and in it was a delightful old wainscoated parlour, in which he often enjoyed a good dinner with a few kindred spirits. He had an excellent cook, and a choice cellar of wine. He himself could cook a beef-steak or mutton-chop with any man or woman, and no one could enjoy them more. Moreover, he liked a snug rubber, and a barrel of oysters. He was no sportsman; but he kept a nice gig and horse, both in prime order; and he just took enough exercise to keep him in health, and to give him an appetite

for dinner, without, what is called, taking any thing out of himself. For this latter reason he never did any thing in a hurry, or walked or rode, so as to throw himself into a perspiration. That was expending himself, and against his principle; but, at the same time, he took all proper precautions to prevent indigestion. So, having no bodily ills and few mental cares, he appeared, though past the meridian of life, with a brow smooth and unruffled, and a head without a grey hair in it.

THE CONEY FAMILY.

Not far from Mr. Thompson's, and nearly opposite, dwelt neighbour Coney. It would seem as if fortune had placed them in juxtaposition, to serve as a contrast to each other. They had both started in life about the same time, and in nearly similar circumstances. To have seen the two, you would have supposed, from his cheerful countenance, that Coney was the most cut out for happiness. But one was contented with what he had, and the other went in search of *bliss*.

Poor Coney had a small fortune and a prolific wife, whose annual income in the family-way so far outstripped his income in the pecuniary way, that every year brought an increase of cares and a diminution of comforts. David says, alluding to children, "Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them: he will not be ashamed to meet his enemies in the gate." But this supposes them to be all grown-up, and good strapping lads capable of taking their father's part. It also supposes, I presume, a state of things in which those sons can be provided for without being a burthen on the parent—a case not applicable to these piping times of peace, when all professions are overstocked. But what help the quiver-full can be to a man now, I am at a loss to conjecture. They will not drive away his enemy the tax-gather, from the gate, nor will they shoot the butcher or the baker when they come with their weekly bills.

Poor Mrs. Coney—for she indeed merits to be called *poor*—was a thin, spare woman; and the wonder was, to those who knew nothing about those matters, how so many children could be

produced from so small a substance; yet regularly every year she rose and fell in the waist, and all the little Coneys took after their father so in chubbishness and health, that in a twelve-round ladder not a single step was wanting. The poor woman seemed worn to death, and there was no end to her breeding. The children came forth like the bullets from Perkins's steam-gun,—pop, pop, pop.

As the house did not grow in proportion to the increase of their family, any more than their means did, it was, as may be supposed, full to overflow. As for comfort, that had been long given up. It was a sight to witness the exit of poor Coney from his door, which he was scarcely able to shut for fear of crushing the fingers of the urchins who were clinging to his coat-skirts. What a look of envy would he cast over the way at Thompson's, as he contemplated the well-whitened steps, the shining brass-knocker, the well-cleaned window-panes, and the neat gig and horse standing at the door! and how heartily did he wish that he could quarter only half a dozen of his brats upon him. But scarcely has poor Coney had time to make these

reflections ere he finds himself arrested by a dirty slip-shod maid-servant, who has followed him from the house, with the exclamation, "Master! Master! Missus desires you'll come in and punish Master Charles, who has bit Miss Lucy's thumb." So the poor man, who had flattered himself with the hopes of a few minutes' respite, is dragged back to act the part of executioner.

Reader, have you ever stopped your ears with your fingers in a ball-room while the music was going on, and then suddenly opened them? If so, you will be able to form some faint notion of the effect produced on opening the door of Coney's house. Such a collection of sounds issued forth as Babel alone could have matched, when the astonished artificers bawled their unknown tongues into each other's ears, in the vain hope of being understood. The door closes on poor Coney; so we will leave him alone with his olive-branches, and close this article with the prayer, God help him!

THE HEN-PECKED AUTHOR.

More miserable still than Coney was a poor author in our neighbourhood. It was his misfortune to be wedded to a shrew, by whom he was most grievously hen-pecked. A wife, they say, should be taken down in her wedding-shoes; but Mr. Quill having failed to do so, his had become his *better half* in earnest. Now, this is, perhaps, the greatest evil that can befall an author; and it was particularly so to him; for Mrs. Quill was one of those matter-of-fact persons who are the very upas-trees to genius. She was so averse to his occupation, that it was only by stealth that he was enabled to commit to paper the fruit of his meditations. The answer to his remonstrances against such treatment always was, "What good is to come of all this nonsense?" To attempt to reason her out of her ignorant prejudices was downright folly. The door of her understanding seemed closed against any thing like argument. As well might the beggar expect relief after the door had been shut against him by the thrifty housewife, as

he to be listened to once she had given her opinion.

If he sat down to write, she was sure to find some cause for interrupting him. He was to go on some message or other: he must surrender the pen, and drop the thread of his subject, to submit his hands to serve as a spindle while she unravelled some miles of cotton twist; and have, at the same time, his thoughts diverted, and his patience exhausted, by a lecture on the comparative merits of brown and white soap, or some equally interesting topic; or he must, forsooth, prostitute his talents, and waste his time, in drawing out an estimate of the difference of expense between finding the maids in tea and sugar, or giving them a guinea in lieu. It was washing-week perhaps, and he must walk out with the children, or have a legion of noisy brats quartered on him for the day. The cook, too, wanted some peas for dinner, and he must gather them; or Mrs. Quill wanted something from the market-town, and he must drive her in the pony-chaise. All this, to an author who had his head brimful of

noble ideas, which he panted to commit to paper, was purgatory itself.

Suppose, however, that it was not washing-week, and that poor Quill had seen his rib—rib, did I say? Surely the order of creation must in such cases have been reversed—well, suppose he had seen his wife, (for that word does not imply any thing like subjection,) or, if that won't do, his mistress, busily engaged in some domestic operation, or quietly employed in scolding the maids—a job in which, being congenial to her disposition, she evinced the utmost *sang froid,* and which once begun, did not readily end—that, taking advantage of this diversion in his favour, he had seated himself snugly down to some favourite work. Well, just as he has got to some interesting passage, and that his pen begins to move in unison with his rapidly-conceived ideas, in bounces his better half with a ponderous bundle under her arm, and with the well-known exclamation of, "at your nonsense again, Mr. Quill!" sweeps all the noble plans, which he had been cutting out for the good of the nation, off the table, to make room for the calicos

which she was going to cut out for the brats. Should the poor man have sought refuge from some Gothic inroad in a bed-room (for his dressing-room had long been converted into a store-room), he was quickly unkennelled by some Vandal of a housemaid—for Mrs. Quill, like most scolds, was most insufferably cleanly in her house—and compelled again to break covert.

On one occasion he had gone to London on some business of his wife's, and had taken that opportunity of bargaining with a bookseller for the publication of a work, which, from the difficulties he laboured under, must have cost him a world of trouble and anxiety to compose. What, then, was his horror and astonishment to find on his return that his wife had got hold of the MS. and cut it up! Ay, cut it up! and that before it was published:—had she cut it up afterwards, it would have been but *fair* criticism, whether she had read it or not;—and cut it up into what do you suppose, reader? Into coverings for jam-pots! This was more than flesh and blood could bear. In fact it produced such a *fracas* as almost to end in a separation. It might have been well for the

world had it been so, for poor Quill was unquestionably a genius; but unhappily the little property they possessed came with his wife, and was so settled that, had they parted, he must have depended entirely on his brains for subsistence; and he was not sufficiently convinced of their provisional powers to trust to their resources.

Here I would caution my friends about to enter the marriage-state, never, as they value their peace, to submit to such a settlement, nor ever to let the purse-strings out of their own hands; for, as sure as the wife gets them, she will turn them into reins, and then she will not only wear the breeches, but the boots and spurs also. This horrible catastrophe of the jam-pots haunts poor Quill to this very day, and the sight of a sweetmeat pot is enough to throw him into fits. The present of a hare is sufficient to take away his appetite for the day; and he would walk thirty miles round rather than go near the store-room, where the sight of his mutilated MS. ranged in military order on the shelves, is sure to bring on a fit of the blues.

His very children were set in array against him.

The chickens, as well as the hen, had all a peck at him in turn. The baby might tear his papers with impunity, and the elder ones might pull them about or spill the ink over his writing; while a page of "Pa's nonsense" was, at any time, a trophy worthy of being exchanged for a sugar-plum.

Once, when the poor man had smuggled a quire of foolscap into the house, it caught his wife's eye. "Ho! ho! Mr. Quill, that foolscap is to be filled by your fool's head I suppose!" This was a hard hit, and one which he did not expect from that quarter; but he thought to turn it to account; so he attacked her on the side of her vanity, by praising her wit. But it would not do: he found her impenetrable to flattery on that point. The *bon-mot* had escaped her almost involuntarily, and she was scarcely conscious that she had said any thing out of the common way. Since then, poor Quill has given up all attempts to reconcile her to his literary pursuits, which he was compelled to carry on in the old way—in holes and corners, and by sly opportunities.

THE PUNSTER.

Will Wittikin was an ingredient in our society, which, as it suited the temper or situation of individuals, was an amusement, or the contrary. He was a short man, with a small round face, and a *petit nez retroussé*, which seemed to be always snuffing the air for the scent of a pun, like a pointer in a stubble-field. While others were engaged in conversation, he took no part in the colloquy, but was constantly looking out for some word or phrase that dropped which might be tortured or twisted to serve his purpose. You would see him watching his opportunity, not exactly with the patience of an angler, but like a sailor perched on the bowsprit of a ship with a dolphin-spear in his hand, ready to pounce upon his prey; or else he would be fishing to bring in some ready-made conceit; when it was easy to perceive, by the corner of his mouth, that something was brewing. The ingenuity he displayed on these occasions was worthy of a better cause, and when it did not interfere with serious matters was

diverting. But he would frequently break the thread of some interesting narrative, disjoint some well-constructed argument, or put a stop to some desired information, by a wretched play upon words. In fact, he seemed to live for no other purpose than to torment the king's English, by using it as a means to express, not his wants, but his conceits. He had a supply of standing jokes, cut and dry for all occasions; but, as these were all stale with his acquaintance, he would always in society place himself next the strangers, with whom, of course, he passed, for the time being, as a wit. At breakfast, however, he generally contrived to have something fresh, whatever might be its quality; and his fasting-pun was as certain as his "Good-morrow." In the laughs which must necessarily follow his *jeux-d'esprits*, he was always prepared to be his own fugle-man; but if the risibles of any one of the company should be so tickled as to take the initiative from him, it was a great point gained, and he would fall into the chorus with a zest which no one knows who has not joined in a laugh at his own good things. In his own house he would go so far as to order

dinner so that he might pun upon the dishes. He would, after the example of Quin, publish the banns of marriage between John Dory and Anne Chovy,—would give *place* to his friends, compare the cook to the devil as a frier of *soles*, make *light* of a pig's fry, and get the *tic-douloureux* at the sight of woodcock, while the hare which he helped was sure to be "the hare with many friends." I have good reason for believing that he christened one of his daughters by the name of Sarah, in order that, at a future opportunity, if she should turn out of a lively disposition, he might be enabled to call her *sal volatile;* and it was as great a source of grief and disappointment to him that she proved to be a sober character, as it would have been had she turned out badly.

For my part, I like a pun as well as any man; but I like it in season. A squeeze of lime-juice is very pleasant in one's toddy; but a joke out of place is like the acid with the generous wine—it spoils a good thing.

A KNOWING CHARACTER.

This is a description of person to be found in every grade of society, from the peer down to the chimney-sweep. They are dead hands at a bargain, will outreach you, if they can, on every point, and esteem it a greater disgrace to be taken in than to be detected in a bad action.

Of knowing people there are three kinds—the prudent, the sneaking, and the bold. The first moves through life like an elephant over a morass, feeling his way at every step; the second wriggles through the world like a snake; and the last goes boldly forth, clothed in the armour of self-protection, and confident in his powers of deception.

Mr. Edgeways was one of the sneaking tribe of knowing characters. He had a pair of small twinkling eyes, which could never look you in the face, but were ever roving backwards and forwards like a sentry on his post. He certainly did not go through life on the give-and-take system; for his plan was to take as much as possible, and give as little as he could help. Though possessed

of a tolerable property, his hand was seldom opened in charity, nor had he a heart to sympathise with his fellow-creatures; but in the love of number one he yielded to no man.

He never could do any thing, however trifling, in a straightforward way; but all was finesse and trickery. Not satisfied with the high-road, he pursued his way through life by lanes and by-ways. He was a manœuverer in the truest sense of the word, and he seemed to think that an object gained by fair means was not worth the seeking. But, cunning as he was, his proceedings might easily be calculated, for his intentions being generally the direct reverse of his sayings and doings, you might divine his object by the rule of contrariety; and if you found yourself at fault with him, by a backward cast you would be pretty sure to hit on the scent.

Such a character could not fail to be a niggard, for he could not bear to part with any thing, but, above all, his money. But his was not real economy; for the want of a little present expenditure often rendered a future outlay to a much greater extent necessary; and as he seldom paid for any

thing at the time, but let his bills run on as long as possible, he was generally (where he was not a judge himself) put off with inferior articles. Though he flattered himself he was a famous hand at a bargain, he mostly got the worst of it; because his object was more to save money than to get a good thing. Thus he would, perhaps, exchange a good horse for a bad one, if he could get a sum of money to boot.

Mr. Edgeways was of no party in politics; for a being so absorbed in self could have no feeling for his country. Thus he voted on either side as it suited his views; but as our's was a Tory neighbourhood, he generally found it his interest to go with that party.

The character of people may often be surmised by a prevailing word or phrase. Thus, one man hopes, another fears, another trusts, and another guesses; but with Mr. Edgeways, it was always "I calculate." Such a disposition is generally the accompaniment of mean abilities. Your genuinely cunning man, when he wishes to conceal his designs, will often go straight to his object, as the path least expected; in the same way that an

experienced General will sometimes take the bull by the horns, in preference to a weaker point where the enemy is prepared. But Mr. Edgeways had no idea of such tactics: he never had the spirit to encounter a difficulty, but was always for turning the position; and he was commonly so long taken up in deliberating, that he lost the opportunity for action. With him the principles of right and wrong merged in the simple one of expediency. Having therefore no fixed rule of conduct, he was vacillating where he ought to have been decisive. Wanting that confidence in his neighbour, without which no man can be loved or esteemed, or without which happiness cannot exist, he was an isolated being in the midst of society. Measuring men by his own standard, he suspected every one of a desire to cheat him. Thus he was badly served, for no one of any feeling could live with him either with pleasure or satisfaction.

It has always seemed to me most unaccountable how a social being such as man can take a pride in that kind of ability which is always armed against deception, or which is ever striving to

make the most of others. I may be, what is termed, a *spoon*—and I believe I am;—for I never feel the least ashamed of being taken in; and though sorry, of course, at the loss occasioned by being over-reached, I never feel mortified by it, unless it be by a person of whom I have previously formed a good opinion.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Water-party.

Our town being situated near the sea, boating parties were often the order of the day. One of these very prccarious amusements I shall proceed to describe. It was on the occasion of one of the Cowes regattas.

First, servants laden with cloaks and prog-baskets are seen bending their steps towards the quay. Next, gentlemen in short sailors' jackets, with ladies on one arm, and telescopes under the other, followed by misses and masters tripping gaily along, are hastening towards the same spot.

All the party being on board, the sail is hoisted, and the vessel makes its tortuous course down the river; then, with a flowing sheet, wind and

tide being favourable, she rapidly approaches the roadstead of Cowes.

No beginning can be more propitious, all the landsmen and landswomen exclaim; to which the sly helmsman assents, with a shift of his quid, and a sly glance to windward, denoting some little mental reservation on the score of the return—Nothing could be better timed. The party arrives off the Castle just as the yachts are about to start for the cup. At a signal-gun the competitors, all moored in line, hoist their sails, and spread their broad bosoms to the breeze. Off they go, like moths skimming along the surface of the water, and, having wind and tide in their favour, are soon lost behind the Point.

Let us now turn our eyes towards the gay scene around us. The bay, crowded with vessels of all sizes and shapes, decked in colours of all varieties, presents a most brilliant appearance. But this I have already described in a former part of this work.

Presently, the scene becomes more animated. Many of the yachts get under weigh, and stretch out into the offing to get a view of the match;

and the crocodile-steamers, casting a long black pendant behind them, steer off in the same direction.

Let us now go ashore, and join the gay throng who line the beach or perambulate the parade. In the centre of the latter, distinguished by a large Union Jack and various pendant streamers, is the yacht club-house; on the terrace of which are lounging parties, with telescopes in hand, and quizzing-glasses on eye, either spying the closer beauties on shore, or looking after their bets at a distance.

A rowing-match is now preparing for the entertainment of the in-shore people. Four smart wherries, with distinguishing flags in their bows, and manned by stout watermen with coloured caps, range themselves in line. At a signal given they start. The rowers, bending their broad backs to the time of the bobbing steersman, and rapidly plying their oars, shoot their sharp keels, like arrows, through the water. Twice they round the course. The match is well contested, and Blue gains the prize, amid the cheers of their triumphant friends.

The foremost yacht of the sailing-match is now seen at a distance, just clearing the Point, and all glasses are turned towards it. The distinguishing flag is that of the Lulworth. Huzza for the Lulworth! Next the Menai appears, known by her superior size: then close follows the Louisa; but no one can positively tell which is the leading vessel. The Lulworth tacks first, but passes to leeward of the Menai. A shout for the Menai! The tide having turned in their favour, they are not long in coming abreast of the bay. Close-hauled, they seem to cleave both wind and wave. As they pass the vessels at anchor, each competitor is cheered by her respective friends. The race lies between the three headmost vessels. The rest are so far astern as to have little chance, and some give up as they pass the roadstead. The Menai, steady as a first-rate, still maintains her superiority; when, suddenly, her main-haulyards give way, and down falls the bagging-sail over the vessel's side. Ah, poor Menai! The Lulworth now shoots a-head of her disabled competitor, and the Cowes people look sulky, for the

Lulworth is no favourite with them. All glasses are pointed at the Menai, and all hands on board are seen busily engaged in repairing the damage. But while this is going on, the Louisa too has passed her. At last up go her haulyards—again the sail is flat, and again she shoots into the wind. Now the vessels are lost sight of from the bay, and various parties set off for the hills to view the race to windward. But as the appetites of our party, who breakfasted early, rather exceed their interest in the match, we prefer returning on board to discuss the contents of the prog-baskets. Here, on the faith of smooth water, many a poor stomach is tempted to indulge; but I will not take away from the enjoyment of the present by any gloomy anticipations. The repast is delightful and highly relished, as most scrambles are; and each gentleman toasts, not his favourite lady, but his favourite vessel. All are in high spirits; the ladies in particular, who, on such occasions, are allowed somewhat to exceed their usual *quantum* of wine; and, in the general bustle, mammas cannot have their eyes about them.

Were I to recount all the good things that were eaten, and all the good things that were said, I should be carried beyond my limits. Suffice it to say, that eyes, champagne, and wit, vied in brilliancy, and that all were pleasing and pleased.

Now, Captain, we will get under weigh, and stretch out a little into the offing, to view the state of the race. Which vessel rounds the buoy to windward is the question. The Lulworth has it! Her bosom, gradually swelling, wooes the breeze, and down she comes right before the wind. Next the Menai, having passed the Louisa, eases off her tack; and now all three are one mass of canvass. When they come within sight from the bay, no one can tell which is first—the Menai or the Lulworth. But soon the point is cleared up; for the former luffing up passes across the stern of her competitor, so as to take the wind out of her sails. The manœuvre succeeds. Backed by the large spread of her opponent's canvass, the sail of the Lulworth flaps against the mast, and the Menai shoots a-head. Another shout for the Menai! In this order they come down,

till just as they are passing the Castle, when the Lulworth puts in practice the same trick that had succeeded in throwing her astern—but in better time, for, being now close to the goal, the Menai is not able to recover her lost ground, and the Lulworth wins the cup by half a bowsprit. Our folks are all for the Lulworth, which was built at our port, and a shout of triumph is set up by the party. The contest being ended, salutes are fired by the battery ashore, and by such of the yachts as have the means, from the great gun of the commodore down to the swivel of the cutter.

The evening is now far advanced, and we must think of getting home. Ay, there 's the rub! The wind, which has freshened since morning, is right in our teeth, and the tide will not last long, so no time is to be lost. The sky looks angry to windward, and a short rough sea, caused by the opposition of wind and tide, will make it any thing but a pleasant beat. The rain now begins to fall heavily, and the spray covers our deck; but few have stomachs strong enough to venture below for shelter. Cloaks are at a premium; but the wind is so high that um-

brellas are at a discount. What a fool was I to bring my best hat! The gentlemen must now make themselves useful. A mother and daughter fall to my share: the former, a fat old lady, lies like a log upon my arm; and the other, though not quite so pressing, demands equal attention. Every lurch the vessel takes I get such squeezes and pinches, as, under any other circumstances, might have flattered my *amour propre*, if they did not improve the colour of my skin. Then, every instant I am questioned as to the danger of our situation, or called upon to excuse the liberty taken in clinging so close to me for protection. Reader! take my advice, and never marry a lady till you have beat to windward with her in a cock-boat and in a short sea; and then, if you think more of the fair one than you do of yourself, you may safely pronounce yourself in love. Then, indeed, you have a soul for love, and a stomach for matrimony. My situation, as may be supposed, is none of the pleasantest, for I am not the best sailor in the world. While sitting to windward, with my legs planted against the sky-light, I have to support

my two protegées, and to keep them from pitching on their heads; and when a shift of tack brings us on the lee-side, the case is, if any thing, worse. A cold clammy hand seems to pass across my forehead; my eyes swim; and O—h! The interval between the o and the h may be be filled up *ad libitum.*

In this manner we beat for two long hours, exposed to rain and spray, while each person mentally exclaims, "Catch me in a boating party again!" At length we reach the mouth of our river; but it is now dark, and the tide runs out. The wind, however, is in our favour, so we try to make our way up: but in the attempt we stick in the mud, and there the vessel must remain till the next tide. The boat cannot hold more than half the party: the rest must wait till the vessel floats. My ladies are off: I will now light a cigar, and with a dram endeavour to counteract the effects of my ducking; but, alas! there are no means of striking a light, and the servants and sailors have cleared the liquor

baskets. This is worse than à bivouac. Towards morning we get ashore, when we drag our dripping carcases home, to swallow a cup of hot tea, and go to bed. O the delights of a boating party!!!

CHAPTER IX.

Progress of public opinion—Reform—Progress of the Bill—Cobbett —A gentleman connected with the press.

As I am now approaching the stormy period of Britain's regeneration, it is proper that I should say something of the progress of public opinion since the conclusion of the revolutionary war. During the course of that long contest, it must be admitted, that the prevalent feeling in the country was essentially Tory. Every person of good feeling was disgusted with the excesses of the French Revolution, which they very naturally, though falsely, attributed to the principles of that revolution, and not to the state of things which gave rise to it. The Whigs, too, by unwisely and intemperately acting on the spirit of party, had appeared to make common cause with the foes of

England. This served to lower them in the estimation of the nation, and, with them, the principles on which they rested their claim to the confidence of the people.

But, when the war had ceased, and with it the delirium which must ever accompany a national contest, and that the consequences of the ruinous system of Pitt, most religiously followed up by his successors, came to be seriously felt, the people began to ruminate on their state, and to consider through what means they had been brought into the condition in which they found themselves. They were not long in discovering that it was entirely owing to a system of *false representation.* They were nominally represented, it was true; but virtually it was the persons who benefited by the money taken from their pockets, that were represented. But this was not all. They saw that the persons so represented turned every thing to their own immediate advantage, regardless of the general interests of the nation.

Under this growing conviction of their wrongs, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the desire for reform in the national representation should

gradually gain ground. But, besides the above very natural causes for the change of national feeling towards the government of the Tories, in tracing the course of public opinion, there are other points of great consequence which must not be omitted.

1st—The system of education, introduced by Bell and Lancaster, had now begun to produce its effects, and a new generation had already arisen intellectually superior to the former, and, of course, more alive to subjects of general interest.

2ndly—The vast increase in manufactures and trade had greatly augmented an intelligent class of the community, which has always been found more favourable to democracy than the mere peasant, and consequently opposed to the principles of the Tories.

3rdly—The middle classes had much increased in number, not only from the growth of trade, but from the national debt itself, which, while it stood as a monument of long misrule, had served to raise up a description of population hitherto unknown, but containing, above all others, the

elements of thought, and possessing an unquestionable interest in the prosperity of the nation.

4thly—The agricultural classes, which were the main-stay of Toryism, had, from the partial cessation of their monopoly, and the reluctance of the landlords to meet their diminished means, become restless and discontented.

And lastly—The demand on the educated classes for the supply of the warlike professions and offices connected therewith — which I may term the physical faculties of the country—having, in a great measure, ceased, the sons of the gentry were necessarily compelled to turn their mental faculties to account; and therefore more intellect must have been brought to bear on subjects connected with the welfare of society, and more light be thrown on the errors of government.

The altered state of public opinion, proceeding from the above causes, might be clearly discerned, not only in occasional bursts of intemperate feeling, but in the calm language of sober reason; and, above all, in the way in which the struggles of neighbouring nations to throw

off the yoke of ages was responded to by the hearts of the people. How apparent was this growth of liberal opinions! and what blessings were showered on Canning, when he disengaged us from the miscalled Holy Alliance—that insurance-office for despotic thrones! and how was the Great Captain, who succeeded him, cheered, when, almost in despite of King, Lords, and Church, he struck off the bonds from our Catholic fellow-subjects!

All this showed, beyond a doubt, that the nation was fast awakening to a just sense of its own interests, and of the part which it became it to act on the theatre of the world. It showed that she was beginning to perceive, that her own institutions, however perfect in theory, were far from being so in practice, and that, through the growth of abuses, those branches of the Constitution, which were intended for the protection of the people, had become the means of their oppression. But, strong as this feeling was, it is more than probable that some years would have elapsed ere the public voice had become sufficiently strong to bring on that reform essential to the prosperity

of the country, and to the security of our constitution; and it may be questioned, whether, in the discontent which must have followed the withholding the just rights of the people, the good sense of the country could, unaided by collateral circumstances, have gained that ascendency necessary to accomplish, by peaceable means, what must ultimately have been effected by some means or other—the overthrow of a corrupt system.

Such was the state of public opinion when the Revolution of the Barricades occurred. This was not only the revolution of France, it was the revolution of England; it was the commencement of the revolution of the world. In her first revolution France was a nation of frantic slaves just escaped from their chains; but here she sprung up at once a nation of freemen, feeling their dignity, and acting as became the cause of liberty. France felt, while she shook the puny despot from his throne, as if the brand of conquest had been effaced from her brow; and she rose prepared, by her example and assistance, to compensate for all the ills she had been the means of

inflicting on mankind. How this event was hailed by Britain, I need not say; or how the hands of both nations were stretched out to each other in the fellowship of a mutual cause. The generous impulse spread through the land, and the cause of reform was ripened into maturity. The Commons of England, although corruptly constituted as they were, could not avoid catching somewhat of the public feeling; and the result was soon apparent in their deliberations. Had the great man —for such I must ever call him—who then held the reins of government, only followed the liberal principles on which he had commenced his ministerial career, his name would have descended to posterity as great in the civil as in the military history of his country. Could he not see that the principle of expediency, on which he had carried the Catholic Bill, was still more applicable here? and what infatuation could have befallen him when he made his memorable declaration of war against Reform? I was in the House of Lords at the time; and, when I heard it, an involuntary groan escaped from me. I felt for his fame; I felt for the struggle the country must undergo;

but I despaired not of the cause. He fell! but happily the monarch who sat on the throne had a heart in unison with the people, and the helm was entrusted to a man pledged to the cause of Reform.

The measure of Reform proposed by Earl Grey, all circumstances considered, was bold and comprehensive. He found the body politic in confusion; and, like a skilful general, instead of placing himself amidst the crowd of conflicting opinions, he withdrew at once to an eminence—open and commanding. There he planted his standard, and the nation rallied round him. The Reform Bill went beyond the expectations of the country, and in that lay its chief merit. It purposed to cut boldly round the political cancer, so that no fibres should be left to regenerate the disease. It was received with joy and gratitude by the people; but great was the work to be performed, and strong, though dismayed, were the forces of corruption. How the voice of the nation responded to the patriotic efforts of the minister was soon evinced in the return of a parliament pledged to support his Bill, notwithstanding that the consti-

tuent elements of that parliament were still, to a great degree, in the hands of his enemies. Self-interest, the main-spring of human action, was forgotten for the moment; and in every spot where the votes of the people could prevail, the principles of Reform triumphed. Driven from the Lower House, corruption took up its position in the Lords. For a moment the cause was in jeopardy. The Great Captain had already stretched out his arm to seize the helm; but the British lion rose, shook his mane, and roared; and that hand, which had never failed its owner in the hour of danger, fell palsied by his side. Earl Grey resumed his seat, and the Bill was carried.

During the whole of this memorable struggle our town was not behindhand. As for myself, it was not in my nature to remain an indifferent spectator at so trying a period. I had always, from my youth upwards, felt a strong aversion to every thing like oppression; I therefore eagerly seized the opportunity of assisting the cause by every means in my power. Unfortunately, the neighbourhood was almost entirely composed of Tory gentry, and these were in the interest of the

soi-disant proprietor of the borough; but still they could make no head against the popular feeling as long as the Bill was in progress; and the town seemed to look forward with eager hope to the time when it should have a representation of its own free choice. But alas! that day was far distant. The new constituency was unfortunately so composed as not to be proof against the "foul influences;" and to us the Reform Bill was a dead letter. I shall not, for obvious reasons, enter into the particulars of the long contest between liberal principles and corruption in this borough, which, though ending in the defeat of the former, only heaped disgrace on the heads of the victors; but will refer the reader to the description which I shall shortly give of the proceedings in the town of Halsborough as affording a specimen of the difficulties which a small constituency has to struggle against, when surrounded by a neighbouring gentry enlisted in the cause of corruption.

During the progress of the Reform Bill, I attended a county meeting at Winchester. I confess my object in going was chiefly to see the old

demagogue Cobbett, who was expected to be there; for, while I abominated his want of principle, I have always been a great admirer of his talents as a writer. Indeed, nothing can prove stronger the general estimation in which he is held in this respect, than the knowledge that, although he has contradicted himself oftener than any man that ever put pen to paper, yet his works are still read, even by those who differ widely from him in politics. His style is beyond every thing clear and transparent, and his figures of rhetoric are taken from subjects familiar to the persons addressed. In that lies his forte. There is nothing like a good simile for bringing the mind to an immediate conclusion. In popular addresses it is the most effectual style of argument; for it is only necessary to draw the parallel with some subject on which the mind is already made up, and the effect is produced.

The meeting was a noisy one; for, what with Cobbett's mob, evidently enlisted for the occasion, who would let none of his opponents be heard, and the other by-standers who retaliated, scarcely a word could be collected from the speakers. The

only words I could catch from Cobbett were, "You won't hear me, because I am going to tell you the truth," accompanied by such a sarcastic grin that I laughed in spite of myself.

The weather was warm, and there stood near me a little fat gentleman who seemed much incommoded by the crowd. There came pressing behind him a tall, raw-boned man, holding a memorandum in his hand. "What do you mean, Sir," said the fat gentleman, "by crowding and jostling in this manner? Who are you, Sir?"—"Sir, I'm one of the gentlemen connected with the press."—"I thought so, by Jove!" was the ready reply, "for you have nearly squeezed my ribs in!"

CHAPTER X.

The author visits his old residence—Feelings on that occasion—"I must be getting old"—Old acquaintance—Parish church—Anecdotes—Politics.

In 1833 I set out with my family to pay our relations and friends in Leicestershire a visit. Ten years had elapsed since I left that county. Now, really ten years makes some difference in the appearance of one's acquaintance. The child of former years has grown into manhood. The little girl, whom you have dandled on your knee, and kissed over and over again, is now a young woman, and returns your bow with a modest curtsy, or perhaps presents her smiling offspring to accept those caresses, which, from her altered state, she herself can no longer becomingly receive. The school-boy, whom you treated at the pastry-cook's, and whom you tipped with half-a-

crown at parting, now talks of his dogs, his hunters, and his regiment. The youth of former days has become a sober married man with a family. The whiskers of cotemporaries are fast turning grey. Your old companion in sport is laid up with the gout, and your old gouty friend is laid under the sod. And so they are passing on through the magic-lantern of life. Now, when one sees all this, one naturally goes home and looks in the glass, to endeavour to trace the progress of time in one's own person; but there is no mirror so true as the face of an old acquaintance. At one time, when I went to London, I knew almost every second person I met in the haunts of the idle; but each successive year the number of my acquaintances diminished, till now, when I go up, I may walk for half an hour without meeting a face that I know. Surely, then, I must be getting old. My remaining cotemporaries in arms are major-generals. I have one school-fellow a bishop, another the warden of a college, one the head-master of a public school, one a judge, and two sergeants-at-law. Must I not, then, be getting old? I recollect the time when I should have thought a

person of my age an elderly man, and yet I should now probably quarrel with the man who were to call me so. Surely this is a sign of dotage, and I must positively be getting old. But, if I am, what is there to be ashamed of, if I do not retain the vices or the follies of youth? Ay, there 's the rub! How few of us can say that? and not I, I fear. Well then, if I am getting old, it is no more than a great many persons of my age are; so, as I cannot mend the matter, nor stop the hand of Time, I had better take Time by the forelock, if it have not, like myself, grown bald, and endeavour to make the best use of that portion of existence which may yet be allotted to me.

Of course, one of the first things I did, on arriving in Leicestershire, was to take a look at my old residence. But this was, if any thing, more altered than the faces of my acquaintances. It had since been occupied by a lord, who added to it, but in no very lordly taste. It had, however, been some years unoccupied, and was in a sadly dilapidated state. I know few things that have a more melancholy effect on the spirits than revisiting the empty house in which we have

dwelt in our best days, particularly if it be in the progress of decay. To walk through the cold unfurnished apartments, where passed many an interesting domestic scene, still fresh in the memory of the heart; to see those walls, dripping with damp and pendant with tattered paper, which once echoed to the voice of friends now no more; to see the now rusty grate, where blazed the cheerful fire, round which was gathered many a merry circle; to see all—all so changed and desolate!—it was like the shroud of happiness gone by!

I next sought the dwelling of my old "fat friend;" but all was so altered here, that I actually passed it once or twice before I ventured in at the garden-gate. It seemed like an old friend with a new face. The old front of a comfortable farm-house was transmogrified, by a viranda and French windows, into the façade of a suburban villa. The little prim garden was turned into a grass-plat, interspersed with flower borders of various shape. In all, I saw the hand of a female. There was no harm in that. I rang the bell. My fat friend was in his farm, and I was ushered into the

parlour to await his arrival. Here again, what a change! but all for the worse. Where was the comfortable old furniture?—Alas! all gone, and replaced by tawdry, flimsy articles—not in the good solid style of the present fashion, but coming under my notion of the word *genteel*. A piano, one of your small twopenny uprights, had taken the place of the old bureau. The old-fashioned arm-chairs had made way for wretched cane-bottomed ones, scarcely strong enough to bear a good-sized man. The old shining oak floor was covered by a paltry Kidderminster carpet. The hearth, where I had seen many a cheerful blaze, as I sat smoking with my old friend, was now filled by a little wretched grate, with polished fire-irons and fender, evidently kept more for ornament than use. A pier-glass, such as grace the best parlour of a country ale-house, occupied the place of the picture of the Durham Ox; and sundry gimcracks on the mantel-piece took the place of the old smoking gear. In short, a young wife had taken the place of the old mother, who had now been dead some years.

After I had been seated some time, Madam,

who had evidently been to dress for the occasion, made her appearance, with an over-powering curtsey. She appeared, I was sorry to observe, a very affected lady, and the very opposite to my fat friend. Presently, a chubby fellow, about three years old, came running into the room. He was the image of his father. This was refreshing. While I was amusing myself with him, my friend came in. The same genuine smile illumined his countenance as we shook hands; but time and circumstances had much altered him. He appeared to feel an embarrassment in talking of old scenes. A luncheon was produced, but how unlike the old style! There was evidently an attempt at finery; and the tiny sandwiches but ill-supplied the place of the pork-pie or the corned beef. He accompanied me to the inn where I had left my horse, and, during the walk, we talked more freely of old matters; but the tear that started into his eye, as we parted, told me that he was not so happy as he deserved to be.

The first Sunday found me at the old parish-church. Trulliber was no more: he had broken

his neck by oversetting his gig in a drunken fit, and his place was supplied by a much younger man, who read the service in a mincing affected style, (why can't they teach them to read at college?) The knave of spades was replaced by a dapper clerk, who read better than his master. Here was the "march of intellect" with a vengeance! It was the *lock step* of intellect; for the clerk was treading on the parson's heels. Nothing can prove stronger the progress of education in the country than this fact, which cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer. A barrel-organ filled a part of the singing-gallery, and a new set of voices, eschewing Sternhold and Hopkins, chanted hymns collected and printed for the special use of the congregation.

I looked in vain for my old friend with the white wand, who used to rap the skulls of the sleeping rustics. There did not, however, appear much necessity for him, for a neighbouring dissenting chapel, which had sprung up since I quitted the county, had much thinned the orthodox benches of mother church, notwithstanding the temptation of the barrel-organ and an improved choir. As I sat

in my old pew, I could hardly suppress a laugh at the recollection of a ludicrous scene which occurred there, and which I ought to have mentioned in its proper place. It was on the occasion of a charity-sermon, and the churchwarden had just introduced the plate into our pew to receive our contributions; when, not having change enough in my own purse, I borrowed that of my maiden aunt, a prim old lady who stood very much on the proprieties. In searching for some shillings, what should drop out but the tip of an old dried tongue!—It was aunt Kitty's charm, given her as a defence against poverty, by some old witch who had "the gift of tongues." One of my brothers and myself caught a sight of this relic at the same moment, and the effect upon us was instantaneous,—in an involuntary burst, to the astonishment of the plate-holder. In fact, so incontrollable was our fit of laughter, and so contagious was its influence, that even aunt Kitty could not resist, while the younger part of the family were compelled to sit down on the floor of the pew, and to stuff their mouths with their pocket-handkerchiefs. It was a long time before my brother and I could

venture into the same church together. But, it must be admitted, that we are a very laughing family; and I myself have been frequently taken with this most irresistible propensity in very awkward situations, and sometimes where I really had more cause for weeping.

Mr. Longaiters, who, the reader may recollect, was curate of the market-town, had removed to a larger congregation in some manufacturing district, and was succeeded by a very exemplary parish-minister, whose sound, wholesome doctrine was not strong enough for many of his hearers, who complained that there was too much of *cold* morality in his sermons. Why, the very expression is a syllogism, as if the object of religion were not to make us *moral*. The consequence was, however, that a good part of the congregation, who had "sat under" Mr. Longaiters, till they became addle-headed, had seceded from the church, and joined a branch of the "unknown tongues," lately set up in the neighbourhood.

Old Benbow was, of course, one of the first of my acquaintance that I visited. His cordial welcome, evinced in his vice-like shake of the hand,

almost brought tears into my eyes. He was less altered in appearance than any of the others; for though the autumnal tints on his head had been succeeded by the winter's snow, his complexion looked fresh, and his face unwrinkled. He told me of all the changes in the neighbourhood. Bluff had "cut his stick," no one knew whither. Daisy Fardle had busied himself very much at the last election; but finding that he could not persuade every one to vote as he wished, he had taken his custom to some more complying spot. His departure had been hastened by some rascal of a Reformer having actually had the impudence to build a house within sight of his; for nothing offends our English Aristocracy so much, as seeing from their windows any thing belonging to any body else. It reminds them that they are not the only people in the world; and that takes away from their dignity, and lowers their self-importance. They are, in fact, spoiled, overgrown babies, with whom *I* is every thing.

Thumkins had gone to his long home—not a very long one either, for he did not take more than five

feet of ground at most;—and the widow had been carried off by the daughters to Bath or Cheltenham, where they sported their figures; but with what success I did not hear.

Lord Greatly, disgusted at the defeat of his interests at the last election, had shut up his country-house, and gone abroad,—leaving, however, his sting behind him in the shape of a proxy against every thing liberal.

The two brothers, the surgeons, were dead; and though they had always gone on opposite tacks in this life, were at length united in the same vault; though some say that the sexton, who was a wag, had placed their coffins head and heels to each other.

Tom Duffin, poor fellow! had gone mad, and thrown himself out of a garret-window.

My old friend Mrs. Primley was also defunct; but had left a legacy to be applied to the support of her surviving pets, till they should die of old age. One of them, an old poodle, I saw taking his daily promenade with his guardian; and really he appeared to me as if he felt his conse-

quence, while the respect shown to him as a dog of property was striking—so universal is the deference paid to riches.

As may be supposed, I did not neglect to call upon the "Father of the Hunt." A glance at the hat-pegs told me where to find him—for he had always three hats in use; one for high-days and holidays, and visits to the market-town; the second for rides in the neighbourhood; and the oldest to wear in his garden or farm. I found him in the latter superintending his hay-making. He was much aged, and grown very deaf and blind. But the ruling passion was still strong in him—he talked of the hounds. All he could do now, he said, was to ride to covert on an old pony, and see the hounds throw off. But he cared not much for it now, for all his old companions had dropped off, and the pack had got a new master, who knew nothing about the business, and would not take advice;—all was going wrong. The farmers, too, not being in circumstances to take part in the sport, had turned sulky, and would not preserve the foxes. He seemed to value life but little, now that he could not follow the hounds.

I went to the grammar-school. The old Dominie was off the hooks, and had been succeeded by a respectable-looking man, who spoke rationally on education. The boys wanted me to beg a holiday: but that was against my principle; so I gave them a sovereign to buy them some cricket-bats.

CHAPTER XI

Proceedings in Halsborough—The ballot.

POLITICS, as might have been expected, had much agitated the neighbourhood during the last year or two. Lord Greatly's boroughs had all been buried in schedule A; and, as I have observed before, his county interest had gone to the wall. Halsborough, however, still retained its two members, and Sir Simon Sell-place a good portion of his influence. A friend of mine, who resided in the borough, was kind enough to favour me with an account of all the doings in that place; but of these (as they cannot be very interesting to the general reader) I shall content myself with a brief outline.

In the general enthusiasm which prevailed throughout the kingdom, on the introduction of

the Reform Bill, Halsborough evinced a full share; and, on every occasion, during the eventful struggle, which called for a display of public opinion, meetings were held, and resolutions were passed, in unison with the general feeling of the country.

According to the Bill, as first framed, Halsborough was in schedule B, and was to retain only one member; but the subsequent alteration in the Bill gave two members to the place—an honour to which it certainly had no right to aspire. The Reformers, then, perceiving that Sir Simon Sell-place would be pretty sure of one seat, made a virtue of necessity, and began to look out for a liberal candidate to fill the other. Application was made to such of the neighbouring gentlemen of property as were known to be favourable to Reform. These were few indeed, and not one of these few would come forward. A gentleman of talent, connected with the government, was then invited down. He came, and canvassed the town with great success. Unfortunately, however, to make up a sufficient constituency, it became necessary to make some addition to the borough; and here

the influence of the Tories prevailed, so that, through the means of petitions got up privately, the commissioners appointed for the purpose were induced to tack on a spot under the influence of a few individuals, and possessing no local claim to the connexion. This tended, in a great degree, to swamp the constituency of the town. Still, however, the Reformers seemed sure of their man. But now a scheme was concocted worthy of the cause of corruption.

After the way in which the town was pledged to the principles of Reform, the bringing forward of two Tory candidates openly would have signally failed; so a wolf was dressed in sheep's clothing, or, in other words, a Tory was sent down under the title of an "Independent." Now the word "independent" means any thing or nothing, and, as such, was well chosen for the purpose. This gentleman, John Squeezin, Esq., was reported to be rich—that was a great point. In offering himself to the electors, he put out an address in which all expression of political opinion was avoided. This was quite in character; for an avowal of his politics would have identified him with one or other

of the parties, which, in the present stage of the business, would have defeated the end in view; because, had he professed Tory principles, no one in the shape of a Reformer could have joined him; and had he called himself a Liberal, he never could have obtained the support of the Tories, on which he mainly rested. He, however, gave out publicly that he intended to take a house, and reside in the neighbourhood.

The first step was, if possible, to make a lodgment in the camp of the Reformers. This was not so difficult a matter as might have been supposed; for there were two or three persons of some influence in this party, who, for reasons which need not be mentioned, were known not to be favourable to the pretensions of the Reform candidate. These Mr. Squeezin canvassed as a Reformer, and by this means succeeded in gaining them over to his side.

The next thing to be done was to work among the poor voters in the Reform ranks; and for this laudable purpose, an active attorney, who was known not to be over-nice in his practice, was chosen. In this Mr. Squeezin was right, for

when a candidate starts on the *coute qui coute* system, he should always select a regular out-and-outer for his agent, if it be only for the sake of his name. The knowledge that such a man has the management of the business will be sufficient to bring to the market all who have votes to dispose of, without the necessity of looking out for them—a proceeding which might be attended with the danger of detection.

At the tail of every party there will always be found a certain number of poor devils, lacking either principle or money, who are to be got over. These were secured through the means of promises or bribes—oh, no! I mean loans:—for these loans notes of hand were taken, so that they not only secured the present interest of the voters, but prevented their afterwards deserting the cause.

The desired lodgment being now effected in the outskirts of the Reformers' camp, the Tories were canvassed on their own principles; and glad enough were they to rush in to the support of the man who had been playing their game for them. Doubtless, they would have supported the devil himself against their old enemies.

Now came the operation of the "foul influences;" and this work was set about in earnest. The voters were told that if the government candidate succeeded, the place would become a Treasury-borough; as if there was more disgrace in supporting a member of the government, to which we owed the Reform Bill, than in voting for one of that party which had done every thing in their power to oppose it. Churchmen were told that the Church would be pulled down; farmers were told they would be ruined by a free trade in corn; and tradesmen were threatened with a loss of custom. In short, all the well-known means of corrupt influence were resorted to—sometimes in a manner ludicrous enough. A West India proprietor, for instance, comes to his grocer. "Mr. Allspice," says he, "I hope you are not going to vote for this Reform candidate."—"Why, Sir, I believe I have promised him."—"Very well, Mr. Allspice, you know I am a West India proprietor; and that if this government remains in, I shall lose all my property; and when that's the case, how am I to pay you your bill?—you understand me, Mr. Allspice."

Many were allured from their promises in this way; and many were forced to vote against their consciences by downright intimidation. But, what is a most extraordinary fact, there was not a tailor in the town that did not adhere to the Liberal side. Let us hear no more, then, about a tailor being only the ninth part of a man! In the hopes of decoying them, coats were ordered by persons who never before had any made but by a London artist; and threats in plenty were used. But all in vain: they stood true to their colours. Accordingly, to pay them for their obstinacy, as well as to serve as a warning to other tradesmen, a tailor was brought from a neighbouring town, and set up on the Tory interest. But, poor fellow! he had better have stayed where he was: it was a sad day for him that he came to Halsborough. Every rogue, who could not get credit elsewhere, went to him. "Mr. Snip," says one, "I am glad to see a man of your loyal principles set up in our town; it will be the making of your fortune. All our tailors are d——d radicals: I have cut them altogether, and have come to you, Mr. Snip."—"Sir, you do me honour; what

shall I measure you for, Sir?"—"A whole suit, if you please." No questions were asked, and the suit was sent home. In this way, Mr. Snip had soon a flaming balance on the credit side of his books. But, alas! when Christmas came, where was the balance?—it was to be had by a draft on Aldgate pump! The poor man was ruined, and a bankrupt! So much for Tory patronage!

Then, when it came to the registration of votes, all kinds of means were resorted to by the agents of Mr. Squeezin to destroy the votes of the Liberal party, and to introduce the names of persons favourable to the side of the *soi-disant* "independent" candidate.

No doubt there were many among the Tories who acted on principle, and who scorned to use such means as I have detailed above. But still, they were not above profiting by the tricks played by the friends of Mr. Squeezin; and no one can blame them for that.

As the day of election approached, the Reform candidate began to get alarmed, although his poll-book still showed a decided majority over his

opponent, Mr. Squeezin. He had information that the whole of Sir Simon's corporation intended to vote against him. While in this mood, an opportunity occurred of his being returned for another place without difficulty; which offer, in an evil hour for himself, as well as for poor Halsborough, he accepted. This was treating his old friends extremely ill, and was at once the ruin of the cause. The resignation of a candidate at that stage of the proceedings was such an acknowledgment of weakness, that every elector, who was not firm to the back-bone, immediately went over to what he supposed the stronger side. It was too late to get any one from a distance to supply his place; so the staunch Reformers, who were determined not to yield without a struggle, called upon the chairman of the Reform committee to stand. This was complied with, but without any hopes of success; and Sir Simon Sellplace and John Squeezin, Esq. were declared duly elected. Alas! poor Halsborough!

It is clear from the above narrative, that places of the size of Halsborough, not containing above three hundred electors, should either have had no

members at all, or have been protected by the ballot. You may call the ballot "*un-English*," if you like; but it is the only means of protecting the voter against the "*foul* influences" in small towns, and against the *rough* influences in large ones. By the latter, I mean the dread of an uneducated mob. Without the ballot, the character of the middle classes will become debased; for when once we lose our self-respect, by accustoming ourselves to act from corrupt or servile motives, the main barrier against dishonesty and vice is broken down. I have no doubt, then, that the ballot will before long become a *moral* as well as a *political* question, and that, in time, all parties, except the corrupt voter himself, will be calling out for its enactment.

But, then, some persons say, it is necessary to preserve such boroughs as this to give property its due weight in the election of representatives. In answer to this argument, I will ask, what protection does property require but security? and is property less secure in the United States of America, where universal suffrage and the ballot exist, than under despotic governments? Again,

what has the object been in confining the elective franchise to persons renting premises of ten pounds value, but to keep the power of election in the hands of a respectable class of the community; and so long as this principle is maintained, what fear can there be for property? Is the rich man more in need of good government than the poor one? The contrary is the fact; for the poor man is more likely to suffer from bad legislation than the rich one. I maintain, therefore, that it is absolutely necessary to protect the poor voter in the free exercise of his franchise; and I am also of opinion, that, as education raises the character of the people, so may the right of voting for representatives be safely lowered.

There is one great defect in the Reform Bill as it now stands, which ought to be removed—that, is, the addition of land to make up the required qualification. Can a person, who occupies a house of the value of three or four pounds, and who makes up the required rental by an acre or two of land, be placed on a level with the tradesman who occupies a house of ten pounds value? The greater part of the constituency that has been

added to small boroughs is of this description, and the bad effects produced by this means are already apparent. Voters of this class are, in fact, the political slaves of some landed proprietors; and can be made, with but little trouble, in such numbers as to swamp the constituency of a respectable town. This defect must be altered.

CHAPTER XII.

Reformation of the Peers—The tide of Public Opinion—The British Constitution as it now is—Progress of Liberal opinions in the world—Popular governments—Free trade.

HAVING given my opinion on the efficiency of the Reform Bill, as far as it can be so considered without the ballot, it will be a natural question to ask, has it yet produced any fruits? Has any question been carried through the legislature which might not have passed through the same Parliament which passed the Reform Bill? I answer, No! Why is it so then? Simply because you have an unreformed House of Lords. Could any man in his senses ever suppose that a reformed Commons, and an unreformed House of Peers, could pull together? Why were they not then both reformed at the same time? There lies the mystery. We will grant that the making of

Peers, to the extent necessary to bring them in unison with the representatives of the people, was, to say the least of it, an extremely strong measure. But is it not clear, that the doing so was not only necessary to the progress of government, but was an act of mercy to the Lords themselves? On the present footing, they either disgust the nation, by flying in the face of rational improvement, or else they make themselves contemptible by yielding against their conviction. Every day that such a state of things exists renders them more unpopular, and their position more unstable. Can it be supposed that the people will continue to look on quietly while the just expectations they had entertained from the Reform Bill are thwarted by a set of privileged men? Would it not be better then to make fifty Peers than to unmake five hundred? for that will most assuredly take place, if they are allowed to run on much longer in their opposition to the wishes and the feelings of the nation. Wherever the hitch lies, the sooner it is removed the more safety there will be for our Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons. I trust the Ministry of

Lord Melbourne will show more determination in this respect than that of Earl Grey, which seemed to me to have so exhausted itself by the noble leap it took in the Reform Bill, as to have no strength left for another equally necessary before it could reach the goal. I would give the Lords one more trial in the beginning of the next session; and then, if they seem disposed to go on in the old way, the Ministers should, if they cannot procure the consent of the King to make Peers, resign at once; and then let us see who will take the reins.*

When the two Houses of Parliament shall have been brought more into accordance with each other, then they may proceed to make such further reforms in the constitution of their own bodies as are necessary to good government—the main points of which are the abolition of the vote by proxy, and the exclusion of Bishops in the Lords,—and triennial parliaments, and the election by ballot, in the Commons.

Can any one at all observant of events fail to

* This was written previous to the late interlude of Peel, Wellington, and Puppets.

see how the tide of public opinion is rolling onwards? The Tory of yesterday, wallowing in corruption and power, is the outcast of to-day: his opponent, the Whig, has now taken his place in the government: the Radical of yesterday is to-day in the shoes of the Whig; and an *ultra* party to the latter is already forming. The Quarterly Review is now the old woman of things past; the Edinburgh is now the cock of the dunghill; and the Westminster Review becomes the champion of the people; and so the waves roll on. But when will all this end? I answer, Never! Perfection is infinite. The poor deluded Tories may think that we are only working in a ring, and that things will come round again. But let them not apply "this pleasing unction to their souls." The tail of the serpent will never again come into its mouth!

But it is not to be supposed, from the above, that I am for altering the Constitution of England. Far from it! I think, purified of all its abuses, and thoroughly reformed, that it is the perfection of government; though as yet it has only existed in theory. I prefer a King who can do no wrong, to a President who *can* do wrong. I prefer such a

King by hereditary succession, to a President by election, principally on account of the constant ferment the latter must keep up in the public mind. The election of representatives is quite sufficient to prevent stagnation.

Whatever the Monarch may have been hitherto, he is now neither more nor less than the representative of the sovereignty of the people. He has the power of choosing his own Ministers, it is true; but those Ministers are responsible to the representatives of the people, and cannot keep their places without their concurrence.

I think a second House of Parliament, differently constituted from the Commons, essential in the state; not so much as a check on the latter—for the power now rests where it ought, in the popular branch of the Constitution—as to prevent *hasty* legislation; for, in the progress of a bill through two Houses, the people have time to consider it in all its bearings, and to throw in the weight of their opinion.

I am not satisfied of the advantages of an hereditary House of Parliament, though it has its *pros* and *cons;* but, at all events, it should be so con-

stituted as to be kept, as much as possible, in accordance with the feelings of the people, and should have no interests or privileges distinct from them.

I prefer an independent but responsible executive, to one under the immediate control of Parliament; but care should be taken that the Ministry do not possess more patronage than is necessary to give it that temporary stability which may prevent its being overset, except by the strong current of public opinion.

I prefer the power of appealing to the people, by the dissolution of Parliament, to a fixed time for its duration; the latter, however, being limited to a short period.

How comes it then, it may be asked, that this much-boasted Constitution has not worked well? Why, simply, because it never existed. The people, in whom the power ought essentially to rest, never had the election of their representatives. This was usurped by a corrupt oligarchy; while a super-abundant patronage gave too much power to the executive.

The state-machine has been partially repaired

and improved by the Reform Bill, and is now about to make a fresh start; but if one of the principal wheels remains in such a state as to be a clog on the rest, how can the whole make a suitable progress?

It is satisfactory to every well-wisher of mankind to observe, that the progress of liberal opinions is not confined to England. France is already regenerated, and will proceed onwards in the course of improvement. Nation after nation is fast throwing off the slough of ages, and ranging themselves in the ranks of Freedom. The scales are falling from men's eyes, and they are beginning to see things in their proper colours and shapes. In nothing is this more apparent than in the general aversion to war, which now pervades the civilised world. If the same elements of discord, that have sprung up in Europe within the few last years, had existed thirty years ago, the whole Continent would have been in a flame. The national debt in England, and financial difficulties in other countries, may partly have given rise to this forbearance; but, from whatever cause proceeding, it is a gratifying fact, and one which

must ultimately be attended with the most humanising effects. It has produced a pause in the old cut-throat game of kings, giving people leisure to reflect on the enormous folly of sacrificing their lives and their happiness at the altar of national glory, or for the gratification of individual ambition. As an old soldier, I may be allowed to speak on this subject; for I have known what it is to feel the fever of glory. But when I place this feeling in competition with all the horrors of war, I am compelled to acknowledge, that the profession of arms is a most unnatural vocation, and one which, I feel no doubt, will in time become unnecessary. The great means of effecting this most desirable state of things will be commerce. If ever there is to be a millennium on earth, it will be through the means of commerce. It is that alone which can counteract the feelings of mutual jealousy, and render it the interest of nations to be at peace with each other. It will be the means of softening down and of extirpating national animosities, of advancing civilisation, and of disseminating liberal principles throughout the world; and when free nations become knit

together by the tie of mutual dependence, and the property of each becomes involved in trade with the other, it will be next to impossible for their governments, if so disposed, to force them into war.

Then, again, in proportion as governments become more popular—which they must do, as education advances, despotism being founded on ignorance—so will nations become more peaceably disposed; for democracy is more fitted for defence than for conquest. I know it is used as an argument against republics, that they are much disposed to war; and the republics of Greece and Rome are cited as examples. But, then, these republics were either oligarchies or pure democracies. The representative system of government was then unknown. Besides, the republics of Greece were surrounded by tyrants, whose interest it was to crush them, either by external force, or by fomenting internal dissensions among them. But republics have always been more favourable to commerce than pure monarchies, and for this reason they must be more disposed to peace.

If then education, freedom, and commerce are

to be the means of diffusing blessings through the world, how much does it become England, who is at the head of civilisation, to promote their extension by every means in her power, particularly if it can be proved that, in doing so, she advances her own prosperity! But how can she forward these desirable objects, if she do not set an example in her own person? How can she preach freedom so long as her own institutions are imperfect? and how can she promote the extension of commerce unless she encourage the principles of free trade?

France and England are now joined together in the great work of regenerating Europe; let them, therefore, in their relations with each other, set the example which they wish to see followed. Let them remove all restrictions to the freest mutual intercourse in every respect, as rapidly as a due consideration for vested interests will permit; and then they will not only be richer and more happy in themselves, but better fitted to continue the great work they have in hand. But to the accomplishment of a free commercial intercourse, strong

prejudices exist on both sides of the Channel. Let us not, however, complain of their prevalence among our neighbours, so long as that most glaring of all monopolies and restrictions, the Corn Laws, exist in England. These, while they tend to impoverish her own population, stand a living reproach to Great Britain, and prevent an extension of the principles of free trade; for if we, as a manufacturing country, and wishing to maintain our superiority as such, refuse to take the raw produce of those countries which are agricultural, how is any commerce to exist between us? Do we not; in fact, by persisting in these impolitic laws, force other countries into the restrictive system, to the manifest injury of both parties? This is, however, a subject requiring a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XIII.

Remarks on the Corn Laws—Manufactures—Advantages of Commerce.

NEXT to the eternal interests of man, what subject can be of so much importance as that which involves the support of life? for unless the physical condition of man be good, any attempts at his moral improvement must fail. Nor is this a question solely affecting those who labour for their daily bread; but it is one bearing on every branch of the community, inasmuch as food, which is the support of labour, must enter into the cost of every article, whether of necessity or of luxury.

That the minds of our political economists are made up on this point, and that their opinions are adverse to the present duties on corn,

there can be no doubt; but, although the subject is one of general discussion, it does not seem to me that very clear ideas of it are generally entertained, or that a sufficient majority of the public are so satisfied of the injurious tendency of the Corn Laws, as to render their early abolition an act of *expediency* as well as of justice. Every person, therefore, who has reasonable grounds for thinking that he can throw any light on the subject, and that he can at all contribute to dispel the mists of prejudice or ignorance in which it is enveloped, ought to bring forward his arguments, if they only have the effect of promoting the agitation of a question on which the public mind should be brought to bear. This will be a sufficient excuse for the following remarks.

I will begin by supposing a country possessed of great commercial advantages, and of a soil of nearly equal fertility to that of its neighbours; and that in this country the soils of the first and second quality are under cultivation. Suppose the population of this country to be increasing so as to call for an additional supply of corn, would it

be to the interest of this country to resort to its inferior soils to satisfy this increased demand; or would it be better to employ its increasing population in the manufacture of commodities, wherewith the required supply of food could be procured from other countries at a less expense of labour?

Supposing that the former measure were preferred, that of resorting to their inferior soils, what would be the consequence? As more labour would be required to produce corn from the inferior soils than from those before in cultivation, the price of corn must be increased; every person must give more labour in return for his food than he did before; and must, therefore, have a less portion of his earnings to dispose of in procuring the comforts of life: and the general result must be, that all classes of the community would be impoverished, except the landlord, who benefits by the increase of rents—the consequence of resorting to inferior soils.

Next, supposing the latter measure to be adopted, that of applying our increasing population to the manufacture of goods to be exchanged for the corn of other countries, what would be the

consequence? Why, the same quantity of food would be obtained by the same amount of labour, and the relative situations of all classes would remain the same; with this addition to the resources of the country, that the increasing population would be profitably employed, and that additional shipping, with a further portion of the population, would be engaged in effecting the interchange of manufactures for food.

But to put the case, if possible, in a clearer light, we will suppose, that on the coast of a manufacturing country, the soil of which was already fully cultivated, a small barren island were suddenly to spring up, and that a capitalist were to build factories thereon, and to collect workmen from the redundant population of the country; and, with the produce of his factories, he were to send and purchase corn from foreign countries for the sustenance of his workmen, would he be doing any injury to the nation with which he was connected? So far from that, would he not be doing it a positive good, by employing that portion of its population which was a dead weight; and would he not be adding

to the resources of the country by increasing its commerce, and by augmenting the taxable portion of the community?

I think, then, it must be admitted, from the above arguments, that no country ought to resort to its inferior soils for the supply of an increasing population, so long as it can, by a less expense of labour, exchange its manufactures for the agricultural produce of other countries.

Now, it happens unfortunately—whether from ignorance or necessity I shall not stop to inquire—that we have fallen into this error; the consequence of which is, that the price of food is considerably higher in England than in any part of the world. If things continue in this state, it must follow that we shall lose the power of competing with neighbouring nations in those branches of manufacture for which they possess nearly equal advantages with ourselves, or else our population engaged in manufactures must work at such a low rate of wages as cannot but be ruinous to themselves and highly injurious to the nation of which they form a part.

Are we, then, to remain in this vicious state, or

are we to endeavour to retrace our steps? Either alternative presents difficulties; or rather, I should say, the former threatens us with ruin, while the latter only offers obstacles which can and ought to be overcome.

That in the prosecution of a wrong system many interests have been involved which require to be treated with delicacy, is certainly true; but, were these to be a bar to any alteration, no improvements could ever take place in our social system; for every abuse has its vested interest. The present system of our corn laws may be considered, to a certain extent, as a monopoly of the supply of food for the people, granted to the proprietors of the soil. That they are not entitled to this monopoly, upon any principle of justice or policy, I think I have already shown. Were they and their dependents the only customers of the manufacturers, they might with some semblance of justice say, "We buy all your manufactured goods from you, and it is but fair that you should purchase all your food from us." But such not being the case, what right have they to prohibit our manufacturers from exchanging such portion of their goods, as

the agriculturists cannot take from them, for the produce of other countries, even though that produce should be food? It is true, that as long as we prohibit the free introduction of articles of foreign manufacture, such as silks, gloves, &c., the agriculturists may have some show of reason for claiming a like restriction in their favour. But this argument does not bear them out in their demands, for the cases are not at all parallel: food affects the whole mass of the people, and enters into the cost of every article; while silks, gloves, and such like, are only consumed by a part of the population, and do not enter into the cost of any other article whatever.

"But," say the advocates of the corn laws, "we are ready to admit that you have a right to employ any portion of the population in the manufacture of goods to be exchanged for food for *themselves*. But how is this to be done without admitting such an importation as must be ruinous to the landed interests?" To this I will answer, that no importation of corn in return for manufactures can be ruinous to the landed interests. It *may* affect their temporary interests, by throwing out of culti-

vation some descriptions of soils, and consequently lowering rents; but in this case it will be only the landlords that will suffer. The farmer and labourer may turn their capital and industry to a better account than in helping to prop up rents, and to keep up the price of food, to the injury of the nation. If, however, I can show that the permanent interests of the proprietors of the soil are concerned in an alteration of the present system, then little more need be said on the subject.

It must be clear to every one, that Great Britain owes her present ascendancy among nations to her commerce and manufactures. Any thing, therefore, which has a tendency to injure them must be detrimental to her prosperity; and can any one pretend to say that the high price of the necessaries of life will not have that effect?

Now, do not restrictions on the importation of corn produce this injury in a double way; first, by keeping up the price of labour; and next, by preventing an interchange of commodities with those countries which have nothing but agricultural produce to give us in return for manufactures?

If, then, by persisting in these impolitic restrictions, the decline of the nation should be the consequence, who will be the first and greatest sufferers among the possessors of property? Must it not be the landed proprietors? A great part of the capital engaged in trade may be moved to more congenial spots; but what is to become of the land? History teaches us, that when a nation begins to decline, it never recovers itself. I do not say that recovery is not possible; but if it ever again attain to power, it must be after a lapse of ages, and under a new form; and I may say, that, of all nations which ever existed, England is that which, when the elements of decay had begun to operate, would most rapidly decline. In a more simple state of society, where the interchange of commodities was kept up by a metallic currency, no decomposition of the social elements could take place very rapidly; but in a great trading community like this, whose circulating medium is mainly composed of paper, and whose internal commercial transactions rest chiefly on credit, the first symptoms of disease would be followed by a speedy dissolution. Is it not, then, the paramount

interest of those persons who have most at stake in the country, to do every thing in their power to prevent this catastrophe, even though the necessary measures should cause a diminution of their present incomes? It behoves, then, our landed interests, above all things, to look to the prosperity of our manufactures. Our land never has, nor ever can, make us a great nation. Its resources are limited; but our commerce and manufactures have no bounds, if they have but fair play and a fair field; and our population connected with them is only limited by the supplies of food it can draw from abroad.

But how can this expansive power be encouraged, or how can our commerce be extended, unless we take the raw produce of other countries which have nothing else to give us? What extensive trade, for instance, can we have with Poland, unless we take her corn?

Besides, by exchanging manufactures for food we raise the price of the latter in those countries with which we trade; first, by augmenting the demand; and next, by enriching them with our commerce, and thus rendering them greater con-

sumers of their own produce. So that our agriculturists would have less and less to fear the competition of the foreign grower; until, by a general increase of population and industry, and by the effects of unrestricted commerce, the prices of provisions would be so equalised among neighbouring nations, that the expense of transfer would be sufficient for the protection of the home grower. Till then, I would have our soils, of all but the lowest quality, protected by a *fixed but gradually diminishing duty*.

"But how was it," some caviller will say, "that during the war, while the population was supplied with food of home growth, our manufacturers thrived, and that all classes appeared in prosperity?" The answer to this is easy. We had no competition in trade. We held commerce in our iron grasp; and, having the supply of the world with manufactures, we could afford to give our agriculturists a high price for food. How altered is the case now; and what rivals have we not to oppose!

That some part of the land now in tillage would be thrown out of cultivation by a further reduction

of the price of corn, and that some existing interests would be injured thereby, I have already admitted; but the advantages to the nation in general would be so great as to outbalance the temporary injury inflicted on a part. The landlord would, of course, be the greatest sufferer; but his loss would be the nation's gain. Compare, however, his condition with that of the proprietors of the soil in any other part of the world, or even with his own condition prior to the revolutionary war, and then judge whether he will not bear lowering a peg or two.

The farmer I do not apprehend would suffer any serious injury by the freer admission of corn gradually adopted. Indeed it is a question whether his state would not be materially improved, provided the opening of the ports were, in addition to the late amendment in the Poor Laws, accompanied by the settlement of the Tithe Question, and a removal of such taxes as bear particularly on the land. In one respect the farmer need not fear any competition—that is, in the supply of cattle—as the climate of these islands renders the pasture

superior to that of any other country. Besides, I think there would be no great objection to allowing our agriculturists a partial monopoly of the meat-market, as the admission of foreign corn would keep down its price.

Then, again, as the manufacturing towns and their dependencies are increased by the extension of trade, the value of land in their vicinities would be raised: an augmenting and improving population would create a greater demand for provisions of home growth; while the facilities of transfer—the natural consequences of improved trade—would enable the farmer to bring his produce to market at a less expense than before, and thus land in remote situations would be rendered more valuable.

The main difficulty seems to me to lie in the number of hands which would be displaced by abandoning the tillage of any portion of our soil. But this objection has, I think, been much overrated; for the labour displaced would be chiefly that of cattle; while the population, hitherto unprofitably—and, in fact, injuriously—employed on

our worst soils, would be gradually absorbed by our increasing manufactures, or provided for in a well-ordered system of emigration.

The old bug-bear, of the danger of being dependent on other countries for any part of the supply of our food, may, I think, be easily disposed of; for if this objection be admitted as valid, the population of these islands must be bounded by the produce of our soil, which would at once put a limit to the powers and resources of the nation. The objectors say, "In case of a war, such as the last, in which at one time almost the whole Continent was in league against us, what would become of us if we were dependent on foreign supply?" To this I will answer,—That it is next to impossible that such a state of things can ever again occur; for, if the principle, which we advocate—that of unrestricted commerce among nations—should prevail, war among civilised people will, as I said before, be a thing unknown. But, supposing that all Europe were combined against us, have we not the western hemisphere to look to? In fact, so long as we maintain our naval superiority—and that depends entirely on our com-

merce—we can never fear a failure in the supply of food for our population.

Another argument against the free admission of foreign corn is, that, by that means, you lose some of the best customers for your manufactures; but is it not clear, that the food you cease to buy from the home grower you purchase from the foreigner, who gives you much more in return? and is not this a positive gain?

Every one must admit, that one great drawback on our national prosperity is the enormous debt under which we labour—a debt, the extinction of which is considered hopeless, and which people are now content to view as a permanent mortgage on the income of the country. Considering, therefore, that, to get rid of this debt by fair means is next to impossible, and that any thing like a compromise with the public creditor would be a breach of faith—dangerous, if not destructive, to our pre-eminence as a commercial nation—how are we to be relieved from the burden which threatens to weigh us down to the ground? I answer,—Not by

attempting to throw it off our shoulders, but by augmenting our strength, so that its weight will be comparatively light. And how is this object to be attained? Why, by extending our manufactures and trade, and by augmenting our industrious population, whereby this taxation may be spread over a larger surface, and become less onerous to the component parts. But can this be effected, if, for the apparent interests of a small portion of the community, we keep up the price of food, whereby we not only give our continental rivals an advantage over us, but lose those outlets for our manufactures which a trade in corn would produce? Are we, for the gratification of our landlords, to dry up those sources of national property, which, if duly cultivated, are inexhaustible? So long as her coal lasts, there seems no reason why Great Britain may not go on increasing in power and prosperity, so that in time she may become, to the rest of the world, what London is to England.

If our agricultural and commercial interests can be reconciled—and I think they may—well

and good; but, if one is to yield to the other, I boldly say, let the agricultural interests give way. We are more of a commercial than an agricultural country: on commerce are founded the wooden walls of Old England, and on commerce must depend our existence as a great nation.

It must not be supposed, that, because I have dwelt more particularly on the impolicy of our Corn Laws, I am not equally for extending the principles of free trade to every article of consumption, as fast as existing interests will admit of its being done with safety. Possessing such natural advantages, and with capital and machinery already in full activity, it is, above all, the interest of England to promote a free trade throughout the globe; and it is not only her interest, but her duty also, standing as she does at the head of the commercial world. It is not enough that she wait for pledges of reciprocity or for commercial treaties; she should at once set the example, although at the expense of some temporary inconvenience.

For what purpose has Nature varied the cli-

mates of the earth, unless it be to promote the interchange of its various produce? and, by resisting this evident intention of a beneficent Creator, do we not, in fact, fly in the face of his providence? If it were not for the impolitic interference of government with those matters, commercial men would soon come to such a good understanding with each other, that countries, calculated by nature for mutual trade, would become as much interwoven in this respect, as the provinces of any individual state are at present. I have no doubt, bold as the opinion may be, that if we were now to remove all restrictions to the trade with France, and to confine ourselves to duties of a financial nature, not only that the revenue would suffer nothing by the measure, but that France would be compelled before long to follow the example: for as the articles we should require from France would be chiefly agricultural, and as she is more of an agricultural than a manufacturing country, the public voice in both countries would soon be in favour of a free trade.

As for our manufacturers, such of them as can-

not exist with a free trade ought as soon as possible to be abandoned. Why should our staple manufacturers suffer for their protection? Such policy is like loading a race-horse that he may keep pace with a donkey; or, to change the metaphor, it is like damming up a river for fear of draining a few horse-ponds. In short, on the restrictive system, nations are constantly counteracting the prosperity of each other, and their own at the same time, and, without being conscious of it, are actually engaged in a war against their common happiness; when, by a cordial abandonment of all jealous restrictions, a greater quantity of the comforts and luxuries of life would be attainable by all, arts and civilisation would be advanced, nations connected by mutual dependence, and peace established on the most solid basis—that of interest.

Is it intended by Nature, that, because nations are in contiguity to each other, they should be enemies? In the common intercourse of life we consider it otherwise; and why should it differ in the society of nations? For my part,

though brought up in all the national antipathies that existed between France and England, and engaged during a part of my life in deadly combat with her, I now look upon a Frenchman as a friend and as an ally, engaged in the common cause of civilisation, of liberty, and of peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

Manchester railway—Effects of rapid circulation—Invention infinite — Mr. Huskisson—Free trade — Manufacturing and agricultural population compared—Liverpool—Belfast steamer — Irishwoman—Belfast—Protestant and Catholic population—Grievances of Ireland—Orange ascendancy—O'Connell—System of education —Repeal of the Union—Ireland treated as a conquered country—Cause of poverty.

After leaving Leicestershire, we bent our course northwards to Manchester, whence we took the railway to Liverpool. If the object be to get to the end of your journey with the least expense of time, and the least fatigue of body, this certainly is the most delightful travelling that can be imagined. It comes near to realise the marvellous transmigratory powers of the enchanted horse. When railways come to be general through the country, the carriages ought

to be fitted up with writing-desks, so that a man may transact business as he moves along—a great convenience to commercial people.

It is pleasing to contemplate the advantages which must accrue to the nation from such undertakings. Every improvement in the internal communication of a country is so much added to its capital; and while it prevents the ill effects of stagnation, it saves the wear-and-tear of life and material, which must attend less rapid and less easy modes of conveyance. In taking away from distance, it adds to existence; for, if life is to be measured by circumstances as well as by time—as surely it may—then the more we do in the same time, the longer we live.

I confess I regarded the little machine which dragged along such a train of carriages, with a certain degree of awe at its almost supernatural power. I looked at it as I would at a demon—a demon of good. I could not help figuring to myself, at the same time, all England intersected by railways. I contemplated the extension of the plan to the whole world; and I saw all parts of the social system tending towards one centre of com-

mon good, and all national antipathies, jealousies, and prejudices, yielding before the amalgamating influence of universal circulation.

There is no guessing where the power of steam will end. I do not, as some persons do, apprehend any thing to supplant it as a power,—but look to better and more efficacious modes of applying it: nor do I suppose that we shall ever succeed in chemically producing any great power without great heat; for I think coal has been given to England to place her at the head of the civilised world, for wise purposes; and any equivalent substitute for it, in the production of extraordinary power, would deprive England of the privilege which seems to be granted her by nature. Still, so convinced am I of the ingenuity of man, and of the great effects which must result from general education, and from the extension of scientific institutions, which are fast spreading over the land, that I am of opinion, if a man were to sit down and commit to paper all the vagaries of his imagination, that, in less than half a century, the greater part of them would be realised.

As I passed the spot where poor Huskisson fell

a martyr to his nerves, I could not help speculating on the part which he would have taken on the grand question of Reform. Canning, we know, was unfortunately pledged against any material alteration of the old system; and it is more than probable that Huskisson would have followed his policy on this point; and being, in other respects, both liberal men, they would have been serious obstacles to the great measure. It would seem almost as if Providence had removed them out of the way on purpose to prevent their opposition. I could not help, however, doing full justice to Mr. Huskisson's enlightened views on trade, as I contemplated the extraordinary and rapid growth of Manchester and its dependencies. If any proof were wanting that the main strength of the country consists in its manufactures, we have only to compare Lancashire with any of the agricultural counties in England—Kent, for instance, the stronghold of Toryism. The riches of Manchester are not, like those of the West-End of London, the consequences of high rents; but they are, at once, a source and a proof of the real wealth of the country. The orderly conduct

of so dense a population is also a refutation of the calumnies with which our illiberals load every thing connected with trade. They will have it, that manufacturers are necessarily dissolute, intemperate, and factious. On the contrary, I believe them to be infinitely more intelligent, and more friendly to order and the rights of property, than an agricultural population. Would manufacturers ever have been guilty of the folly—to say nothing of the crime—of burning corn-ricks, for the gratification of their spleen?

Liverpool, the sea-port of our manufacturing district, has, of course, kept pace with the increase of our trade. It is curious to take a map of about fifty years old, and to observe, from the size of the type in which its name is printed, the place which the now second city in the kingdom then occupied in the scale of English towns. Its capacious and noble docks, filled with a forest of masts; its extensive and useful public establishments; its numerous literary and scientific institutions; the splendour and good taste of its public buildings;—all speak its present and growing prosperity, while the intelligence and literary

character of its merchants show that Minerva has not thought it beneath her to take her seat on a bale of cotton.

From Liverpool, we embarked in a steamer for Belfast. When we got some way down the river, our attention was arrested by the howl of a poor Irishwoman, "Och, honoree, honoree!" said she, "what will become of my poor babe, that I left in the strange house?" It appeared from her story, that, having been engaged to carry a box, belonging to one of the passengers, on board the steamer, she had left her infant, who was at the breast, asleep in the house from whence she had brought the luggage, to remain till her return; and that while she was disputing about the payment of her fare, the steamer had slipped off unknown to her. The Captain said it was all a humbug, and that all she wanted was to get a passage for nothing; and certainly her looks—for she was more like a granny than a mother—bore him out. The ladies, however, who understood those matters better, gave it in her favour. She remained seated on deck all night, moaning piteously, and swinging her body backwards and forwards, with

a see-saw motion, after the manner of her people. I took pity on the poor thing, got her something to eat, and lent her my cloak for the night. By the end of the voyage she got somewhat pacified by the assurance of the Captain, that she should have a free passage back to Liverpool. The number of Irish at Liverpool is surprising. All the drudgery of the place is done by them.

We remained in the vicinity of Belfast for a few months, on a visit to some relations. It is a thriving place, and promises to be the Liverpool of Ireland, when that country shall have taken the station among nations which Nature intended, but which man has hitherto prevented. The surrounding population is chiefly Protestant, and a very respectable population it is. The only complaint I have against it is the thickness of the women's ankles: verily they don't stand upon *trifles*.

Quitting Belfast, we proceeded to Dublin. As we moved southward, neither the appearance of the country nor the state of the inhabitants improved. As to comeliness of looks, the southerns have the advantage of the northerns;

but, in every other respect, they are far behind them. In fact, the Protestant population is, in all the characteristics of respectability, superior to the Catholic: but this is easily accounted for;—they stand to each other in the relative situations of conquerors and conquered—a distinction which, unfortunately for poor Ireland, has been most religiously kept up. In the dominant party a ferocious intolerant spirit exists; in the other, a bitter and revengeful feeling. One party has the vices of masters, and the other of slaves. Had the dominant party been the larger one, then some amalgamation might have taken place; but when the contrary was the fact, it was against the nature of things that the majority should yield a passive obedience to the minority. Backed by the power of England, the Orange party has ruled Ireland with a rod of iron, maintaining its ascendancy as much for the love of lucre as for the love of power. They have saddled on the people the support of a Church Establishment in opposition to their religious faith; and if they had had their will, Ireland would, at this moment, be groaning

under the tyranny of penal statutes. The Protestant landlord, alarmed at the state of society which he has himself created, abandons the country from which he derives his income, to spend, in ease and luxury, those exorbitant rents which the difference between Irish labour and English prices has enabled him to draw from a thoughtless, improvident, and beggarly tenantry. The people see before their faces the fat of the land transplanted to another country to supply these rents, while they are forced to be content with the lowest description of food. And after all this, we complain of the Irish being a riotous and disorderly people! "Lie still, ye wantons!" said the fishwoman, when she was skinning the eels.

All my connexions lay with the Orange party; yet, without going any further, I saw enough to convince me of the wrongs of Ireland. I saw the best feelings of the human heart turned to gall and bitterness by party animosity. I saw zeal turned into bigotry;—I saw warmth of heart turned into hatred;—I saw native courage turned into ferocious blood-thirstiness! Can we,

then, in the victims of these passions, expect mildness, submission, confidence, and gratitude? All the vices—and many they are—which disgrace the peasantry of Ireland, are the natural fruits of such a state of things; and these, reacting on the dominant party, necessarily reproduce the feelings I have described. And what has been the cause of all this? Religion—not pure and holy Christianity, but party religion! Had the conquerors been of the same faith with the conquered, as the Normans with the English, they would, in time, have become identified with the original inhabitants. It is religious distinction, joined to the principle of ascendancy, that has perpetuated the hostility between the English settlers and the native Irish.

Is there any thing in the natural character of the Irish people that should render them inferior to the people of England? No! It is circumstances alone that have reduced them to what they are. They are the victims of Orange ascendancy and of Catholic priestcraft; so that, between the two, their natural disposi-

tions are torn to pieces. View the Irishman in situations where his true character can display itself, uninfluenced by party motives or religious prejudices;—can there be a braver, a more generous, or a more grateful creature? Observe him in situations where he can turn his industry to account;—can there be a more hard-working man?

The power which O'Connell has over his countrymen is not the power of the individual, great as may be his talents:—he is but the creature of their wrongs. Redress the real grievances of Ireland, and with them his power falls. I mean no offence to Mr. O'Connell, when I assimilate political demagogues to the scum which rises to the surface of a fluid in a state of ebullition. Let the mess cool, and the grosser particles will sink to the bottom. The Repeal of the Union is only the war-cry. No person, who wishes to preserve the connexion between the two islands, can ever advocate it with sincerity. Remove the beacon of ascendancy—a sinecure Church, and you will hear no more of Repeal.

It is a very natural question to ask,—has the Irish Church Establishment tended in any degree to the promoting the principles of the Protestant faith? If so, how comes it that, for many years past, the number of Protestant Churchmen has diminished, while that of Catholics has increased? I maintain that Protestantism would stand much firmer, and be much more likely to increase, if the Establishment were done away. Surely, on the voluntary principle, the Protestants of Ireland are infinitely better capable of supporting a Church proportioned to their wants, than the Catholics. The system of education introduced by Lord Grey's government—which is of itself sufficient to entitle that Ministry to the eternal gratitude of Ireland—will work wonders, once the ascendancy principle is given up. In this respect the sister island will have greatly the start of us; for in England the education of the lower classes is almost entirely sectarian.

But to revert to the question of the Repeal of

the Union. That this Union was a good measure carried by bad means, I think there can be little doubt; and that its repeal would be the dismemberment of the empire, I believe there are few persons who will dispute. But we will consider it as it affects Ireland individually. What will the Irish parliament be in College Green? It will be a provincial assembly, and nothing more. Will it be able to legislate for the whole empire? What share can Ireland have of the trade with the British Colonies, but what England may choose to allow her? Eternal bickerings must be the consequence—ultimate separation or conquest!

Hitherto, I grant, that Ireland has suffered more than she has benefited by the connexion with England; but that has been owing to the insecurity of person and property,—the consequence of the state of things I have described. Remove the causes of dissension, and then you will see what benefits she will derive from her connexion with a country like England, possessing an overflow of capital ready to be

employed wherever it can be with security and profit.

On the other hand, taking it as an English question, how much does it not behove England to consummate the Union? Hitherto Ireland has been treated as an eastern concubine; may she henceforth be to England as a Christian wife! What advantages does England now derive from the connexion with Ireland? Out of a revenue of fifty millions, Ireland pays about four; when, if her resources were in proportion to her extent or population, she would contribute four times that sum. Is she not, in fact, a burthen to England, for an army must be kept up to keep the people down?

The foundation of all the evils of Ireland I have described. Among the worst consequences springing therefrom is a population without full employment—a state of society necessarily producing misery. The poor Irishman, incapable of getting work as a labourer, eagerly outbids his neighbour for the rent of a bit of land, as the only means of supporting his family; and the

produce of these few acres, after discharging his obligations, leaves him scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. The only remedy I can see for such a state of things, is a wise system of Poor Laws; for, as the burthen of pauperism must then fall on the landed proprietors, it will be their interest to study to improve the condition of the people, to find employment for them, or to devise means for thinning the population, either by emigration, or by removal to places where labour may be required. But any attempts at the improvement of Ireland, either by Poor Laws, education, emigration, or otherwise, are of no use unless the minds of the people are pacified by a redress of their political grievances. To sum up all, I never yet met a man who could give me any other but a negative answer to this question:—would six millions of Protestants submit to be kept down by one million of Catholics?

We passed through the towns of Newry and Dundalk, both thriving places. In the latter, the crowd was so thick, that we had to walk our horses through the whole length of its long street.

I supposed it was a fair-day, but was told it was only a common market. Surely every soul within a circuit of miles must have had something to do there. But the Irish are a social people, and never lose an opportunity of getting together.

CHAPTER XV.

Dublin—Public buildings—The house in which I was born—Appearance of the country—Agriculture—Irish character—Modesty of females—Bastardy laws—Travelling anecdotes—Carlow—Irish posting—Waterford—Bristol steamer—Beauty of the river—Agreeable fellow-passengers—Sail up the Avon—Clifton—Bristol and Liverpool compared—Colonies.

We stopped a few days in Dublin. Any one who wishes to see this city to advantage, should approach it by its beautiful bay; but then he should not land at the Pigeon-house, but go straight up to the Custom-house Quay, and disembark opposite to that splendid building. The public edifices in Dublin are, for the most part, in good taste, and surpass individually those of any city I have ever yet visited. The Phœnix Park is a phœnix of a park, affording much beautiful and varied scenery, with fine views of the city and river.

Dublin is my native city. The house I was born in was at this time occupied by persons

who were strangers to me; so I could not enter it; but I stood before it for some time, contemplating it with a kind of filial respect. I regarded with a feeling which I cannot describe, those windows through which the light of day first reached my infant optics. I have an idea, which I can never get out of my head, that I recollect the moment when I came into the world: at all events, the first object I have any recollection of seeing was a bed with green curtains; and I have been assured in this respect I was not wrong. Though my memory is very defective as regards recent circumstances, I can carry my reminiscences farther back than most persons; and I have often described circumstances and things which I had cognisance of when only two years old.

But to return to the house in which I was born. I took my children to see it; and as we stood on the opposite side of the street, pointing to the windows aforementioned, I could not help contrasting my feelings with the indifference of the maid-servant who was engaged in cleaning them. This, for the moment, was a sentimental damper, and it drew me back from the dreams of child-

hood to the cold realities of after-life. But still I gazed and gazed, so long and so intently, that the servant, evidently alarmed, left the window. Presently I saw several persons appear at the drawing-room windows, who seemed to direct their attention towards me. This roused me from my reverie, and brought me to a consciousness of the rudeness of which I had been guilty. I was about to withdraw; but as I saw the street-door open at the moment, I thought I would remain to offer some explanation for my extraordinary conduct. A man-servant came out, and asked me what I wanted: I replied that I was showing my children the house in which I was born. "Och! that's it, is it?" said the man, looking at me from head to foot with a compound of wonderment and pity. I told him to make my excuses to the family for the disturbance I had occasioned; and, taking off my hat to the inmates of the drawing-room, departed. No doubt, they took me for a madman.

From Dublin we proceeded to the neighbourhood of Carlow, by the most uninteresting road that can well be imagined. The few wretched towns we passed through were emblems of the state of

Ireland—a noble gaol, a handsome court-house, and a splendid barrack, with the rest all hovels! To please the quality who drive along, I suppose, the wretched cabins are in general white-washed on the outside, while the interior is all black and filthy, looking, for all the world, like a negro with a white shirt. The deficiency of timber, and the substitution of banks or stone walls for hedges, renders the aspect of the country much less pleasing than that of England, while the slovenly husbandry, and miserable tenements of the inhabitants, impress the traveller with ideas of poverty and wretchedness. One thing, however, struck me as a very ingenious contrivance; it was a machine that answered the purpose of a gate or a cart. At one time you would see it filling up a gap in some stone wall, with its shafts in the air; at another time with a load of turf, or running along some merry party to mass or to fair.

The Irish have the reputation of being a quarrelsome and choleric people; but, except at fairs, or such like, they do not evince it in their intercourse with each other—at least in their own

country;—in fact, it is only when drunk that they are quarrelsome. An Irishman generally vents his rage in cool biting sarcasm, or in "curses deep and low." He surveys the object of his wrath with a look which seems to say, "May the most particular pains be taken in the d——g of your soul!" His fighting is more for love than from hatred. In ready wit, of a rich, racy kind, they certainly do abound. In natural politeness, though it too often displays itself in their own peculiar phrase of "blarney," they have no superiors. I experienced a remarkable instance of this on one occasion. I was wood-cock-shooting with one of my brothers, and, as usual, we had several spalpeens to beat the bushes for us. A luncheon was sent out to us in the wood, and we sat down to partake of it. When we had satisfied ourselves, we distributed the remainder of the sandwiches among our attendants: each took what was offered, with suitable acknowledgments; but only one demolished the fare. I observed the others, when they thought I was not noticing them, give their shares to this man. I took the first opportunity of inquiring

the cause from this latter: he told me that it was fast day—that he was a Protestant, and the others Catholics. Here was good feeling and refinement.

There is no doubt of the disposition of the Irish to make blunders of speech, called bulls; though, I believe, they are oftener committed from humour than from ignorance. Some years back I happened to be in one of the county towns during an election, and curiosity took me to the hustings. Almost the first word I heard was a recommendation, from the sheriff to the assembled crowd, to avoid all *differences* in the approaching *contest*. Following in the footsteps of this high functionary, one of the orators, in answer to an objection made against his client, said, "He could not be in two places at once like a bird." *Rara avis!* I said to myself.

To an Englishman, the modesty, or rather chastity, of the Irish females is striking. For this difference in the characters of the two people, two causes may be assigned—auricular confession, and the absence of bastardy laws.

These latter, as they have existed in England, place the motives for restraint on the wrong sex; and I say so, for this plain reason,—that in every situation there will always be some men who defy all restraint, moral or legal; and a very few such as these will be sufficient to perpetuate the evil, where no adequate motives to virtue exist among the females. Besides, from the part which males necessarily have to act in the world, it is impossible to cultivate among them that modesty of demeanour, at once the grace and protection of the female character. A great outcry has been made at the late alteration in the law; and, in my opinion, with great injustice. It certainly does seem cruel to impose all the penalty of the crime on the female; but if the terror of this result should be the means of preventing her from falling, it becomes an act of humanity towards her. It seems hard, indeed, that the seducer should escape; but still any thing which throws the weight off the shoulders of the female will defeat the end in view—

the preservation of her chastity. If the male can be punished without relieving the female from the full effects of her fault, so much the better.

I have already mentioned, what is well known, that the Irish live on the lowest description of food. The potato diet, however, seems to agree well with the children, who appear strong and healthy, though often with scarcely a rag to cover them. But with adults the case is otherwise. They have not the fresh complexions of the English peasantry. The want of nutriment in their food, together with the little demand for their labour, may account for the apparent indolence of the people. It is not an uncommon thing in Ireland to see half a dozen hulking fellows employed in what would be the work of one man in England. In the hottest weather you will see a long line of them digging in a field, with their great-coats on, their tongues going all the time faster than their hands. "God prosper your work!" said the post-boy, as we drove by one of these groupes. The fellows looked up, and grinned. "Arrah, Bar-

ney, is that you? Then make haste with those bastes to the master's kennel, or may-be you'll have to carry them yourself, bad luck to ye!" Next we passed a set of spalpeens, with their legs bound in hay-ropes, and hammers in their hands, standing listlessly by the side of some heaps of stones, which they ought to have been breaking. Again the post-boy was ready with his joke. "Can't you be aisy, boys, with your work, and let a man pass?"—"Och! get on wid yes," retorted one of the stone-breakers, "there's Paddy Owen and his pig afore ye; my life on it, but he'll bate ye!" "May-be, he'll give ye a lift up the hill, if ye'll only ax him civilly," cried another. And so we jogged on, followed by a peal of laughter.

The eloquence of the Irish beggars is proverbial, and has been recorded by much abler pens than mine. All I shall, therefore, say on the subject is, that if a man wishes to have his soul consigned to Heaven in the most glowing language of prayer, without being at the expense of a mass, he has only to travel

through Ireland with a bag of halfpence in his hand.

Carlow answers very much to the description I have already given of an Irish county town, with the addition of a handsome Catholic church, which was not quite finished when we were there, and a college for the education of the youth of that persuasion. The latter is a thriving institution, as all institutions will be that are kept up by the feelings of the people. Such feeling is worth all the charters and endowments that have ever been conferred on the richest establishment. It enables the humble conventicle to grow up under the walls of the magnificent cathedral. It fills the benches of the one, and leaves void the ample space of the other. It combines the voices of hundreds in the hymn of praise, while it leaves the swelling organ to waste its peals amidst vaulted roofs, unaccompanied save by the hackneyed voices of a few surpliced hirelings.

From Carlow we proceeded to Waterford. The road, for the most part, lay through a wretched country. The posting in Ireland, though better

than formerly, is still bad. The horses are too small, and if you load a carriage, as you do in England, you will hardly get on with a pair. The Irish hack is, however, a very useful animal. He is the same in the plough as in the carriage, and is taken from one to the other, as occasion requires. You seldom see a very bad horse in Ireland, and not often a very good one. You never find any fine teams of waggon or dray-horses; nor do you see those wretched ponies which are to be found in the neighbourhoods of our English forests. In draught they do not bear up their horses as we do; but give the head and neck that free play which Nature intended, and which is essential to the proper action of the muscles.

The approach to Waterford is very picturesque and beautiful, and repays you for the previous dreariness of the journey. Here we embarked in the steamer for Bristol. The sail down the tortuous course of the river was delightful. The country on each side is hilly, in some places sloping down to the water, and in others terminating in cliffs of various shapes, affording a diversity of scenery

which only requires a sufficiency of wood to render it enchanting.

Both decks of the vessel were crowded with pigs, carrying away the fat of the land on their backs: and very fine pigs they were; the breed having been much improved of late years. I am very fond of the pig; I always scrape acquaintance with them wherever I meet them. This term, "scraping acquaintance," is peculiarly appropriate to the introduction to the porkine race; for a scrape with the end of your stick puts you at once on a familiar footing with Grunter. The pig in Ireland holds his head higher in the scale of the creation than he does in any other country. From his youth he is the familiar associate of man. He lives under the same roof, and partakes of the same fare with his master; he is the playmate of the children, pokes his snout in everywhere, and has all the privileges of a member of the family.

At first the pigs appeared very restless and uneasy on board, till after some considerable shuffling and shifting, they became more quiet, and lay down. I was told, what I could hardly

believe, that the pigs which come from the same part of the country have the faculty of smelling each other out, and will not be content till they have assorted themselves according to their several localities. Towards night, as the motion of the vessel increased, and their stomachs got empty, they began to lose their tempers—as their betters will sometimes do—so that it was scarcely possible to get a wink of sleep for their squeaking and grunting, while our noses were regaled in no very pleasant manner by the stench they created. Had the weather been bad, I am sure the vapour would have been insufferable.

Our paddle up the Avon to Bristol was delightful. The picturesque cliffs which extend for some miles along the river, almost overhanging the vessel, have so often been the theme of admiration, that I need say no more on the subject. We passed several large ships, which were in the act of being towed up. Their yards almost touched the rocks on each side, and their white canvass formed a curious contrast to the verdant foliage which overhung the cliffs, or crept down its sides. I hope the suspension-bridge, they

talk of, will be completed. It will be such a fine sight to view a large vessel sailing under it without striking a top-gallant mast.

How far behind Liverpool is Bristol! Yet the latter was a place of consequence, when the former was a mere fishing-town. Bristol kept pace with our West India trade, Liverpool with our manufactures; and yet there are persons who will tell us that we ought to give a protecting duty to the produce of our West India Colonies, when we might exchange our manufactures for the same articles in other parts of the world—even in our own colonies—on much more advantageous terms. These West India possessions are, in my opinion, a dead weight to us; and I wish we were rid of them. So long as Great Britain maintains her superiority in manufactures, there is no fear but that she will obtain, in exchange for them, either by direct or indirect means, the best of the produce of the world. The same argument may be applied to the impolitic duties on Baltic timber, in favour of our North American Colonies. Allowing the principle of free trade to prevail—which I have no doubt it will before very long—I can

see no advantage in the possession of colonies, except the consequence they confer on the mother country, and in the outlet they afford to her surplus population. They bestow no commercial advantages which could not be better obtained by an unrestricted trade. You cannot even tax them for the support of the empire of which they form a part, and very few pay their own expences. In the hitherto pugnacious disposition of mankind, it was certainly necessary, for the protection of our commerce, to have points of *appui* in differents parts of the world; and in this respect, settlements were of use to us. As to the empire of the English in India, it is certainly a most splendid appendage to Great Britain, and adds much to her political consequence; but in what other respect it is advantageous to us, I am at a loss to discover. Our dominion there is certainly of infinite benefit to the country itself; and I trust we shall be able to maintain it till the natives are in a state to take care of themselves.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bath—Early recollections—Grammar school—Dr. Morgan—Anstey the poet—A juvenile prank—The little mourners—The haunted garden—Feelings on reaching home.

We remained no time at Bristol, but started immediately for home. The drive to Bath, at all times beautiful, was on this occasion still more so. The careful husbandry, the neatly trimmed hedges, and the abundance of noble trees, formed a striking contrast to the country we had just quitted, which was certainly not the best nor the most beautiful part of Ireland.

Bath! O thou *bijou* of cities! Never have I seen thy equal in beauty, nor have I ever met the man who could say otherwise. Here Hygæia and Terpsichore once held united sway. But now, alas! how fallen! Scarcely will aristocratic toe now condescend to bathe in thy teeming waters,

or to figure in thy splendid halls. Fashion has long deserted thee, and where she presides not, pleasure dare not show her face. Thou art given up to dowagers, Irish shovel-hats, and absentees. Shade of Nash! Wert thou now to rise, and see thy puny representative bowing and cringing, to catch a few stragglers from that *beau monde*, over which thou didst hold thy sceptre with the grasp of a monarch, what wouldst thou say?

Some of my earliest and most pleasing recollections are associated with Bath. One of my grandmothers, my kind indulgent but child-spoiling grandmother, dwelt there. Though Bath has since grown much in size, its chief characteristics of elegance and neatness were then conspicuous. All its localities are familiar to me, and I never visit it without pleasure. There is one spot, however, a dismal-looking mansion about the centre of Broad-street, which I never pass without certain disagreeable twinges—the old grammar-school. There Doctor Morgan wielded the pedagogal birch in my time. Some of my readers must recollect Old Morgan; if not, their memories must be as callous as their skins. He was

reputed a good scholar, but was a dreadful flogger. His right leg was considerably shorter than the other, and clubbed. O that horrid club leg! He used, as he raised the birch—long as a comet's tail, and not less portentous—to poise on his left leg, and then the instrument of torture would descend, not only with the force of his arm, but with the increased momentum acquired by his body seeking the level of the shorter limb. The very thought of it prevents my sitting easy in my chair. After one of his floggings I have had pieces of the rod sticking in my flesh. O how often did we wish that the legs would change places, or that he would lose his balance and pitch on his head! I visited the school-room. There stood the identical block over which the victims of his cruelty used to be stretched for punishment. Not even the ghost of Anne Boleyn, if it were to visit the Tower of London, could survey the axe which severed her slender neck, with more horror than I did this monument of former sorrows. I viewed with awe the desk where used to sit enthroned the despot of a petty kingdom. I thought how we little astrologers used to calculate our fate by the aspect of

his wig. The ample cauliflower spoke him stern and inexorable. The smaller and neater Caxton with curls denoted the invitation to some city feast, when through the pleasing anticipation of good cheer, or the hurry to be off, faults would be passed over, which, on ordinary occasions, would bring down vengeance dire. But bating his flagellatory predilection, Dr. Morgan was a good master, and much respected. He was, moreover, an extremely pleasant man in society, as I have heard my elders say. One good anecdote of him I have heard, which deserves to be recorded. He was asked one day in company, whether he believed there was ever such a thing as a siege of Troy. "If you ask me," said he, "as a private individual, I may doubt it; but if you put the question to me as a schoolmaster, I will die in the trenches sooner than give it up."

Nearly opposite the school-house, where formerly stood the little huckster's shop, where we used to exchange our daily penny for half a roll and a proportion of treacle, an elegant pastry-cook's shop had grown up. Lord! how school-boys are changed since my time! Surely the

march of guts has kept pace with the march of intellects! Lower down in the street is the pork-shop—kept by a Jew, I used to wonder at that—to purchase sausages from which, for some tyrant of a big boy, I had to shirk out at night, at the imminent risk of incurring the horrors I have already described.

Passing through Marlborough Buildings I recognised the house where old Anstey used to live—he who helped to immortalise Bath with his witty muse. Our families had been very intimate, for one of his sons had married a relation of mine. When I was going to Winchester School, the old gentleman made me a present of Gay's Fables translated into Latin verse by himself. This being a work but little known, I was enabled to crib a good many verses from it in the composition of my *Vulguses* (as our daily task of Latin metre was called). By breaking them down a little I succeeded in passing them off as my own for some time. To be sure, old Gable used to stare at me as he read them, as much as to say, "Is this the fellow who is always at the bottom of the class?" and their superiority obtained for me several

tickets. These tickets were an endorsement of his on the verses, by presenting which you could at any time escape a flogging or other punishment. At last, too much emboldened by success, I presented some verses from Anstey without having taken the trouble to adulterate them. "Who wrote these?" said Old Gable in his snuffy tones. —"I wrote them myself, Sir."—"I mean, who gave them to you?"—"They are my own, Sir." —"That's a lie! if you don't tell me where you got these verses this instant, I'll give you a bibler." —A bibler, you must know, reader, has nothing whatever to do with the Holy Scriptures, but is a particularly severe flogging, attended by certain forms to give the punishment more solemnity. Seeing the Doctor was in earnest, I was compelled to give in, and was forthwith despatched to fetch the book, which remained in Old Gable's hands till I left the school, when he returned it to me, desiring I would convey to the author his compliments and thanks for the pleasure he had derived from perusing it.

While my father lived at Bath, he used to reside in St. James's Square. I passed by the back of

the house for the purpose of contemplating the garret-window, from which, one day, during the absence of our parents, we amused ourselves with lowering down into the area one of my younger brothers in a hamper; and I well recollect the fright we experienced when the bottom of the said hamper, hitching against the ledge of one of the windows, had been nearly emptied of its contents. The awkward situation of the little passenger, till the hamper had been righted by one of us, who descended to the window for that purpose, was such as to cause him to vociferate so loudly as to draw the attention of the neighbours, who horror-struck, and with uplifted hands, kept exclaiming at the rash deed. I need hardly add that we had more reasons than one for recollecting this prank.

THE LITTLE MOURNERS.

We remained a few days at Bath, to renew my acquaintance with old scenes and some old faces. As I was walking through one of those wretched back lanes to be found in every town, where filth,

poverty, and crime, are left together to rankle and to vegetate, I was attracted by a funeral ceremony —if ceremony it could be called. A coffin was in the act of being lowered from the window of one of the wretched tenements, out of which issued mournful cries ill-assorting with the indifference of the attendants without.

Scarcely had the body reached the street, when there rushed forth from the door three half-naked children, who, seizing the bearers by the skirts of their coats, gave utterance to their grief in the most frantic accents of despair, "O my mammy! my mammy!" they exclaimed; "you shan't take away my mammy!" I paused, overpowered by the scene; for it was enough to melt a heart of stone. I had not been accustomed to see such grief in children, on whom the sight of death in general makes but a feeble impression; but a short inquiry among the neighbours satisfied me of the cause of so unusual a display of sorrow.* The family, which had seen better days, had not been long in that abode. The father, a drunken spendthrift, had reduced his wife and children to beggary, and had then abandoned them. She,

poor woman! naturally of a delicate frame, had just fallen a victim to her afflictions, leaving these poor children without a friend in the world. It was at this moment, when the mortal remains of their mother were borne from their sight, that the little sufferers felt the full weight of their woe. So long as the cold corpse was before their eyes, having no distinct idea of death, they did not quite feel that they had lost their parent. But when the coffin-lid closed on all they valued on earth, then was the parting felt to be real—then was the crisis of their affliction. In their mother these poor wretches had lost their *all*. In the upper or middle classes there is always some one to divide with the mother the affections of the child. A tender nurse, or a kind aunt, are often as much the objects of love as a parent; while, at all events, should they lose their natural protectors, the circumstances in which they are left will always procure for children some degree of comfort and attention. In elder persons, too, there will generally be, in the loss of a relation, some redeeming circumstance to mitigate their sorrow. Either the lamented object has had a happy release

from pain or misery, or the survivors may dwell on the hope of being reunited to their departed relation in another and a better world. But such thoughts can never enter the mind of a child. Here, in the pathetic exclamation of "O my mammy!" was comprehended all that is most heart-rending in sorrow—all that is most desolate in idea; for, besides their grief at the loss of a loved parent, they lay under that, to the infant breast, the most appalling of all feelings—the dread of being left to itself, alone and unfriended.

It was with difficulty that the poor children could be torn away from the coffin, so as to allow the funeral to proceed: while kept back by force, they strained their eyes to catch the last glimpse of the procession; and when a turn in the street closed it from their sight, they uttered a piercing shriek, and were borne almost senseless into the house.

I had no time to stop just then; so recommending them to the care of the least indifferent of the spectators, I went my way, promising to return.

In the evening I visited the scene of the morn-

ing's drama; and arrived just in time to see the poor orphans in the act of being led off by the parish-beadle to their new and dreary abode, the work-house. Alas! what a home! and what guardians to supply the place of a tender mother! I slipped a piece of money into the hands of each of the little mourners, who now, with their hands firmly clinging to each other, and eyeing with dread their conductor, went their way sorrowing. God help the poor wretches!

THE HAUNTED GARDEN.

In walking from St. James's Square to the Upper Crescent, I passed over the ground where was formerly a spot which we used to call the Haunted Garden. It belonged to one Governor Thicknesse, a traveller of some note, of whom many extraordinary tales were related. There was a mystery attached to the place, which was heightened by the knowledge that it contained the tomb of a favourite dog of the Governor, and by the fact that no one

was ever seen to go in or out of the gate. It was also reported among the wonder-seeking part of the neighbourhood, that the Governor himself was buried in the garden, and that the ghost of the dog kept watch at night over the body of his master. This belief was kept up by certain unearthly howlings, said to be heard at the awful hour of midnight. For my part, I know I never passed the spot after dark without whistling to keep up my courage; and the bark of a dog at the time would set me off as if the devil were at my heels. The dismal and neglected appearance of the place in the midst of a populous neighbourhood, with modern buildings growing up around it, added not a little to the mystery in which it was involved. It seemed like a spot to which some curse was affixed.

Walking by it one autumn day, I ventured to peep through the hedge, and saw a few yards from me, not a tomb, nor a dog, but a green-gage tree, whose untrained branches were bent almost down to the ground with ripe and delicious-looking fruit. The frequent notice of this

tempting object, and the apprehension that its sweets would be lost to the world for want of a hand to gather them, gradually overcame my dread of the unhallowed precincts, and I resolved, in conjunction with one of my brothers, to tempt the dangers of the Haunted Garden—but not at night—no, that was much beyond our courage, but *en plein jour*, as the French would say. So creeping through the hedge, we succeeded in filling our pockets with the green-gages, not stopping to make any other observation than that the garden was a complete wilderness, and that there was a house, at some distance within, though being concealed by the trees it could not be seen from the road. Rather proud of this feat than otherwise, when we reached home, we ventured to tell of our adventures, confining, however, our depredations to the gathering of a small quantity of the fruit which had fallen from the tree. A council was held on the occasion, and a party was formed for the next day to explore the Haunted Garden. My father was then absent from home; but my mother, who was rather

of a romantic turn, headed the party. We first tried to gain admission at the gate; but this was found to be nailed up, and there was no bell by which we could draw the attention of the inmates, if any there were. Pursuing our course round the garden, we came to a wall, which, being broken in several places, afforded us the means of scrambling over. We found the precincts to consist of a garden covering about an acre of ground, romantically situated on each side of a small bubbling brook, from which the ground sloped upwards, forming a kind of dell. It had once been tastefully laid out, but the grass now covered the walks, the trees and shrubs were left to nature, and the whole was overgrown with weeds and brambles. About the centre of the grounds there was a small villa, somewhat in the Eastern style, but in a wretchedly dilapidated state. Near to the brook we found the main object of our search—the tomb of the dog. It consisted of a pedestal surmounted by an urn, and on it there was an inscription, commemorating the virtues of the faithful animal, which had been the companion

of the Governor in his travels. Not far from this, on the side of the dell, there was an arched building, about ten feet square, resembling a Chinese catacomb, in the front face of which was fixed a slab, apparently intended for an inscription. Some attempts had evidently been made to dislodge this stone, but the work had not been completed. Having concluded our first day's adventure we retired, fully satisfied, from what we had seen, that there was sufficient to account for the mystery in which the place was involved, as well as to give rise to the reports current respecting it.

The next day it was resolved that we should endeavour to penetrate the extraordinary catacomb-like building which we had discovered in the garden, and we provided ourselves with a crow-bar accordingly. After some labour we succeeded in dislodging the slab before alluded to, and sufficient space was then left to admit the body of a small person. Being the elder of the boys present, this duty devolved upon me; and I confess that, in all the situations of danger in which I have since found myself,

I never experienced so much fear and trepidation as I did on that occasion. The perspiration stood on my brow like dew on a cabbage-leaf; but there was no drawing back: I was a soldier, and I must not show any want of courage. After several attempts, which were impeded more by my own fear than from any real obstacles, I found myself within the dreaded vault, trembling from head to foot, and in momentary expectation of being clasped in the arms of a skeleton. Cheered, however, by the voices of my companions without, I ventured to creep round the sides of the building, all the time keeping my back close to the wall, (for I never could bear the idea of being taken in reverse by an enemy, ghostly or bodily). The least I expected to find within was the mouldering remains of a mortal; but I encountered no obstacle whatever, and the place appeared quite empty. Of course I withdrew as soon as a decent regard for my reputation would admit, and glad enough I was to find myself in the open air. I think there is little doubt that the mysterious Governor intended this for his resting-place;

but I suppose his wishes had not been complied with.

Having replaced the stone as well as we could, we proceeded to the house. Not a soul was to be seen near it; nor had it the appearance of having been visited of late by mortal. The doors were locked; but with the assistance of our crow-bar, we succeeded in opening one of the windows, through which we entered. The interior had all the appearance of a house, the inhabitants of which had been suddenly carried off by a pestilence many years before. The furniture was but scanty; but what there was was so placed as if they had just been in use, and the rusty spit was actually down before the kitchen-grate. The bed-rooms were locked; but, on peeping through the key-holes, they did not appear to be furnished. The state of the house, and the totally neglected condition of the garden, which might have been turned to account, warranted the presumption that there was no one whatever to take charge of the premises. Its name, however, appeared

to be sufficient protection for it; for I never could discover that any one but ourselves ever ventured within the Haunted Garden. The first vacation after this adventure, I was surprised, on passing near the spot, to see the whole space covered with workmen, levelling and building; and if ghost there was, he was soon laid under a heavy pile of brick and mortar.

The name of Governor has something awful about it. We generally associate with it tyranny, slave-colonies, cart-whips, chains, and dungeons. Let the man have ever so mild a character, we cannot, in our minds, disconnect him from the idea of Governor Wall and Sierra Leone. What was the real character of poor Governor Thicknesse, I know not: it is so long since I read his travels that I have only a faint recollection of them. It was in walking over the spot, where stood the Haunted Garden, that the whole scene I have described came suddenly across my mind; and, as I saw the carriages rolling over the place where had been deposited the bones of the Governor's

poor faithful dog, I certainly could not, with any hope of its fulfilment, repeat the motto "*quiescat in pace.*"

The return home, even though we have been travelling with our family, and visiting among kind relations or friends, is always a pleasure. "Home is home, be it ever so homely," is a true saying. We like every thing to which we have been accustomed. We like to get back to our old habits—for a habit indulged is a negative pleasure, inasmuch as a habit broken in upon is a positive pain. In this respect, to be sure, the love of home, "sweet home," is not founded on a very exalted principle: it proceeds, in fact, from self-love. We like every thing that belongs to us. We like every thing that is associated with our own gratifications. We are fond of the old house that has sheltered us, and the old arm-chair in which we have reposed. We are attached to the tree we planted, because it is our own work. We are attached to old servants, when they don't get saucy; because they are dependent on us, and minister to our comfort. We are fond of the dog, more because he is attached to us than

from any positive affection towards the animal. We love those who are dependent on us, better than those on whom we are dependent; and somewhat on the same principle, we prefer conferring favours where we have conferred them before.

Dr. Johnson preferred an inn to home. But, even taking from home all its attractions of an affectionate wife, children, &c., I cannot at all agree with him; for, however well you may be served at an inn, you cannot help feeling that all the attention you there receive is on account of your money. There is no homage to your person. But at home, you do not feel this to be the case—however it may be so in fact.

But besides these feelings proceeding from self-love, there are other more genuine ones which attach you to home. In the neighbourhood in which you have lived, unless you be a most unsocial creature, you must have some friends who esteem and love you for your own sake as well as their own; and the meeting with such, after a considerable absence, must be a pleasure. This is one reason why I do not like living among foreigners. They

never can have that feeling towards you that your own countrymen have; and I like to be in the habit of meeting people whom I regard, and who regard me. I prefer this to the constant excitement of novelty, however pleasing, and even to the superior comforts or luxuries which the residence in a cheaper country would command: not that I have a dislike to travelling,—on the contrary, but it must be an interlude in the drama of life—not the drama itself.

After this, I need not say that, although much pleased and amused with our trip, we were all glad to get home. As to the children, it was a novelty with old associations; and, as soon as they had greeted the servants, off they flew to their garden. Children are almost always fond of a garden. I recollect going to London one winter, for a few months; and the first thing the children did on arriving at the lodgings, was to set to work in a little dark hole about ten feet square, containing a few leafless shrubs with the branches like charcoal, from which they returned soiled from head to foot with the blacks. The end of autumn is certainly the time to get home. In

spring or summer, other places may seem more beautiful than your home, but, as the winter advances, and you feel the necessity of domestic comforts, what place so delightful as your own fire-side? And this feeling is the stronger as you grow in years. The youth, or the man in his prime, may witness the fall of the leaf with pleasure, as it clears the view, and prepares the country for a favourite sport; but the old man sees in it only the approach of that season which must force him to seek his enjoyments within his own doors.

CHAPTER XVII.

How to make out a chapter—The *Tic-Douloureux*.

My publisher having informed me that another chapter is wanted, to make up the required number of pages in the second volume, and having but little time or inclination to set my memory or my wits to work to compose one, I have rummaged my portfolio, and brought forth the following letter from an ingenious friend of mine, Doctor Bolus, a gentleman of the medical profession, who has long turned his attention to the treatment of a most painful disease; and if it should, in any degree, alleviate the pain of a single individual, either by persuading him to follow the directions therein contained, or by diverting his thoughts from his affliction, I shall feel satisfied that this chapter, although brought in neck-and-heels to fill a gap, has been no more thrown

away than the Irishman's cart, which (as I have already observed,) when not in locomotion, generally occupies that orifice in a hedge or wall, which in England is appropriated to a gate. Indeed, there is one great advantage in a work such as I have now in hand,—that it admits of pieces being let in, like the joints of a fishing-rod, so as to bring it to the required length; the only fear being that, as in one case the rod may be so lengthened as materially to affect its strength, so, in the other, the matter may be so attenuated as to render it fatiguing to the reader. Hoping, however, that I have not fallen into this error, I shall introduce, without further apology, the letter in question.

THE TIC-DOULOUREUX.

"Golden Square, May 25, 1834.

"Dear Sir,

"As you have done me the honour to request my opinion and advice on the subject of the *Tic-Douloureux*, which has for some time past engaged my attention, I feel no hesitation in communicating to

you the result of my labours, and shall be happy should they contribute in any degree to benefit your friend, who, you say, has been so long a martyr to this painful malady.

"My first object was, of course, to endeavour to trace the disease to its source; and in this I think I have succeeded: and though I cannot boast of having been equally fortunate in discovering a certain remedy for it, I may safely say that I have been enabled in most cases considerably to alleviate the pain, and in some instances altogether to eradicate the disease.

"In respect to the origin of the complaint, the conclusion at which I have arrived is, that it has its source in a disordered state of the *pecuniarium*, or pocket intestine, (so called from its resemblance to an essential part of modern dress). This organ, when in an healthy condition, is found to contain a considerable quantity of a thin transparent film, resembling silver paper, and much spotted with black, accompanied by small round flat substances of a yellow or white colour. In all cases of the Tic-Douloureux which have come under my observation, in which the patient has been subjected

to a *post mortem* examination, I have invariably observed a total deficiency of the above-mentioned substances. To this cause, therefore, I feel justified in attributing the disease; and, indeed, my practice has confirmed the theory; for having proceeded on the principle of restoring the *pecuniarium* to a healthy state, I have, whenever I could succeed in the latter object, been sure to cure the complaint.

"But before I proceed to make you acquainted with my mode of treatment, it will be necessary that I should detail the symptoms attendant on the disease, and which distinguish it from others of a somewhat similar appearance.

"The first signs observable in the patient, are considerable languor and disinclination to take the air, with a peculiar rolling of the eye, not to be observed in any other disease that I know of; also a great nervous irritability, so that a knock at the door or a tap on the shoulder is often sufficient to throw the patient into fits. The disease is often accompanied by an unaccountable absence of mind and shortness of memory, such as forgetting one's purse, or one's

small debts; also by a depraved and craving appetite, indicated by a readiness to accept invitations to dinner and the like. As the complaint gains more strength, the habits of the patient become changed. He is guilty of little meannesses, quite at variance with his real character,—acquires a sly suspicious look, seldom stirs out before dark, sneaks up alleys, looks round corners, becomes shabby and slovenly in his dress, and may, if closely watched, be seen diving for a dinner, when perhaps, in his healthy state, nothing less than Long's or the Albion would have satisfied him. He often takes a dislike to certain streets or shops, which he avoids as a mad dog would a pool of water. I once had a friend afflicted with this disease; and in the course of our perambulations, I often found him stop suddenly, turn round, whisk me over to the other side of the street, change arms as we went along, and occasionally avert his head; all this without any apparent cause. There was one spot in particular of which I found him exceedingly shy. This extended from Weston's in Bond Street to Hoby's in St. James's. 'There were,' he used to say,

'those glaring windows of Hoby's on one side, and of Moore's (late Bicknell) on the other, forming a cross fire through the very focus of fashionable resort. If you were lucky enough,' he would add, 'to weather Weston's, there stood the other two—the very Scylla and Charybdis of *Tic-Douloureuxists*, through which not even Palinurus himself, if afflicted with the disease, could have steered without trembling.'

"Though lowness of spirits is generally found with this disease, it is by no means to be considered as a never-failing symptom; for as the complaint is one which no person likes to be thought to have, the patient often assumes an appearance quite opposite to his feelings.

"Young men embarking in life, I have observed, are more subject to the complaint than older persons. It is frequently brought on by dissipation, high living, and excess of any kind, such as late hours, hard drinking, hunting in the extreme, &c., all which have a natural tendency to drain the *pecuniarium*. In short, in all cases when the draught on the organ is greater than the supply

of aliment conveyed to it, the disease of the *Tic-Douloureux* is sure to be induced.

"A general looseness in the moral system is also often the cause of the complaint; and when it so originates, it generally proves incurable. Persons who have this constitutional taint, are mostly troubled with such an absence of mind as to be guilty of the greatest absurdities; such as mistaking another man's pocket for their own, and betraying, on all occasions, a total ignorance of the principle of *meum* and *tuum*. Indeed, such is often their distraction of mind, that they have been known to forget their own names, and in signing a letter, or drawing a bill, to substitute that of some other person. When the disease takes this turn, although occasional intermissions of pain may be experienced, it almost always proves fatal. In some it will cause a kind of fidgetiness of the fingers, particularly when engaged in any game of chance likely to interest the passions, and a certain distortion of the optics, so as to make them mistake the throw of a die or the face of a card. But these, though appa-

rently as bad symptoms as the foregoing, and in the vulgar eye equally malignant, are nevertheless by no means so dangerous. A severe twitching sensation in the seat of honour, such as would be experienced from a kick by a sharp boot, is generally the most the patient suffers in this state of the complaint. Indeed, such habits, if not followed by the twitching pain alluded to, will often lead to an entire cure; and I have known persons who have been previously afflicted with the *Tic-Douloureux* for years, afterwards enjoying the best health from the successful practice of habits brought on by the disease itself; while the same apparently depraved propensities, by taking a different turn in patients of a poorer state of body, have led to the most fatal consequences.

"In persons of a sanguine temperament, this disease is highly dangerous; with them, it invariably produces hypochondriasis, and often insanity. The natural consequence is, that the patient frequently puts an end to himself in a violent paroxysm of pain, or, what is equally

effectual to the same end, makes away with some one else.

"The complaint most frequently occurs about Christmas; therefore patients should be very careful of themselves about this period, particularly as to food and exercise. They should on no account venture out of doors without being well muffled up. Snipes and woodcocks, which abound at this season, should be carefully avoided, as they are sure to bring on a severe paroxysm of the complaint, so as to oblige the patient to keep his room, or, what is still more disagreeable, to be confined to one which he cannot quit at pleasure.

"Having thus detailed what I conceive to be the cause and prevailing symptoms of the *Tic-Douloureux*, I shall proceed to point out the practice I pursue in its treatment.

"In the first place I generally, as in most chronic complaints, begin with a course of alteratives, affecting the system generally; but, as I before observed, my chief attention is directed to produce a change in the organ wherein I consider the disease to originate. In severe cases, parti-

cularly where the complaint seems to be caused by a deficiency in the necessary contents of the *pecuniarium*, I mostly prescribe the following dose:—

Extract of Peruvian mines - -	1 oz.
Decoction of rich uncles - -	2 oz.
Infusion of bank-paper - - -	3 grs.
Tincture of mint - - - -	6 grs.
Syrup of matrimony - - -	1 oz.

"Three or more spoonfuls to be taken daily, according to the strength of the disease.

"But when the symptoms indicate more of a laxity in the *pecuniarium* than a deficiency in its necessary aliment, the following astringent I have generally found to answer:—

Spirit of economy - - -	4 grs.
Pulverized flint-skins - - -	3 grs.
Calcined prudence - - -	6 grs.

"To be divided into twenty pills, one to be taken every night.

"Among the poor or labouring classes I have often found ten drops or so, of the Formic acid,

(commonly called acid of ants,) mixed up with a few grains of prudence, taken daily, sufficient to restore the diseased organ to its proper tone.

"Besides these medicines, I generally recommend low diet and abstinence from all kinds of dissipation; the patient, at the same time, to be kept perfectly quiet and free from the intrusion of visitors: and, as change of air is of the greatest importance, I would have him, if leading a town life, immediately retire to the country; or, if his means do not admit of this, let him take up his abode in a garret, where he will breathe a purer air, and be less liable to disturbance. Exercise I also recommend, but it must be on foot, not on horseback or in a carriage. A steady perseverance in the above system, I have, in most cases, found effectual, particularly if the patient is of a habit of body to bear lowering. But though I proceed on the plan of keeping my patients as low as possible, I must caution the practitioner against the use of the lancet, bleeding being fatal in this disease, which is, in fact, often brought on by an hæmorrhage of the *pecuniarium*. If, however, any rich friend or relation

can be brought to submit to that operation, so that a portion of the precious fluid may be introduced into the veins of the patient, I have no doubt the effect would be most salutary.

"A removal to the milder air of the Continent is often recommended and practised in this complaint; and indeed persons so afflicted, who cannot live at home, often do well abroad. But it is a measure which I do not frequently advise, unless the patient resolve to remain permanently abroad; for the immediate relief afforded often tempts him to indulge in the practices which the milder air enables him to do with impunity, but which, by becoming habitual, may, on a return to a less genial climate, occasion an incurable relapse.

" Now, though in most cases, I have found the treatment above described to mitigate the disease, and often to effect an entire cure, yet, I must confess, that for some obstinate cases of the *Tic-Douloureux,* I have not been able to discover any remedy in medicine. Accident, however, will frequently occasion results which art could not effect; and I have seen more than one case,

wherein a patient suffering under the most aggravated symptoms has obtained instant relief, and experienced a complete cure from sudden and violent action of the passions, such as joy on the receipt of good and unexpected news; and even a sudden shock on hearing of the death of a relation I have known to produce the same effect—a circumstance which, in any other complaint, it is fairly to be presumed, would have caused an oppo site result.

"There is also a minor degree of the *Tic-Douloureux*, which has not, that I know of, been yet noticed by the Faculty, but which is extremely distressing. It consists in severe spasms or palpitations of the *pecuniarium*. Any sudden disappointment will often occasion this complaint; such as running up a bill at a tavern, and finding you have not money enough in your pocket to discharge it; being out of cash before you get to the end of your journey; a thing coming to much more than you expected, &c. &c. These spasms I myself was at one time subject to. Once wishing to treat Mrs. Bolus to the Opera, I went into a shop in Bond Street, to procure a box, when, to my un-

speakable surprise, I found the price was seven guineas. Having neglected to ascertain this point previous to fixing on the box, I found myself in an awkward dilemma. The palpitations in the *pecuniarium* were so severe, that I could hardly bear them, and, on the other hand, I had bespoken the box. What was to be done? I hemmed, and hawed, and backed and backed, till I reached the shop-door, when by a sudden bolt I sought relief in the open air. The treatment I pursue in this complaint, is nearly the same, but in a milder form, as that I practise in cases of the *Tic-Douloureux*.

"Should you feel satisfied with this communication, I shall be obliged by your recommending me to any of your friends, who may be afflicted with this most distressing of all diseases.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"PETER BOLUS."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A family congress—Sail for Ostend—Mrs. Trollope—Steamer—Women of Ostend—Bruges—Ghent—Brussels—Marks of the combat—One-legged corporal—Belgian revolution—King Leopold—Antwerp—State of the citadel—The siege—Cathedral—Pictures—An English party—English stage-coach.

In the summer of 1833, I was called upon to form part of a family congress at Baden. My mother, who was compelled for her health to reside in the warmer climate of Italy, was desirous of meeting her sons. So she crossed the Alps for this purpose, and six of us, some with their wives and families, hastened to give her the meeting.

On the 1st of June, in company with three others of the fraternity, I sailed from London

in the steam-packet for Ostend. Owing to the Dutch embargo, this route was preferred, by parties bound up the Rhine, to that by Rotterdam. The steamer was accordingly very full. Among others we were honoured by the company of Mrs. Trollope, of Transatlantic notoriety. I did not know this at the time, or else I might have been more particular in my observation of her. But, though not drawn from any particular motive to remark her, I certainly considered the person, who afterwards proved to be Mrs. Trollope, as something out of the common way. Her appearance was that of a portly housekeeper; but when she spoke, her countenance lit up, and her language and remarks were a strong contrast to her exterior. She spoke French with fluency, and with a good accent. I have read only a few extracts from her tour lately published; but in that I observe she criticises the fare on board the steamer, and draws a comparison between that and the provender of an American boat. In this she was right; for nothing could be more execrable or worse served than the dinner-table of the Lord Liverpool. They had probably cal-

culated on a rough sea to deaden the appetites of the passengers.

When I started on this occasion, I had not the most distant idea of writing a tour; and, if I had, I should feel loath to place my remarks in juxtaposition with those of that lively and agreeable writer. But still I will, with the permission of the reader, follow my old plan, and mention what strikes me, at this distance of time, as worthy of remark during my short excursion through Flanders and up the Rhine.

We landed at midnight, and, owing to the number of passengers, there was a general rush to the inns to obtain beds. Our advanced guard, being somewhat nimble of limb, succeeded in obtaining good accommodation for our party; but all were not so successful.

The first remark I made at Ostend was, that the women are pretty, and have very neat ankles, which they set off to advantage by a becoming *chausseur*. Their walking-dress somewhat resembles that of the Spaniards, with whom they were so long connected. I have—as the reader may, perhaps, have observed before—an old

bachelor habit, which I never could get rid of—that of spying out the works of Nature as displayed in the construction of the softer sex; therefore they are, wherever I go, the first objects of my notice. Some persons travel in search of antiquities; some of the beauties of art; some of the beauties of nature as set forth in inanimate creation; but the first features I look at are the features of the women; and, if I find them comely and smiling, I am thenceforth disposed to think favourably of the soil and country which produced them.

Indeed, it certainly requires this prepossession to induce a person to think favourably either of Ostend or of the neighbouring country, which is flat and uninteresting; being, in fact, a tract of land redeemed from the sea, and protected from its encroachments by sand-banks.

Having stopped a day here, we proceeded by canal to Ghent, passing through Bruges. This latter is a fine old town, having all the appearance of solidity, comfort, and opulence. We did not stop to see its lions; but, in passing through the streets, we saw enough of the fair sex to satisfy us

that the women of Bruges are, what they are reputed to be, the handsomest in the Netherlands. Their costume was the same as I have described at Ostend.

At Ghent we remained a day or two. This town is in the same style as Bruges, but considerably larger, and containing more trade, activity, and bustle. Its streets are very picturesque, from the variety in the appearance of the houses, the gables of which are ornamented in the most fantastic manner. One of these streets reminded me of the High Street of Oxford. The university of Ghent is a modern building, very elegant, and in good taste. It contains a well-assorted cabinet of natural history. We ascended the tower of the Town-hall, from which we had a good bird's-eye view of the city. We did not fail to visit the gallery of Monsieur Scamp, containing a good collection of pictures of the Flemish school, of which the old gentleman is not a little proud.

From Ghent we proceeded by *diligence* to Brussels. This town is smaller than Ghent, and less populous; also, in my opinion, by no means so

interesting, the greater part being modern. The newer portion of it, however, stands much higher than Ghent, and ought to be more healthy; but the appearance of the inhabitants does not indicate it, for the females, in particular, of Brussels are the plainest race I think I ever beheld. The only pretty woman I saw in the whole town was a Spanish girl, the daughter of a tobacconist.

Brussels possesses many *agrémens*, in its parks, boulevards, &c., which render it a very pleasant residence. The botanical gardens are extensive, but unfinished, and the range of conservatories is fine. The new palace of the Prince of Orange, a fine building, but in a simple unornamented style, is handsomely furnished and well worth seeing. The city contains a gallery of paintings, cabinets of natural history, &c.; but all inferior to those of Ghent. The thing most worthy of notice is the establishment for old people, containing three hundred of each sex—a splendid institution, and maintained in a superior manner. The building is quite modern.

The Hotel de Ville is a very singular old build-

ing, and the spire attached to it the most light and elegant that can be imagined. The square, of which it forms a part, is surrounded by edifices of remarkable appearance, and is, on the whole, one of the most interesting and picturesque spots I ever beheld.

The marks of the combat, which took place in Brussels during the revolt against Dutch dominion, were still fresh. Some of the public buildings, which had been destroyed by fire, remained in the state in which they had been left by that disaster. All around the park the walls of the houses were speckled with shot-marks; the trees were perforated with musket-balls, and in many instances desperately wounded with round-shot. In the *Place Royale*, where the combat waxed hot, not a pane of glass was left whole. The window where poor Lord Blantyre met his fate, while indulging his curiosity, materially attracts the notice of the English. It is hard to be killed in an affair in which one has nothing to do. There is a small but handsome square in the town, which has had its name changed to something having reference to the late revolution, but which

I do not recollect. This is now devoted to the honour of those who fell in the struggle for liberty; and various tributes to the memory of individuals who distinguished themselves on that occasion have been raised within the enclosure. Here it is proposed to build a monument of national gratitude in lieu of these temporary erections.

One of the heroes of the revolution, an old one-legged cobbler, was pointed out to me, of whom a good anecdote is related. Being an old artilleryman of the Imperial Army, he had taken charge of a gun which the townsmen had planted in the gorge of the *Place Royale*, opposite to the park. This gun had caused much loss to the Dutch in their attempts to dislodge the insurgents from their position, so that the former had become rather shy of it. This the old corporal observing, he hit upon an ingenious *ruse* to decoy them under its fire. Having loaded and primed the gun, he made, what is called, a devil, of gunpowder, and placed it near, but out of reach of, the touch-hole. He then applied the match to it, as if in the act of firing off the gun. The devil

went off, but no gun. The corporal went through the operation of pricking the cartridge, and fresh primed with another devil; again the gun missed fire: again the operation was repeated. The case was to all appearance hopeless. All the efforts of the corporal could not make the gun go off. This was a fine opportunity for the Dutch, who had been anxiously watching the operation. Out they rushed in a column to attack the post. But now the corporal's match was applied on the true point, and off went the engine of war dealing death and destruction among the foremost ranks of the assailants, who, thunderstruck at this unexpected salute, sought refuge under the park-wall at a faster rate than they had issued forth. This old game-cock was lounging about at his ease in the enjoyment of a pension for his services.

I certainly do not sympathise with the Belgians in their late revolution, as I do with the French. They had by no means the same cause for revolt. But still we cannot blame them for endeavouring to effect a divorce from a contract in which they themselves were not consulted. In one respect this revolution differs materially from that of

France. In the latter, the prevalence of priest-craft drove the people to resistance; and in the former, the priesthood stimulated the people to oppose Protestant dominion. The inhabitants of Belgium appeared to me much divided in their opinions regarding the results of the struggle. Certainly, the trade of Belgium had suffered much, and was likely to suffer still more by the severance of the connexion with a great commercial nation like Holland, and one possessing extensive colonies which afforded an outlet for its manufactures.

While I was here, King Leopold went in state to open the Parliament. It was altogether a military pageant, and no great display. The King was on horseback. Poor man! he did not appear the better for the cares of government. He certainly would have been more at his ease at Clermont; but strong is the love of power in man, from the nursery upwards!

There were a good many English at Brussels, but they were by no means in such numbers as before the revolution. The feeling of insecurity prevented their returning. In this respect the

town had also suffered, and in a degree not to be compensated by the continued residence of the court. The swarms of English, which are to be found in all quarters of Europe, is astonishing. England is verily the hive of drones as well as of bees. That so many idlers can live on the industry of so small a nation seems incredible.

Of course we did not fail to visit Antwerp. Truly, Dutch obstinacy was here displayed in all its glory—first in the folly of resistance, and next in its mode of defence. Not a building was left standing in the interior, excepting a temporary bomb-proof erected for an hospital. This was roofed with beams of immense thickness, covered with a coating of earth and sod, from ten to twenty feet thick. The only places of refuge for the garrison were in the posterns, where they must have been most insufferably crowded. If old Chassé intended to make a *bonâ fide* defence of the place, he committed a great mistake in allowing the French to break ground without any opposition. He should have patrolled every night within a certain radius; and when he found the enemy at work, he should have interrupted

them by frequent sorties, which are by far the most effectual means of retarding the approaches of the besiegers. In fact, nearly half the work of the siege was effected during the first night, without any interruption from the Dutch. But the citadel of Antwerp is not at all a strong place; it is much too small. I would prefer defending the town, with an adequate garrison. This siege was a nice little practice for the French engineers; and I presume they considered it as such; for every thing was done *en règle*, with little risk, or unnecessary sacrifice of life.

We mounted the spire of the cathedral—a most airy and elegant structure. From this we had a view of the extensive inundation on the opposite side of the river, by which no less than sixteen villages were ruined. The spires of their churches were just visible above the water.

In the cathedral are two of Rubens's most celebrated pictures, which I recollected having seen at the Louvre; one was the 'Descent from the cross.' But however I might admire these splendid relics of genius, I was more surprised at an imitation of bass-relief behind the altar, by a

modern artist. The deception was so complete, that you could not be convinced of it without touching the surface. I was disappointed in the docks at Antwerp. The whole together would not equal in extent one of those at Liverpool.

In the cathedral we encountered an English family, which had been our shipmates on board the steamer. It consisted of a homely-looking Pa and Mamma, three pert-looking misses, and a fop of a son. The old couple stared open-mouthed at every thing; the Misses, with note-books in hand, were eagerly committing to paper all the trash which the *commissionaire* was cramming them with; and young Master was strutting about with an air of indifference.

We devoted a day to the field of Waterloo; but as I have already, in the beginning of this work, given rather a lengthy account of my observations there, I need say no more on the subject now.

In the same packet with us there came over a stage-coach on the English plan, to run between Brussels and Ghent. We witnessed its first start from the hotel where we resided. There was a great crowd to see it off. The horses were English,

and too light for the work. It professed to reach Ghent in three hours and a half,—a distance of about thirty-two miles; and I have no doubt they accomplished it in the time; but I am sure the horses could not long stand that pace on a hard *pavé*.

CHAPTER XIX.

Field of Waterloo—Quatre-bras—Namur—Cordon of fortresses—Tables turned—Valley of the Meuse—Liege—Citadel—Old commandant—Change to the Prussian dominions—Aix-la-Chapelle—Monkey *corps dramatique*—Cologne—Dom church—Antiquities—Bridge of boats—Coblentz steamer—Cockney party—Cub and his keeper—German party—Gastronomy—Scenery of the Rhine—Coblentz and Ezenbreitzen—Thunder-storm—Passage to Mayence—Scenery—Mayence—Garrison—Coins and passports—Sulky Englishman—Carlsruhe—Constitution of Baden—Inoculation of liberal opinions—Costume of peasantry.

On the 21st of June we started in the *diligence* for Namur, passing through Waterloo and Quatre-bras. It was at this latter spot that the action took place on the 16th of June, two days before the Battle of Waterloo. The action was sanguinary, and, owing to the absence of our cavalry, our infantry had to sustain repeated attacks of the French Cuirassiers. From a mistake of the Prince of Orange, who was then but a very young man,

the 69th regiment was rode over, and lost one of their colours. They were ordered to deploy from column, and, while in the act of doing so, were charged by the Cuirassiers, who, from the height of the corn, had advanced close up to the regiment before they were perceived.

At Waterloo the country opened. Its surface was undulating, and highly cultivated. Unlike other parts of Belgium, the farms appeared very extensive, and the soil was tilled much in the same manner as in the unenclosed country about Oxford. The soil of Belgium, particularly in the low lands, appeared to me extremely light and sandy; so much so, indeed, that I never saw more than one horse in a plough. Excepting the clover, the crops seemed inferior to those on our good soils; but then I could not perceive any that was not fit for the plough, nor a single inch of ground that was not turned to account.

As we descended into Namur, we had a good view of the town, and the valley of the Meuse, with the citadel on the opposite heights; affording altogether a magnificent *coup-d'œil.* Namur has little worth seeing in it except the citadel, which

is almost entirely new, having been erected with English money, or rather with our share of the French indemnity. It covers a great extent of ground, and the works, which are very elaborate, are apparently laid out with skill; but, if I might judge by the dilapidations already made by the weather, miserably executed. It was, probably, done by contract. There are extensive *souterrains* within the walls, forming a communication with the different works, and serving as lodgments for the garrison. Namur was intended as one of the chain of fortresses to serve as a defence against the aggressions of France; but it is curious to think how a few years have turned the tables, and placed England side by side with her old enemy in defence of liberty; in opposition to her old friends interested in maintaining the ancient order of things. Spirit of Castlereagh! what is become of thy Holy Alliance? By a recent treaty, to which England is a party, many of these strongholds, which have cost so much money, are to be rased to the ground. Wellington! what dost thou say to this?

From Namur we took the *diligence* to Liege, fol-

lowing the course of the Meuse, and passing through Huy, where there is a strong castle on a rock close to the river, forming a most picturesque object. The works of this fortress have also been lately strengthened and repaired with English money, and have a most formidable appearance.

The whole course of the Meuse is very picturesque, and affords some striking views. We passed some extensive iron-founderies and coal-mines; also some large cotton-manufactories, belonging to an Englishman whose name I forget.

Liege is a large and populous place—the Birmingham of Belgium, on a small scale. Being the capital seat of Vulcan, it is by no means so clean as the other towns of Belgium. The old citadel is situated on an eminence to the northward of the town. I toiled up the hill of a hot day to view it; but when I came there, I found an order from the commandant in the town was requisite before I could be permitted to see the works. Being loath to lose the opportunity, I requested leave to speak to the officer in com-

mand, and an orderly was sent with me to his house. This functionary, an *ancien militaire,* was very civil, but repeated his inability to comply with my wishes without an order from his superior. I expressed my regret at having come so far to no purpose, adding that I was an engineer-officer. This announcement had an immediate effect on the old gentleman. He intimated his willingness to show me round, provided I would promise not to tell. This being complied with, he proceeded to do the honours of his garrison, and walked me over the works, showing me all that was worth seeing. I found him a very talkative old gentleman, and very proud of his fortress. I paid him off with a little blarney about the *braves Belges,* the Walloon Guards of Spain, &c., and we parted excellent friends. This citadel is of small extent; but in other respects strong. It is well provided with casemates for the protection of the garrison. On the weakest side of one of these, a range of bomb-proof barracks is continued along the whole of the front, detached from the rampart, and so raised as to act as a continued cavalier, on which guns are mounted; thus bringing a tremendous

fire on the most assailable point. On the heights to the southward of the town, a new fort has lately been erected, to serve as a defence on the French side, thus forming a part of the chain of fortresses I have already alluded to. The latter fortification I had not time to see; but I was told that it was very strong.

After breakfast, as the *diligence* did not start till late, it being Sunday, I sauntered into one of the churches, where I arrived just in time for a sermon. As my entrance evidently attracted the notice of the preacher, I thought he directed his discourse at me. His object was to prove the superiority of Peter over the other disciples of Christ; and this he attempted by showing that when our Saviour was pressed by the crowd at the Lake of Gennesaret, he entered the ship of Simon in preference to the others. I felt strongly tempted to overset this very conclusive argument, by asking him whether it might not have been that Peter's vessel was the nearest to the shore.

From Liege we proceeded to Aix-la-Chapelle, passing a great part of the way through a country enclosed very much in the manner of

England. About midway we entered the Prussian dominions, and were detained a considerable time at the custom-house, while the Diligence was unloaded and examined; so that we did not reach our destination till late.

Aix-la-Chapelle is a pretty town, and, being much frequented on account of its waters, possesses of course the usual attractions of a watering-place. Of the old cathedral, tomb, and chair of Charlemagne, &c., I need say nothing, as tourists have long exhausted those subjects.

The change from Belgium to the dominions of his Prussian Majesty was apparent in every thing. There was a punctilio and preciseness in all the offices, whether of the douane, the police, or the public conveyances, (which are all in the hands of the government,) that reminded you that you were under a government, if not altogether military, bearing all the characteristics of despotism. All the clerks at the offices were in uniform: every thing was done *en règle*, and accompanied by so much vexation and harassing personal attendance, that it appeared to be the wish of his Prussian Majesty to exclude foreigners

from his territories, by rendering the passage through them as fatiguing as possible. The Diligence started at five o'clock; and you were required, by long instructions printed on your coach-ticket, to be present at the *bureau* one hour before, to see your baggage weighed. Not more than fifty pounds was allowed to each person: the overplus was forwarded the following day. An English gentleman, who started at the same time with us, had two large portmanteaus, each double the allowed weight, which he was compelled to leave behind, and to content himself with a carpet-bag. His dandyship was much annoyed, as he was very anxious to push forward; but it served him right. The lighter a man travels, the more independent he is. Doubtless there is a great deal in imagination; but while I remained in the Prussian dominions, I felt as if I were in a strait-waistcoat, and every man I saw seemed to me to have a ring through his nose.

There was one thing, however, which certainly did for the time serve to dispel the gloom which enveloped me. In strolling through the streets, I saw a crowd collected round a stage, on which

there was an exhibition of monkeys, drilled in a style which would have done credit to the father of the great Frederick. The dramatis personæ consisted of a corporal in the shape of a large baboon, and six privates of the common monkey species, all dressed in uniform and armed with muskets. The manager, a dry-looking old fellow, gave the word of command, and the whole went through the manual and platoon exercise to admiration. The skirts of the uniform, which was of the true Potsdam regulation, not being sufficiently long to conceal the chief mark of distinction between the monkey and the man, the boys amused themselves with pulling the said tails as they depended from the stage; and when the offended party would turn round to resent the affront, a rap from the corporal's stick, accompanied by a threatening grimace, brought him to the front again. After this military display a slack-rope dance followed, admirably executed, and accompanied by various antics. The whole was concluded by a dance on the tight-rope, in a manner which would have done credit to Vauxhall or the Tivoli. In the midst of the latter, one of the monkeys came behind

the master, and jerked off his hat; and then, to avoid the effects of his practical joke, ran up one of the poles. The man pursued, and endeavoured to catch hold of a string which the offender had hanging from his waist; which manœuvre Pug perceiving, he had the sense to draw the string up out of his reach. The corporal was then set to work to chastise the culprit; and he jabbered and threatened, and shook his stick at him. But finding he took no notice of this, the non-commissioned officer proceeded to cut off his retreat by climbing up the opposite pole, and creeping along the rope. In short, the exhibition amused me so much, that I think I never laughed so heartily in my life. Surely all this could not have been taught! The monkey must be a step between man and the brute!

From Aix-la-Chapelle we proceeded over a flat and uninteresting country to Cologne. This latter must be familiar to most of my readers, as a large and populous town. It contains many objects of curiosity, all of which will be found enumerated in tour-books; but the cathedral, or Dom church,

as it is called, seems to me never to have had justice done it. Had this building been completed, I think it would have been the wonder of the world. The large and lofty dome of St. Peter's may, as a work of art, be more surprising, but I can conceive nothing so magnificent as the plan of this church. It is in the chastest and purest style of Gothic architecture,—a system acknowledged on all hands to be better adapted to convey impressions of solemnity and grandeur combined, than that of either Greece or Rome. The choir alone is finished: the remainder of the building is roofed in in a temporary manner; and of the two towers, which were to have been five hundred feet high, one only is raised one hundred feet, and the other only twenty. The crane used for lifting the stones is now standing on the higher tower. I think there ought to be a general subscription throughout Christendom for the completion of this building. I myself would willingly contribute.

As Cologne was for a long time one of the principal Roman stations on the Rhine, it contains many objects peculiarly interesting to the anti-

quary, which would well repay a leisurely examination.

The river is here crossed by a bridge of boats, a part of which is removed whenever a vessel of any size has to pass. This is, of course, attended with some expense and trouble; for there must be some men in attendance for that purpose. But as long as Europe retains its pugnacious disposition, these kinds of bridges are certainly the best for the Rhine, which may at present be considered as the boundary of antagonist principles. In case of necessity they can easily be removed and replaced; whereas the destruction of a permanent bridge, often rendered necessary in warfare, is an act always to be lamented, and frequently attended with most injurious consequences. These boat-bridges are to be found at every high road or town along the Rhine.

From Cologne we embarked in the steamer for Coblentz. What a change has steam made in the navigation of this river; and how great is the triumph of hot water over cold! Formerly the tracking of boats against the stream was so laborious a business, that no passengers, and but little

merchandise, were transmitted through that channel. The country bordering the Rhine had the ready means of export, but not of import. According to the old way of thinking, this would have been all right. But, in my opinion, the riches and prosperity of a country should be measured by its imports rather than by its exports; for if the natural advantages of a country and the ingenuity of the people be such that it can obtain an article requiring more labour than that for which it is exchanged, that country must be a gainer by the commerce. The truth of this I have no doubt will be soon apparent in the increased value of landed property along this noble river.

The steam-packets that navigate the Rhine are very convenient, and supplied with every accommodation for passengers. There is a good *table-d'hôte* on board, provided at a moderate rate. We had a good many passengers, mostly English; among others our friends with the note-books. These turned out to be a fat citizen and his wife, with three daughters and a son. Papa and mamma were good plain folks, who had evidently been wheedled, much against their inclination, into the

trip. But the misses, who, on this point, all pulled together, were an overmatch for the old people, particularly when backed by their brother, who joined in the plan for the most common, if not the best, reason in the world—that he might say he had been abroad.

In education the girls were considerably in advance of their parents; but, lacking the true fruits of knowledge—humility and self-control, they lost no opportunity of showing their superiority, even before strangers. Moreover they possessed a smattering of French and German, which gave them an advantage over the old couple; for nothing makes people look so foolish or helpless as an ignorance of the language of the country in which they may happen to be. Of what use is all the dead lore of the shovel-hatted pluralist who has left his clerical duties to make a continental excursion? Verily his little daughter, who dare not open her mouth at home, appears then a being of more consequence than he! In this respect our women are much better educated than the men; for there are few who do not understand French, and there are many who add to this

Italian and German. In the knowledge of geography and history they also, in general, come into the world better instructed than our young men on leaving school or college, though it is to be lamented that they do not afterwards keep up what they have learnt, nor study to improve themselves so much as the male sex do.

But to return to our cockney party. The girls were certainly most industrious in committing to paper every thing they saw or heard; but from the channels to which they applied for information, their note-books must have been loaded with some precious trash. I would have given something to have perused them. Though the rapidity with which the steamer moved would not admit of their taking sketches, yet I could observe, from the frequency with which the sketch-books were produced for the purpose of being retouched, that they had not been idle. As for young master, who had evidently just escaped from the counting-house, he appeared to me to think of nothing but applying slang phrases to surrounding objects. Such-a-one was an "old covey," a "top-sawyer," and so on; but not a word did he understand of

the language of the country, more than the old people.

I noticed a brace of Englishmen, consisting of the Honourable Mr. Somebody and his travelling companion—tutor, I should think, they would hardly call him. The former was a young man scarcely of age, but apparently worn out with debauchery. He wrapped himself up in sullen pride and his travelling-cloak; never opening his mouth except to put a cigar in it, or to emit the saliva it occasioned; while, to show the little value he had for money, after two or three whiffs he would chuck the weed overboard, to the surprise and regret of the German by-standers, who eyed the fragrant roll, as it floated away, with greediness and vexation. His cub-keeper was a regular *roué;* a clever fellow, who spoke French and German with fluency, and who made himself agreeable to the ladies. He managed every thing, but was the worst example that could be to a young man.

The rest of our party was made up of French and Germans. One family of the latter, on their road from Westphalia to Baden, consisted of four

brothers, two sisters, and the wife and daughter of one of the party. They were of the true Patagonian breed; and I think the eight together must have measured, in length, at least sixteen yards, and in breadth, taking the circumference of their waists, not much less. The men wore large blowze travelling-frocks, which, adding to their bulk, made them "loom very large," as the sailors say; and their mouths were always stopped either with meat or smoke—for truly the pipe is a kind of second nose to a German face. But they were very good-natured people, and the ladies were affable and conversive. Such eaters as the whole party were I never beheld. Every two hours at least their stomachs were at work. In fact, eating, which is a science in France, is a business in Germany.

Notwithstanding the number of English who frequented these steamers, it was extraordinary to perceive the ignorance of our language displayed in an inscription on the tiller-wheel. It was intended as a caution against speaking with the helmsman, and, after having been

repeated in good French and German, was thus expressed in what was meant to be English: "To infer speech with the steersmen or pilotes it is forborne."

The scenery along the banks of the river was beautiful. We passed several towns and villages; among others Bonn, a place of considerable consequence, and delightfully situated. It contains a university of some reputation, particularly for its medical school, and has many English families residing in it.

We reached Coblentz, a distance of about sixty miles, by five o'clock, so that we went about five and a half miles an hour against the stream. Coblentz is beautifully placed in the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and is an old and interesting town; but the fortress of Erenbreitzen, situated on an eminence overhanging the northern bank of the river, is of itself an object well worth the trouble of a long journey. Its works are most extensive and complicated, and it reminded me of an Indian hill-fort more than any place I have seen in Europe. The view from it of the town of Coblentz, with the

course of the two rivers, is splendid beyond description, and affords also one of the finest panoramic scenes I ever witnessed. This place belongs to the Prussian territories, and a large garrison is kept up in it.

On the night of our arrival I witnessed one of the most magnificent thunderstorms I ever beheld. Soon after midnight I was awoke by a violent clap, accompanied by a flash of lightning which filled the whole room. I got up and hastened to the window; for I always feel an indescribable pleasure in beholding a thunderstorm. My window was just opposite the fortress of Erenbreitzen, and the river flowed underneath it. The rain fell in heavy drops, and the thunder succeeded the flashes so instantaneously as to prove the proximity of the electric fluid. Now a broad sheet of fire behind the rock would display its dark frowning outline in strong relief; then the whole surface of the embattled mountain would be lit up to the brightness of day, and reflected in the river beneath; while the intervening darkness and silence increased by contrast the sublime effect. One flash of forked lightning, which fell into the

river within a few yards of where I sat, appeared to cut the fortress in twain, while the frightful crash which accompanied it seemed almost to realise the impression.

The next morning we resumed our voyage up the Rhine, and reached Mayence the same evening, though later than the previous day, on account of the increased rapidity of the stream. The river has here to cut its way through a tract of high land, which naturally contracts its banks and increases the current. The rockiness of the bottom renders the navigation more difficult, and demands much skill and attention on the part of the helmsman. This is by far the most beautiful part of the Rhine, and it fully equalled our most lively anticipations. The frequent and abrupt windings of the river; the lofty and precipitous cliffs on each side, in all varieties of feature; the numerous ancient baronial castles crowning the pinnacles of the projecting rocks; the romantic villages and towns filling the hollows of the receding hills; altogether formed a continued succession of scenes, which, while they delighted the eye, filled the mind with ideas and recollections,

the pleasure of which no effort of the imagination could enhance.

In some spots where, from the narrowness and shallowness of the river, the stream was very rapid, there was a short struggle between the vessel and the current, in which it required all the power of the steam to gain the mastery. For the moment the paddles seemed to be working away like the paws of a turnspit without making head: but at length art triumphed over nature; or rather art, availing itself of the powers of nature, overcame the naked element.

On approaching Mayence the country opened, and the bed of the river widened accordingly. The country for some distance on each side was covered with vineyards, giving growth to the best descriptions of Rhenish wine. The famous farm belonging to Prince Metternich, which produces the renowned Johanisberg, was within sight. I like the better sort of Rhenish wines much; but the inferior kinds are, to my taste, little better than small beer.

Mayence, which stands on the southern bank of the river, is a large fortified town, of great strength,

and garrisoned by a force of sixteen thousand men, composed of Austrians and Prussians in equal proportions. The place itself belongs to the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt; but at the Congress of Vienna it was arranged to be garrisoned by the aforementioned powers, as a defence against the common enemy, as the French were then considered. We landed just in time to hear the band playing the Retreat, before the house of the commandant. It was composed of numerous and first-rate performers, and to listen to the music was quite a treat. Of course these two military powers have the *élite* of their troops in a situation where they are brought into rivalship; I had therefore an opportunity of judging of their comparative appearance. The Austrians were the shorter and heavier men, and the Prussians the smarter-looking and more active. Both were well dressed and appointed. I am told that nothing could exceed the interior economy of an Austrian regiment, and that the greatest care was taken of the health of the men. But still they had a servile appearance; which impression the cane, forming a part of the side-arms of the non-commissioned

officers, did not serve to dispel. I did not stop long enough to see the troops manœuvre. The only particular remark I made was their different modes of stepping. The Austrian step is very long, and the foot is planted at the extent to which it is thrown forward. The Prussian moves with a straight knee, throws the foot forward, and brings it partly back with a jerk. The French step, again, is quite different from either: the pace is short, the knee bent, and the foot is planted with a stamp. But, of all, I think the English is the most sensible, being the natural step of man, and one by which the most ground is gone over with the least fatigue.

The cathedral of Mayence is a very ancient building, containing a great number of magnificent monuments. It was for many years used as an arsenal by the French after the Revolution, and of course during that time suffered much dilapidation and defacement.

In the river there is a long row of corn-mills turned by the stream alone. They were the first I had ever seen of the kind. The power could

not be very great; but they made up in number for what they wanted in individual effect.

At five in the morning we started again in the steamer. The country was now flat, and the banks of the river high, so that we could not see much. We passed by the towns of Worms, Manheim, and Spiers, the first and last on the southern bank of the river, and famous in history, but of late much fallen off. They owed their prosperity to ecclesiastical dominion, and have gradually declined since the Reformation. These old large and heavy cathedrals brought to mind scenes interesting and familiar to Protestant readers.

At Manheim, where the steamer stopped an hour or two, we landed. It is a small but pretty town, regularly built, and containing a palace belonging to the Grand Duke of Baden, the gardens of which are laid out in the English style.

We stopped for the night at a place called Germersheim, to which we had to walk a mile from the river; and where, to repay us for our trouble, we were treated with miserable fare and damp sheets, which compelled us to lie down with our clothes on. Then, as the steamer started very

early the next morning, we had to be up at half-past three in order to get down in time. This was the only disagreeable part of the whole voyage up the Rhine. There was, however, one constant source of annoyance in traversing so many different states—the change of coins, which rendered a calculation necessary every time you put your hand in your purse. I ought also to mention, among the minor miseries, the incessant plague about passports, which had to be overhauled at every place you stopped. How delightfully free must a foreigner feel in England! He has only to report himself at the Alien-Office, and he may roam from one end of the kingdom to the other without a question being asked him—that is, if he have the wherewithal. But unfortunately the high prices in England prevent foreigners from frequenting our shores, while the same cause drives so many English abroad.

At Mayence we took in a sulky, ill-tempered fellow, who, I am concerned to say, was a countryman of mine. He spoke no German, and but a few words of French; and, lacking the oil of good humour, he seemed to be in a constant friction

with every one, and every thing around him. He appeared to think that all the world was in a conspiracy to cheat him; and he never paid a sous without appealing to some by-stander as to the justice of the charge. What the deuce he travelled for I can't think; for every thing he encountered was an annoyance. When he entered an inn, he thought it necessary to make a bargain for every thing; so, while he was employed in haggling with the *bourgeoise*, all the beds were engaged, and he was forced to go elsewhere in search of accommodation. I am sorry to say that this is too often the case with the English; and accordingly we have by no means so good a name as travellers on the Continent, as we flatter ourselves that we possess. Of course if a man shows himself to be an ass, he must expect to be treated as such; and innkeepers in all countries, except America, are ready enough to humour a man's folly in spending. But if an Englishman will only be content "to do as they do at Rome," and not insist on exclusive accommodation, there is no fear of his being imposed upon in any very material degree. If he puts people out of their way, he must expect to pay for it.

On the fourth day from leaving Cologne, we reached the limit of the steam navigation, and landed near a village called Shrock. It was in contemplation to continue the communication by smaller boats to Strasburgh; and I suppose before this, that desirable object has been effected.

The direct distance to Baden from this spot was about thirty miles; but, as we wished to see Carlshrue, distant about nine miles, we preferred going by that route. I had heard a good deal in favour of this town, but was disappointed in it. The palace of the Grand Duke of Baden is large, and has a tower on it, from which you have a bird's-eye view of the town and adjoining country. The gardens are laid out in the English style, and are very agreeable. The town is regularly planned, the streets diverging from the palace in the shape of a fan; but it has a cheerless appearance, wanting life and animation. The reflection of the white plastered houses, and the width of the streets, which afforded but little shade, rendered the place insufferably hot for the few hours we were there.

The parliament of Baden was sitting at this

time, and we had no difficulty in obtaining admission into the house. They were in the midst of rather a stormy debate on the freedom of the press; but as I could not understand a word of what was said, I did not remain long to witness it. The constitution of the principality, and of that of a few others, imperfect as they are, must be looked upon with suspicion by surrounding despots, and with envy by their subjects. This inoculation of liberal principles in the heart of Germany must and will spread to the full triumph of liberty. Education is already preparing the soil for its reception; and in the increased liberalism of the rising generation, we may trace the germs of future independence. It is worthy of remark, that the professors in most of the universities in Germany are men of liberal opinions; and we have all heard how the students are infected with a restless impatience of old despotic institutions. How different from the seats of learning in our own *free* country! There, bigotry and intolerance still retain the mastery; and the more so in proportion as monkish lore prevails over modern science.

At Carlshrue, we hired a calash to take us to Baden, and I started with one of my brothers and three of our Westphalian friends aforementioned. We soon found that our coachman was quite drunk; and before we had proceeded a few miles, he and one of the Germans, who sat on the dicky, began quarrelling, and had a regular set-to. To separate them, I took the place of the latter, and was soon compelled to take the reins also—for Jehu got so bad, that he could hardly keep his seat. I had a laborious job to drive the lazy brutes of horses, and to keep their master from pitching on his head. We passed through Rastadt, another palace of the Grand Duke's, with a small dreary-looking town appended to it: from thence to Baden the drive was delightful, particularly as we approached the hills.

We were much amused with seeing the peasants ploughing in the fields with cocked-hats on. They reminded me of the prints in the old spelling-books in use when I was a boy. The villages and hamlets we passed through had an air of substantial comfort about them, superior to what we see in England. The habitations were in

general large, and constructed somewhat in the Swiss style, representations of which are to be seen on all our drawing-room tables. But I understood that two or three families of the poorer class generally inhabited one house.

CHAPTER XX.

Approach to Baden-baden—Appearance of forest—Extraordinary scenery—Black pine—Attractions of Baden—*Passe-temps*—Table d'hôte—Baths—Family congress—Voyage down the Rhine—Companions—Nymegen—Passport—Rotterdam—Cathedral—Women—London steamer—Fellow-passengers—Dr. Cox—Sensitiveness of Americans—Land at the Custom-house—Reach home.

THE approach to Baden was beautiful; and to me the appearance of the country was quite novel. The hills were covered to their very summits with that dark hearse-plume fir, which gives to the forest, of which this is one termination, the name of *black*. This was here and there contrasted with the light tinted foliage of a deciduous tree, or by stripes of bright green sward creeping up the sides of the hills, which heightened the effect, and gave variety to the scene.

The town itself is romantically situated in the middle of these hills, with a small river flowing through it, and various narrow vallies branching off in different directions from it. The palace, an old clumsy building, looking like a Spanish convent, stands on an eminence connected with the town. Fronting it on the opposite side of the river is a large building, containing the Grand Salon, Assembly Rooms, library, &c. with a terrace in front, where the company promenade, and from which they have a magnificent view of the town and palace in the foreground, and of the hills, surmounted by the ruined ducal castle in the back. The town is built of a kind of reddish stone, which, together with the dingy red of the tiled roofs, harmonizes well with the surrounding scenery.

Baden is indeed the most enjoyable place I ever was at. The walks and views are endless, and every day brings you acquainted with some fresh beauty. The Grand Duke has taken the greatest pains to make it attractive, by affording every accommodation to visitors, and to the lovers

of nature. Not only are the grounds in the neighbourhood of the Grand Salon laid out with taste, and well kept up, but walks are cut for miles in every direction where fresh views are to be obtained. These are maintained in good order, and provided with seats at convenient distances.

The castle on the hill, which I have already alluded to, is an object of much interest; and from its ancient turrets, there are the most splendid views imaginable, either in the closer beauties of the valley beneath, or over the distant country through which the Rhine may be seen winding its way.

Vegetation is here on a much larger scale than in England. The timber is of a span of which we have no idea. Twenty feet is the common circumference of a sound oak, and the firs are large in proportion; but whether the timber is as good as it is large, I cannot say.

With respect to its artificial attractions, I cannot say much for Baden. It has the usual pastime of a German watering-place—a public gaming-table, where *rouge et noir* and *roulette* are going on from

morning till night in the *Grand Salon*. The old elector of Hesse Cassel, who had abdicated some time before in favour of his son, was a constant attendant, and played high. He might have exchanged the cares of government for a better occupation. He was a most unsightly-looking animal, between a man and a baboon.

Mrs. Trollope expatiates rather largely on these gaming-tables, and draws a highly-coloured picture of the horrors she witnessed there. I would not be thought to defend the practice in the slightest degree, and I never witness it without disgust; but still I must say, so far as my observation went, that if her account of things in general is to be measured by the closeness of her description in this instance, the Americans may justly claim that a large discount be made in their favour on her sketches of manners in the Western Hemisphere. But I would willingly attribute the vivid tints of her pencil, here alluded to, rather to a generous hatred of a baneful vice, than to an habitual attempt to produce effect.

The most common mode of living is at the hotels, where there are regular *table-d'hôtes*, at one

o'clock for the Germans, and at four for the French and English. These are well served, but, from the numbers attending, by no means agreeable; nor are they very reasonable. One never-failing dish was the *chevreuil*, a small kind of deer found in the neighbouring forest. It is tender, and has a game flavour; but has no more fat on it than a hare.

We lodged at first at the Badesherhoff, the principal hotel; but we afterwards preferred taking a house to ourselves, and getting our dinners from a *traiteur*—a plan which, as we were a large family, we found pleasanter and cheaper.

The baths are numerous, the charges very reasonable, and the water of a pleasant heat. The place is much resorted to by the French, it not being above thirty miles from Strasburgh.

There was a Protestant church, which did double duty—first for the German Lutherans, and afterwards for the British, so that high Dutch and English alternately resounded from the pulpit.

Had Baden been a wilderness, I must, in the

circumstances under which I visited it, have passed a pleasant time. The whole fraternity, which had not met for many years, was here assembled; and it was at once a pride and a rare circumstance to a mother to see around her table her six olive-branches, all now well-seasoned trees, varying in age from thirty to fifty, and most of which had endured many a storm by sea and land. Best and dearest of mothers! It was her parting prayer that we should all join her and the long-lost, but still cherished, partner of her heart, in those realms "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."

About the end of July I quitted Baden to return home. Being anxious to get to the end of my journey by the quickest route, I joined the steamer at Shrock. The only difference between the ascending and descending the river was, that in the latter, from the help afforded by the stream, we accomplished in one day what before took us two. The first night, therefore, we slept at Mayence; and the second day brought us to Cologne.

We had a pleasant party on board; among

others, two Englishmen—brothers, who had been making a pedestrian tour through France, Italy, and Switzerland: one was a captain in the East India Company's service, and the other a lieutenant in the navy. They had no baggage but what they carried in their pockets, and that was little. This was a striking contrast to the habits of the Bengalee, who had been accustomed to his palanquin, elephants, and abundance of servants. But they were both hardy fellows, and very pleasant entertaining companions.

At Cologne we embarked in a fresh steamer to continue our course down the Rhine. We slept the first night at Nymegen, a very pretty fortified town, pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Whal, a branch connecting the Rhine with the Maese. This was the first Dutch town we touched at. A serjeant received our passport, as we landed. As soon as he looked at mine, which was headed in the name of his Belgian Majesty, his Dutch pride took fire, and he exclaimed, *Quel diable de passport!* and without further ceremony walked me off to the house of the

commandant. Here I had to undergo a questioning from the *chef* of the *état-major*, and to hear sundry very unpolite remarks on the said passpor and king Leopold himself; all which, however, I took with great coolness, saying, "that if they did not like the passport, I would thank them to give me another." My sang-froid produced the desired effect; and, after some further parley, I was dismissed with the promise that another should be sent me, which was done.

Early on the fourth day from Baden I reached Rotterdam. From Nymegen the sail was more interesting than beautiful. The scene was altogether Dutch. The dykes, which prevented the river from overflowing the low country, was quite novel to those who had never been in Holland; and the pretty neat towns and villages, with their party-coloured houses, which we passed, had a cheerful and pleasing appearance.

The approach to Rotterdam was singular. From the deck of the vessel you seemed to look down into the town, and the ordinary positions of earth and water appeared to be reversed. Rotterdam

itself is a fine town, having all the symptoms of extensive commerce. The main quays were lined with large vessels, and the streets, which were intersected with canals, were full of smaller craft. One thing, however, took away much from the appearance of the town; there was scarcely a house which stood perpendicular, the greater part being more or less inclined inwards towards the street.

We entered the Cathedral, a heavy-looking building; and which, from the nature of the foundation on which it stood, was obliged to be kept together by bars and clamps innumerable, connecting the walls and pillars. Our chief object in visiting it was to hear the organ, which, in size and power, is second only to that of Haerlem. But before we could hear its tones, we were forced to undergo a sermon of at least an hour long, in a language which I did not understand. Although the organ was of immense size, with pipes innumerable and highly ornamented, I was disappointed in the effect of it.

The women of Rotterdam are very handsome, and in features and figure much resemble the

English. The ladies of easy virtue were in great numbers, and excessively bold. The square surrounding the Cathedral was full of them: it would seem as if Satan had taken post at the threshold of the house of God, on purpose to decoy poor sinners. This is a fact, certainly on the first view by no means creditable to a Protestant town, and particularly to one which follows the doctrine of the German Reformer—a doctrine which, its professors maintain, necessarily leads to superior sanctity of demeanour. But this seeming anomaly I have endeavoured to account for in another part of this work.

If a man wishes to see a great deal in a short time, with little fatigue, and at a small expence, I know nothing like a trip up the Rhine. Two months will suffice to see every thing of note, and for a short tour in the northern part of Switzerland. He may take nearly the route that I did, dwelling longer at each place, and occasionally diverging to any town or object worth seeing. A delay of three weeks with one of my brothers, who was taken ill at Brussels, prevented me from pursuing this plan, and obliged me to hurry

on quicker than I could have wished. From one place to another on the Rhine, the fares in the steamer are distinct, so that you may halt as long as you like at each station, without adding to the expence, as far as the mere travelling goes. On returning, a few days may be well spent in visiting Amsterdam, the Hague, Bergen-ap-Zoom, &c.

The following morning after arriving at Rotterdam, I left it in the steamer for London. As the state of the tide would not admit of our passing the bar, we had to proceed through the canal to Helvoetsluitz, which occasioned us some delay. The sea was rather rough at first; but, the wind being to the westward, on approaching the English coast the water became smoother.

We had a pleasant party on board; among others, a Doctor Cox, from the United States—a divine, I believe, well known in his own country, and deputed by the Bible Society of America to confer with that of England. He was a very clever, well-informed man, with a good deal of originality in his ideas and phraseology: but he had one fault—he was a perfect argumentative porcupine, and was everlastingly introducing his

own country, and drawing comparisons in its favour. Whatever was done, or talked of, was done differently, and better in the Union. He was moreover very pedantic; and, in an argument which he had with a lady on some controversial point in Theology, he was constantly lugging out his Greek Testament for a quotation, and would proceed to expound the doctrine to her from the original text. Certainly he must have been well found in jawing gear; for I never met such an incessant talker. Had he given out, in a voyage up the Mississippi, at the same rate he did on board of our steamer, he ought to have had a dozen or two of spare tongues to slip in like the steel pens, and the lungs of a pair of water-bellows.

This insatiable desire of display, and this constant intrusion of their own country, is the main fault of our transatlantic brethren. But it is the natural failing of a young country, sensitive of the opinion of others, and proud, as she justly may be, of being free from the rust of ages, and unencumbered by prescriptive abuses.

Before he had been an hour on board, Dr. Cox

had thrown down the gauntlet to half a dozen disputants; and such a glutton was he in argument, that, ere the voyage was over, there was scarcely a passenger in the ship with whom he had not had a round or more; so that at last they were compelled, in their own defence, though against the rules of politeness, to make common cause against him. I alone, partly from inclination, and partly from humanity, took his part, for which I received a friendly shake of the hand at parting, and a wish to see me in the United States, that I might have my favourable opinion of his country fully confirmed.

Among the passengers was that famous but very ephemeral quack, Mr. St. John Long, who, poor man! seemed in a fair way to follow his patients to that "bourn from whence no traveller returns."

We had several foreigners on board, who were much pleased with the scenery on each side of the Thames, and not a little surprised at the numerous vessels of all descriptions ascending and descending the river, as well as

at the forests of masts which filled the Docks, on approaching the Queen of Commerce.

We landed in time to enable me to clear the Custom-house, and to take my place in the mail for home, where I arrived on the sixth day after leaving Baden.

CHAPTER XXI.

Papa's return.

WHAT father of a family has not felt at times a breathless anxiety on approaching the threshold of his home—a kind of foreboding of dismal news? What phantoms does he not conjure up for his torment at these the sweetest moments of his life? His beloved partner may have been taken ill, or some accident may have befallen the children. With what a quick but trembling hand does he raise the knocker, and with what a palpitating heart, but eager voice, does he exclaim—"John, is all well?" But this question has scarcely passed his lips, ere his neck is encompassed by the arms of his faithful spouse, whose glistening eyes at once gladden his heart, and dissipate all his fears.

Does his doting wife dwell long on the warm embrace?—does she monopolize his transports?—No! She turns, almost as eagerly as the father himself, to the pledges of their love, who now, strange to say, instead of flying to the arms of their parent, stand backing each other up in the hall, with a half-shy look, so remote from those eager anticipations of his return with which they had listened for the sound of the carriage-wheels. But the sight of a father's outstretched arms soon brings them to their senses, and they rush forward for the first kiss. The baby, too, taken by surprise, hides its face in the nurse's bosom; till, encouraged by the half-remembered voice, it slowly turns its head, gradually stretches forth its little arms, and puts the finish to Papa's welcome. No! there I was wrong; for now, roused from his nap on the rug by the unusual bustle, Old Ranger comes forth from the parlour with an inquiring bark, makes up to the stranger, gives one smell at his feet, and jumping up salutes his master with a truly canine gratulation.

The domestics now present themselves, and are received with a friendly greeting.

The cheerful meal being over, we will now seat the party by the drawing-room fire. There sits the father close by his dear spouse, with one of his hands clasped in both of hers. The dear Polly, growing prototype of Mamma, has resumed her accustomed roost on his knee, and, looking up in his face, speaks mutely through her long dark eye-lashes—for there lies her eloquence; while Ellen, merry prattler, standing by his side, puts questions to him which it would require a dozen tongues to answer.

But not a word is said of the presents which, doubtless, Papa brings home; although they must have occupied the minds of the young ones so much of late. All thoughts are absorbed in the joy of his return, except with the boy—for candour obliges me to confess that I suspect the urchin, who now stands eyeing Papa with a wistful look, had gone forth during dinner to superintend the unpacking of the carriage, in order that all might be ready for the unlocking of the portmanteau.

After a little time the children draw off to a corner of the room, leaving the elder couple to

enjoy their affectionate colloquy. There the young rogues stand whispering and giggling, and casting sly glances at Papa, while an occasional "Don't tell!" shows that there is a secret not to be divulged—some long-prepared surprise to be played off on the morrow.

Presently Papa leaves the room, and shortly returns laden with the long-expected presents, which, now spread on the table, excite the admiration and thanks of the young ones. What a clapping of hands! what jumping and screaming with delight!

The night now waxes late, and the hour of rest is long passed. How carefully are the cherished presents laid by!—Alas! not long to be so cared for—and how reluctantly do the brats crawl off to bed, to pass half the night in sleepless excitation, and the remainder in a confused continuation of their waking thoughts! But where is the baby's present? That is a pleasure reserved for the morrow; and if you will go into the nursery at night, you will see the toy fast locked in the arms of the sleeping darling.

But amidst all these tokens of affection is the

dear wife forgotten? Though she, sweet soul! is content that her beloved husband has fulfilled those wishes so pathetically expressed in the words of the poor disconsolate Penelope, "*Attamen ipse veni!*" Forbid it, Hymen! No sooner is the door closed on the children, than, drawing from his pocket a casket, the fond husband throws over her glowing neck the tasteful ornament, and smothers her thanks in a thousand kisses.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Rat-catcher.

THE greater part of this work had gone to the press, when happening to meet my old friend Bob Flint, the Rat-catcher, it immediately occurred to me that I had done both him and the reader an injustice in not having described him among the distinguished characters of our neighbourhood.

Bob had been a soldier in his best days, and had gone through the greater part of the Peninsular war in the Rifle Brigade. He is now a tall, weather-beaten, upright veteran, about fifty years old, with not only the remains of manly beauty in his countenance, but some small addition to the same in the shape of a nose, larger and more rubicund than it was wont to be in those days

when the sight of his handsome face and figure was enough to "make the girl leave her sarvice." Notwithstanding the proximity of this fiery protuberance, the hoar-frost of approaching winter now hangs on his upper region. Still his step is firm, and his form muscular and well-proportioned. To a frame of iron, he adds an inside of some equally tough material; for though drunk, on an average, two days a week, the liquid fire appears to make no other impression on him than what is indicated by the alternate hues of his *gin-meter* above-mentioned. He will rise from a three days' bout in an alehouse with a head free from pain, and a hand as steady as ever—I have said a hand; and this reminds me that he has but one, the other having been amputated in consequence of a wound received at the battle of Toulouse, which finished the war and his military career at the same time.

It was almost an impossibility that, after having so long led the life of a rifleman on service, he could settle down into regular habits of industry. But his nature would not admit of his being idle; so finding an old worn-out rat-catcher, who was

willing to dispose of the good-will of the concern, he set up in a line which afforded him occupation in a way suited to his disposition, and a good addition to his pension.

Though Bob, as I said before, is drunk two days out of the seven, he is not an habitual sot, but a systematic toper. There are times when, for weeks together, he will not taste a drop of liquid stronger than water. On these occasions, which generally occur in the ratting season, he will bind himself by a vow to abstain from the tempting fluid, (this is what the old soldiers call *kegging* themselves); and nothing can then induce him to break faith with himself.

Though almost constantly roving about the country in his occupation, he has his head-quarters in a hut (for it cannot be called a cottage) on the borders of the forest, where, if fame speaks true, when business is slack, he occasionally makes use of a short gun which hangs over the fire-place, with as sure an aim, if not as legitimate a right, as he was wont to bring down the enemies of his country. This hut—the approach to which is rendered repugnant to persons

of delicate olfactories by the presence of a quarter of horse-flesh hung up near the door—consists of only one room, serving to him all the purposes of the most splendid mansion; for Bob's *bivouacking* habits have rendered him very indifferent as to the nature of the structure which stands between him and the canopy of heaven. A small camp-kettle, a gridiron, a few cracked plates, and a jug, with a small chest, compose the whole furniture of this apartment. It has not even a table, a chair, or a bedstead. A heap of fern in the corner, with a couple of blankets, serve as his couch, and this is equally shared by his dogs. Bob has no one of his own species, male or female, to partake in the comforts of such a home. But, indeed, he seems to have no relish for society. Though he will exchange a civil word with a neighbour in passing, he seldom associates with the rustics. He had quitted the country when young: most of his relations had died or left the neighbourhood: he had since kept company with heroes, and has now few feelings in common with the vulgar herd. Though fond of a drop, he is no boon-companion; but takes his mug and his pipe quietly by himself in

the corner of the tap-room, enjoying the reminiscences of past glory.

Though wanting his left hand, he seems to get on as well as other people do with two. Being cut off only a little way above the wrist, he is enabled, through the means of sundry hooks, forks, and other comically-shaped tools, which screw into the covering of the stump, to turn the disabled arm to account in a variety of ways.

His dogs, of which he has a large pack, are his only companions. These are each worthy of a chapter to themselves; but as I am not writing an epic, I shall endeavour to condense their description into the compass of a page or two.

First, there is Billy,—a large brown English terrier, of a good temper, but of a determined aspect and approved courage. He is nearly related to the celebrated rat-destroyer of the same name; but whether he owes his cognomen to his consanguinity or to his master's loyalty, I could never positively ascertain. The remainder of the crew—which is, it must be confessed, a motley one—with the exception of one, which is a female, are called

after various military chiefs under whom Bob had served, or whose names were familiar to his ears. There is Wellington,—a bull terrier, with a black muzzle, an upper-lip looped up so as to display a formidable row of teeth, and a nose the very opposite in shape to that of the Great Captain after whom he is named. Then comes Bony, a mongrel cur of ferocious temperament, and withal so lean and spare-ribbed, that it is a question whether he owes his name to the great Napoleon, or whether it has been given him as characteristic of the state of his anatomy. These two latter dogs regard each other with about the same kind of feeling that two school-boys do who are "not afraid of each other;" which means that they live in mutual awe, from the knowledge that the slightest difference between them would lead to a boxing-match. The fourth is Blucher—or *Blue-cur*, as it might be supposed from the colour of his skin—a Scotch terrier, with wiry hair and long grey mustachios, not unlike those of his name-sake, whom he strongly resembles, not only in character, but in an inveterate hatred to Bony, with whom, though no match for him in strength, he takes

every opportunity of quarrelling. Fifth on the list is Picton, a fiery little terrier, who is for poking his nose into every hole, and is never satisfied unless he has the first rat. Between him and Wellington no very cordial feeling appears to exist. Now some persons may suppose that this extraordinary coincidence in the animosity existing between Bony and Blucher, as well as between Wellington and Picton, is a sheer invention of my own for the sake of effect. But I scorn the imputation; it is unworthy the dignity of my subject: I have the facts on the authority of Bob. That he might have provoked the mutual feud for the humour of the thing, is not at all improbable, for he has a good deal of dry fun about him, and is, as most soldiers are, well acquainted with the characters of his commanders. Nor is the old and gallant chief of the Light Division forgotten. Bob's own pet is called after him. Crawford, or Crawfy, as he familiarly calls him, is a regular rifleman, a dead hand at stealing a bone, and one who knows as well how to look after his own in a skirmish as the Brunswicker, who, having shot a French Voltigeur "for his own shelf," was nearly

blowing the brains out of a comrade who wanted to go snacks in the plunder of the body. Though last, not least, among the male curs comes Hill, a quiet smooth-faced dog of the bull breed, by no means quarrelsome, but a devil at vermin when his blood is up. Among the whole pack there is, as I said before, only one female; and as Bob's reading or information did not extend to a knowledge of the heroines of antiquity, he was content to call her Beauty, which appellation, if given *par excellence*, must have been on the principle of "handsome is that handsome does," for a more frightful-looking vixen can hardly be conceived. She has the head of a Dutch pug on the body of a turnspit, with a pair of fore-paws turned out like the claws of an old-fashioned sideboard. The faces of these curs are all, more or less, disfigured by recent scars, incurred in honourable warfare with the vermin tribe. Though almost as mixed a crew as the army with which the Duke of Wellington achieved his victories in Spain, they are kept in admirable order by the master-spirit of Bob, who has not been a soldier so long without learning something of discipline.

It is a fine sight to view him marching down

the middle of the street (for he scorns a *trottoir*), followed by his pack, moving in compact order like a company of soldiers, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and treating with silent contempt the gibes and snarls of the town curs. He himself, in his rat-catching regimentals, with his badge of office—a broad belt, on which are painted rats in various shapes and attitudes,—a ferret-box slung over his shoulder, and a short pipe in his mouth, is a subject worthy of the pencil of a Wilkie; but the whole group together would make a fine picture.

Bob is not remarkable for the elegance of his habiliments in general; but on quarter-day, when he comes to Town to make his affidavit for his pension, he sinks the rat-catcher, and appears *en grand tenue*, with a stiff military stock, a blue coat and yellow buttons, white waistcoat, duck trowsers (in winter as well as summer), and well-polished lace-boots. On these occasions he will salute his superiors in the true military style; and in the evening, if he fall in with an old campaigner, he will treat him to a night's jollification at the sign of the Wellington.

But, to see Bob to advantage, you must attend

a rat-hunt. Then all his military ardour seems to revive, and he sets about his business on the true principles of the military art. He reconnoitres the premises, posts his pickets of dogs, invests the fortress with a cordon of farming boys, and sets his ferrets to work in a style which might be a lesson to some who hold a higher rank than himself. One thing, however, might be observed in his generalship—(and, I think, the same complaint was made against the Duke of Marlborough)—he never pursues the system of extermination to such a length as not to leave a sufficiency of vermin to keep up the breed; for he has no notion of being compelled to do away with "Othello's occupation." Thus, if a female rat full of young be killed, he will express his pity in the words "poor thing!"—a sentiment which, if sincere, is certainly not at all in harmony with his profession.

After my arrival in the country, I was not long in making acquaintance with Bob Flint; and we would often, as he was taking his glass in my kitchen, talk over our campaigns, for I found out that we had both been in the same brigade of the

Light Division. As we were one day discussing some of our *affaires* in the Pyrennees,—"Bob," said I, "how nicely we worried them off the heights of Vera, did we not?" To my surprise, Bob's countenance became suddenly overcast. "What's the matter with you?" said I. "Oh, Sir, that's a business I can never think of without pain." He then continued nearly in the following words:—"You know, Sir, that the whole *affaire* was more of a skirmishing business than a regular fight. Well, Sir, when we had worked about half-way up the hill, I noticed in front of me a French Voltigeur, who was extremely active; and as we always pick out the bravest fellow as a mark (Bob was right, it is on the principle of self-defence), and as he did not take any pains to shelter himself, I succeeded in bringing him down. I ran up, of course, as usual, to secure the plunder of my prize. As I approached, I observed him, though in the agonies of death, thrust his hand into his breast, and pull out something which he repeatedly kissed; then casting at me a look, not of reproach, but of defiance, he fell dead on

his back. He was quite a youth, not above eighteen, with light hair, and a fair handsome face. His hand still rested on his lips, and contained a small silk packet like a pincushion. I was curious to know what could be the treasure which he so much prized; but I had some difficulty in extricating it, the fingers were clenched so tightly. Detaching it from the riband by which it hung round his neck, I tore the packet open, and discovered what you shall see:" and forthwith he produced from his pocket a case containing his discharge and pension-certificate, from which he extracted the little packet in question. In a silk envelope was a small piece of paper, to which was attached two locks of hair, the one very fair, and the other black, twined together in a lover's knot. Above this was written in a female hand—

"Gage de tendresse;"

and below were the signatures, "Agnes Dupont" and "Alphonse Le Maître."

To this affecting testimonial of love—to the narrative of this melancholy catastrophe of two young hearts torn rudely asunder by the ruth-

less hand of man—who could withhold the tribute of a tear? "This is a cruel trade of ours, Bob!" I said, as I handed him back the precious relic. "Yes, indeed, Sir," added he; "I used to be a hard-hearted fellow, I own; but after this, though I trust I did my duty as a soldier, I was half-spoiled as a rifleman, for I never could put my finger to the trigger without thinking of the fair-headed lad and his black-haired sweetheart."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Yeomanry field-day.

At the time of the incendiary riots, when a general discontent, if not disaffection, was spreading among the agricultural labourers, and evincing itself in a way which none but wretches besotted by ignorance and degradation could ever have thought of, the Yeomanry force, the greater part of which had been suppressed a few years before, again sprung up. The crisis was certainly an alarming one, and threatened the most serious consequences. But the land-holders, who were the greatest sufferers, had only themselves to thank. The poor had been most unmercifully ground down by the farmers, who, wanting either ability or willingness to employ them, had reduced

wages to such a degree, that a labouring man could not support a family by his own honest industry—a state of things which never can long exist in any country without involving it in ruin; for whether the lower classes be driven to pauperism or crime, the consequences to society are equally fatal. Without attempting to justify the insane acts of the victims of a vicious system, it must be admitted that since that period wages have, in most places, risen to a level fairly proportioned to the price of the necessaries of life, and the poor-rates have diminished in a like ratio.

It is a melancholy truth, that of late days nothing is to be obtained from justice, but every thing from agitation. Thus the people are taught their power; and if they do not turn it to a bad purpose, the credit will not rest with the higher classes, whose object it has been, generally speaking, to keep them in ignorance. Whatever has been done to humanize them has been through the instrumentality of the middle classes, upon whose influence in the state must also depend the preservation of order, till the mass of the people are

sufficiently educated to be able to judge for themselves. But to return to my subject—the Yeomanry of England.

This was a force which the Tories gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of renewing, for it is almost wholly in their interests, and at their disposal. This, at a time when Reform was hastening on with rapid strides, was of great consequence. It raised a body of armed men, which, in conjunction with the regular army, might be the means of keeping down the Political Unions forming in the manufacturing districts. But in this respect it proved of no avail; the national spirit was up, and it was in vain to try to put it down.

Among others, a troop of Yeomanry Cavalry was formed in our neighbourhood. This consisted of a medley of farmers, half-pay officers—*naval* as well as military—and tradesmen, many of whom had never bestrode a horse in their lives, and who depended on chance for the means of mounting themselves. Having been one of the corps myself, I may be fairly allowed to criticise it; and I must say that a more contemptible description of troops (if troops they can be called) cannot be

well imagined. They are calculated to *frighten* a mob, and nothing more. A few resolute fellows, with pitchforks in their hands, and handkerchiefs tied at the end of them, would suffice to defeat a whole troop. They would only have to shake their ragged flags in the faces of the horses to set them all to the right-about; but if a few squibs and crackers were thrown amongst them the confusion would be irreparable, and in many instances the separation of man and beast effectually accomplished. Only conceive the time and trouble required to make a dragoon and his horse, when both are of an age to bear the requisite discipline, and then imagine the possibility of rendering efficient, for any purposes of warfare, such men and such cattle as our Yeomanry are composed of, with the means and time afforded. I don't dispute the bravery of the men—they are Englishmen; but what is bravery without discipline? and, even allowing the men to be efficient, of what use could they be on inefficient horses? I say, then, with Yeomanry the horses should only be considered as the means of quick transport, in which capacity they may be of great use. In action they should be

altogether out of the question (unless the mob think proper to be frightened, and to run away at the sight of them), for the object is not to pursue a mob, but to break and disperse it. The men, therefore, should be armed with carbines, and drilled as infantry,—a comparatively easy task; and when required to act, they should dismount (a few remaining to hold the horses), and not subject themselves to be defeated in the manner above described.

Our corps being then enrolled, and a code of by-laws formed by the troop itself to serve as a substitute for the articles of war, a serjeant of some dragoon regiment was procured to drill us; and a pretty job he had of it. The man was well paid and liberally treated, and was moreover of a good temper; or I think it would have been impossible for him to have endured the service. Every trooper must be addressed as a gentleman —"Mr. So-and-so, have the goodness to do this or that;" and the least impatience on the part of the instructor would be met by some rude reply. Then there were the officers to be taught as well as the men.

When mustered on parade, to be sure, we were a handsome squad! We were of all sizes and shapes, from the jolly publican with his red nose and pot belly, down to the mincing haberdasher with his pale face and thread-paper frame; and, in like manner, our quadrupeds varied from the clumsy cart-horse to the forest pony. Our equipments were the best part of the concern; the uniform was showy, and this, particularly in the eyes of the ladies, covered a multitude of sins.

Now, suppose us to be drilled to the highest state of efficiency that could possibly be effected, in a period of two months, at the rate of two days' exercise per week. A field-day is then appointed, at which, in conjunction with some other yeomanry troops in the county, we are to be inspected by the General commanding a neighbouring district.

At an early hour the bugle sounds through the streets, and shortly afterwards chargers of various sizes are to be seen standing at the doors of several houses. An old hunting-song says—

"Did you see us, you'd say that we mounted with grace;"

and this line, reader, I am sure you would have readily applied to us, had you only seen how we *got on*. But I will not fatigue you with a long description: one specimen will serve for all. View then Boniface (he is one of our serjeants) issuing forth from the sign of the Red Lion; near the door stands a group of idle urchins, with looks compounded of awe and ridicule, and at least as much disposed to quiz as to admire the hero of the tap-room. "Only see," says one, "he 's got some silver stripes on his arm." But a proud look from the serjeant, with a nod of his horse-hair plume, silences their remarks. But what is the charger about? Is he pawing the ground, proud of his military trappings, and impatient to join in "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war?" No, I cannot take upon myself to say that he is. If poor Rosinante displays any impatience, it consists in a nervous trepidation of the limbs at the thought of the weight he is about to carry, increased as it is by the addition of pistols, sword, cloak, valise, &c. Now Boniface, gathering up the reins in his left hand, applies his left foot to the stirrup, and then, intending to do the thing

in style, he brings up his right leg with a sweep more than usually brisk, and quite sufficient to plant him in a common saddle; but oblivious of the unusual projection in the shape of a valise, the knee of the horseman encounters an obstacle, which, on the principle of action and re-action, sends him back with such force as to lay him sprawling in the mud. Poor Boniface is sadly disconcerted, particularly as the accident has elicited the laughter of the by-standers. But having, with the assistance of his Missus, who stands at the door, wiped the dirt off his clothes, he again essays to mount; but on this occasion, determined to clear the valise, he gives his leg and body such a swing as would infallibly have pitched him on his nose, if the Squire, who is holding the horse and off-stirrup, had not intercepted him. His cap, however, which partook of the velocity of the falling body, tumbles into the gutter; and the gay plume is all besmeared with filth, which it takes his wife some little time to remove. The perpendicular being restored, another difficulty is to be overcome: the holsters and cloak have taken possession of the post

usually allotted to his belly. What is to be done? The straps must be loosened to admit the corporation, and now the aforesaid appendages hang over the horse's neck in the most ridiculous manner. But there is no help for it: there they must remain dangling backwards and forwards to the great annoyance of the said belly. Off we go at length; but before the serjeant gets a few yards from his door, Rosinante, who is not yet reconciled to the sword and sabre-dash, begins to show symptoms of disapprobation; for fear of the consequences of which Boniface is compelled to ride along holding at arm's length the obnoxious weapon and its accompaniments—a pretty picture truly!

Now we will suppose our troop assembled on the reviewing-ground, along with five others, all ready marshalled for the reception of the General, with a crowd of spectators of all classes, and equipages of all kinds. The great man is seen approaching at a canter, accompanied by an aide-de-camp and his brigade-major. The word is given to draw swords. This is not the least difficult operation to be performed,

and some degree of fidgetiness is caused in the ranks by the clatter of the scabbards; but when the flaming blade is flourished over the heads of the quadrupeds, a scene of confusion occurs almost equal to what would take place in regular troops if a battery had suddenly opened on them. Some horses bolt, some back, some wheel round, and some rear. The General, perceiving the state in which matters are, very humanely checks his horse, to give time for restoring order. This being effected, he advances to the front, receives and returns the salute.

The General now rides down the front rank, and, as he passes, every trooper puts on his most military look; then he proceeds between the two ranks. This proved him either to have been a very bold man, or to have been altogether inexperienced in Yeomanry troops. But he, or rather his aide-de-camp, had soon cause to repent of their temerity, for they have not proceeded many paces, before a skittish mare, whose tail is brushed by the sword of the latter, lashes out, and strikes the functionary in that part of the foot which derives its name from the hero of the Trojan war.

Confusion ensues, and the General and his suite are glad to make their escape through a gap in the rear rank. The poor aide-de-camp, being thus put *hors de combat*, is hoisted into a carriage, muttering damnation to all Yeomanry Cavalry, and driven off to the nearest town for medical attendance. This is a bad beginning.

I ought to have mentioned before this, that these six troops form a regiment under the command of a lieutenant-colonel, to whom is annexed an old cavalry officer as adjutant. This latter having taken post near his principal, to prompt him as occasion requires, and the several drill-serjeants having, in like manner, tacked themselves on to their respective captains, the line breaks into open column to march past the reviewing-officer, a parallelogram being marked out with flags for that purpose. The leading half-squadron manages to get round the first flag without difficulty; but the second is not equally successful, for just as the horse of the pivot-man approaches the corner, a gust of wind blows the flag into his face, and he starts back so as nearly to dislodge his rider from the saddle. The sympathy spreads through the

ranks, and the whole troop is in disorder: nearly a similar fate attends the succeeding half-squadron, so that before the review can proceed, it is necessary to tie up the obnoxious streamers. At length the head of the column reaches the second flag, and this *boom is rounded* tolerably well, as one of our *naval* troopers remarked. Now the critical point is approached, where stands the awful chief, by whose fiat we are to be judged. "Eyes right!" is the word. The subalterns in the rear must now have an eye on their troops to preserve steadiness. "Mr. Kerseymere, you're keeping too much to right!" (there was a considerable hiatus between him and his left-hand neighbour.) "Why, how can I help it?" answered the pert haberdasher; "I was told to keep my eyes to the right, wasn't I?" "Damn it, Farmer Hobbs," says a little testy Cornet, "will you keep your horse in the line?" "Then damn you too!" retorted the sturdy Yeoman; "don't suppose I come out here to be damned by you." "Silence, there, in the ranks!" calls out the Captain. "For God's sake, gentlemen," says the adjutant, riding up, "do preserve silence and order as you approach the

General." "And so we would," sings out a squeaking voice from the rear rank, "but Mr. Jenkins is always a *blowing on us up.*"

Thus schooled, the column marches past the General, "as well as could be expected." They are to go once more round at a trot, and here they display their horsemanship to advantage,—some sitting bold upright as stiff as pokers, and others rising in their stirrups as if they were pounding along on a turnpike-road. Some manœuvres are now to be attempted; but if it had not been for the word of command, I would have defied any man living to have made head or tail of what was going on. Then we are to try our hand at a charge—a charge to be sure! I have seen a print in an old Bible of the "swine running violently down a hill;" and this was the nearest approach to it of any thing I ever witnessed. The line, (if it could be called such,) I will venture to say, covered as much ground from front to rear as it did from flank to flank. Some of the horses, getting the bit in their mouths, actually ran away, and the riders were compelled either to throw their swords away, or to hold them in their teeth, while they

pulled at the reins. "Don't press so," says one; "you 'll squeeze my legs to a mummy." "Keep your luff," says the naval Captain, "or you 'll run me on board." Two or three came head over heels, and one horseman actually rose from the ground to all appearance run through the body by his sword. The by-standers ran up horror-struck, and still more surprised to find the trooper on his legs and laughing, for the weapon luckily had only pierced his jacket. Such a display could not be witnessed by the by-standers without exciting considerable merriment, among the rustics in particular, who looked on with a degree of spiteful satisfaction.

The commanding-officer now proposed a little pistol-firing; but this the General very humanely declined, as the list of casualties was already sufficiently heavy. But they must display their skill in the sword-exercise, that's certain! so they took their distance accordingly; and when thus marshalled, they looked, from their various sizes and shapes, not unlike a set of chessmen on a board. This part of the business was not at all relished by the quadrupeds, who blinked

and shyed while the bright blades were glancing past their heads, in momentary expectation of the loss of an ear or a tail; but here they were wrong, for the edges of the blades were, in general, turned in any other direction but that in which the force was applied.

This being over, with a good deal of shifting and shuffling the ranks are again closed, and the line advances to the general salute, under a flourish of trumpets. This movement is performed with comparative steadiness, for the horses are by this time pretty well tried; though, to a person standing in front or rear, the regiment would appear something like the line I am now writing, with words of various length, and the usual intervals between them.

In conclusion, the officers are summoned to the front, and the General addresses them in a short speech highly complimentary to the corps, "which he does not hesitate to say is fit to take its place by the side of any regiment in his Majesty's service"—(God forgive him)—"and for which state of efficiency they are indebted to their distinguished commander and his able coadjutors, the officers"—

(nothing is said of the drill-serjeants)—"all this it shall be his pleasure to communicate to the higher powers." Off he then gallops, restraining his risibles till he turns the corner of the road, when he and the brigade-major give vent to their long-suppressed laughter in a regular burst.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Pic-nic—Philosophising in a fair.

I REMEMBER the day, some five-and-thirty years ago, when a forest pic-nic was the most delightful thing imaginable. Whether this pleasurable recollection arises from the habit of mind and body under which I participated in the rural party, or whether I am really justified in attributing more sociability to the people of those days, I cannot pretend to say. Perhaps the elder persons, who joined in the festivity which pleased me so much as a boy, might have drawn comparisons with the times which preceded them, equally unfavourable to those I am now extolling. Be this

as it may, the impression on my mind is such as I have described, and I cannot help it. The sentiment of the poet will apply to memory almost as well as it does to hope:—

> "'Tis distance adds enchantment to the view,
> And robes the hills in azure hue."

But with every allowance for the above considerations, I believe on all hands it is agreed that a forest pic-nic is nothing like what it used to be. I well recollect it was always a circumstance to be looked forward to with pleasure, and that it generally took place during the holidays, when the youth of both sexes could share in the enjoyment.

Waggons were then the order of the day, covered-in like those employed in conveying merchandise on the road, and decked out for the occasion in all the flowers of the season. No one thought of disturbing the harmony of the sylvan scene by going in a carriage, even if they had one. Some half-dozen of these clumsy but capacious vehicles sufficed to convey the

parties from different directions, and a romantic spot was chosen, where the tents were pitched for shelter in case of bad weather; for however people may rail against the climate of these days, my love of truth will not allow me to maintain that Sol then shone more brightly on the soil of Old England than it now does, or that there are not now as many "sunny days" for those who are capable of enjoying them, as there were wont to be in the days of my youth.

The whole business was arranged by a committee (nothing can be done without a committee); the dishes were regularly assorted and drawn for, on the true and approved principles of the pic-nic, and carts were despatched in the morning with the viands, tents, tables, &c.

What merry parties there used to be in these waggons! The going and coming was half the fun. The joke and the laugh went round; age forgot its cares and infirmities, and caught from youth the infection of joy; and bodies, feelings, and spirits, were jumbled together in the spring-

less vehicle, as it jolted over the rough forest-ruts.

The different waggons arrived, and mutual greetings passed: various groupes start on their several amusements, as pleases their taste:—some for rambles amidst the forest-scenes; others to mix in the merry dance; others with book and pencils, to sketch the sylvan beauties of a chosen landscape, or to delineate the picturesque form of some patriarchal oak. Some, not less pleased, employ themselves in spreading the tables, and boiling the potatoes; and a set of school-boys, with a few romping girls, set off to play at "follow the leader" through the forest.

Archery meetings were not then thought of. It remained for the good taste of these days to form grounds for this *sylvan* amusement in the midst of a *town*, where the followers of Robin Hood and Little John step forth from an elegant saloon into a bit of a lawn walled in for the purpose. But, in any situation, I think an archery meeting a stupid concern. It is dull work

to stand looking on at a few ladies letting fly a lazy arrow to pitch within two or three yards of a target. I would sooner by half see a boy climb up a soapy pole for a leg of mutton.

But to return to our pic-nic. After two or three hours' ramble, the bugle sounds for dinner, and the stragglers assemble as fast as their legs can carry them; for, in the whole course of my experience in all quarters of the world, I never knew of a party of pleasure in which the eating and drinking was not the most important part of the concern. What a contrast between a meal of this kind and a set formal dinner-party, where people meet to dress each other down, and to go through all the conventional forms of fashionable life,—when we have hands given us by nature, not to be allowed to use them, but to be obliged to wait till we can get the use of those belonging to one of the attendants, who are, perhaps, so few in numbers, and so engaged, that it takes us ten minutes before we can catch the eye or ear of one of them! Even the stiffest and

the most fashionable people will relish the relaxation from forms and etiquette, and enjoy the scramble of a pic-nic, where every one helps, and is helped in turn: nor does the cold tongue and chicken taste the worse because it has followed on the same plate as the pigeon-pie; nor will either dish be contaminated because they have been carved by the same knife and fork.

To be sure, in those days, when the ports of France were shut against us, we had not the advantage of champagne—that grand exhilarator of a modern party—that substitute for fun and wit, though sometimes the cause of both: indeed I do not know how a party of pleasure could now get on without the sparkling fluid, for I never hear them estimated by any other criterion than the quantity and quality of the champagne that was drunk. In the old days Cogagee cider, or perry of the best quality, supplied its place; and these liquors being served out *ad libitum* to young and old, the effect on the spirits, when combined with a fair allowance of wine, was full as great as the lovers of order could desire, and more than was quite agreeable to watchful mammas.

One of the delights of a pic-nic is, that every one throws into the general stock his mite of wit or fun, in the same manner as he has done his dish, and that each may enjoy his own joke and his own prog, or those of others, as pleases his taste,—while, if joke or dish be but cheerfully presented, they will readily pass muster, though the one be neither very piquant, nor the other very savoury.

The cheerful meal is not hastily despatched, and why should it be so? After some time, however, the young ladies become impatient for a dance, and being of course backed by the gallants, they draw off for that purpose, dragging their mammas with them. The tables being cleared, a few old stagers remain to finish the bottles, while attendants of all grades complete the demolition of the eatables.

About eight o'clock it is time to think of returning, and the waggon-horses are put to. Some of the old people are now getting a little tired, but the spirits of the young ones are rather raised by the cheerful glass; so the returning inmates of the waggons are to the full as noisy, if not

quite so witty, as they were in going; while the awkward driving of John Waggoner, who has had his share of the good cheer, gives rise to frequent jolts, causing some annoyance, and considerable diversion within. At length the several parties reach the smooth turnpike-road, and there we will leave them to find their way home,—the old ones dozing, and the young ones taking advantage of the parental somnolency.

How different in every respect was the modern forest pic-nic (if it deserved the name), at which I was present not long since! Instead of waggons (the chief object of which was to bring all the company to the same level), every one must go in their most dashing equipage; and the pony-chaise, or hired fly, were humbled by the presence of the elegant chariot or the smart britscha. When on the ground, the whole divided into parties, somewhat on the in-town and the out-of-town principle which I have already described. The fare was not assorted nor drawn for; but each family or party took a sufficiency for itself, with tables, plates, &c.

In consequence of this want of pre-arrangement, I think I counted no less than a dozen veal-pies, with scarcely any variety (this cured me of veal-pies for a long time): then, when we came to sit down, the exclusive system seemed to prevail, and one party went so far even as to fix their table by itself under a tree some distance off. As for society, one might as well have dined at home.

Dancing to be sure there was; but here again the parties kept themselves distinct. Though the quadrilles of the present day are certainly in some respects an improvement on the old country dance, yet they admit of greater separation than the latter, where all must stand up together. This gave the out-of-towners an opportunity, which they seldom neglected, of separating themselves from the in-towners; so that, instead of gaiety and good-humour as of old, discontent and disapprobation prevailed. I also noticed on this occasion what might have taken place formerly, but which, as a boy, had escaped my observation. I saw sly glances, and I heard inuendoes referring to the conduct

of persons present, which, if afterwards duly reported, would find material for tea-gossip for many a winter's evening. Upon the whole, I believe there were few (and I certainly was not one of the number) who could call this a party of pleasure. Now, says some Conservative reader, you will acknowledge, Mr. Author, the superiority of the good old times. Not at all; but this I will acknowledge, if you please — that while the middle and lower classes of society have improved, the aristocracy, in becoming more refined, has become less sociable and more exclusive.

PHILOSOPHISING IN A FAIR.

I like to philosophise in a crowd. When all are busy and engaged in the whirl of life, I love to abstract my mind from surrounding objects, to fix it on some particular circumstance in the scene before me, and to follow up the train of thought to which it gives rise. If we could only penetrate into the minds of the

actors in the drama of a fair, how different in many cases would their feelings be found from the expression of their countenances, or from the business in which they are engaged!—how distinct from each other would be the outer and inner man!

Look at that stage in front of an exhibition of wax-work. There, to catch the gaping crowd, a company of buffoons and dancers, male and female, go through, time after time, the same round of capers, tricks, and jokes—verbal and practical. How many of these poor hirelings, while their features and gestures are assuming the semblance of gaiety, have hearts ill at ease. Mayhap that poor young woman, rouged, painted, and bedizened, who is dancing so nimbly, has, within a few yards of her, an infant lying on the bed of sickness, or crying for that nourishment which her exertions to amuse a senseless mob may probably vitiate or corrupt. Those children, who are compelled to strain their tender limbs into unnatural distortions, may have a cruel parent to goad them on to exertions

beyond their strength, or to punish their unsuccessful efforts. Poor Scaramouch, too, whose face is chalked and bedaubed to heighten the effect of his grimaces, and who rings the changes on his ready-made jokes, may have his domestic sorrows, and a heart to feel the miseries of a hackneyed minister to human folly. Mr. Merriman, with all his buffoonery and fun, may, while he excites mirth in others, be a brute in his own family, and, before the vulgar audience, play the part of "Jerry Sneak" to the same poor wife whom he thumps behind the curtain. But, after all, the difference between this and real life is not great. The analogy holds good, though the contrast is stronger. The mountebank plays his pranks on the stage to please the crowd, and ends the day's work in weariness and exhaustion. The man of the world, too, often closes a life of folly and deception with a retrospect of no greater satisfaction, and ends his days in hopeless misery or brutish insensibility.

Cross over the way to that caravan. There the

two extremes are met,—a giant and a dwarf, to serve as foils to each other. What a life theirs must be! What misery to the poor giant to be pent up in such a box, without the means of stretching his limbs, or of taking the exercise necessary for his health! Can the awe or admiration with which he is beheld by the gaping multitude compensate for his painful situation?

To the poor dwarf, too, if he have the common feelings of our nature, what an existence it must be! As far as his body is concerned, he is not so badly off; for he can make a tolerable quarter-deck of what would be but a single stride for his companion. But how must he be subject to the contemptuous remarks of the ignorant and the vulgar; and how frequently must his tiny pride be mortified, notwithstanding the puffing-off of his wonderful abilities by the showman!

Then that fat boy in the next caravan. Poor creature! he must be crammed like a turkey to maintain him in his state of obesity, his health injured, and his life shortened, for pre-

sent profit. He must be pent up too like a bacon hog, for every drop of perspiration from his carcase is so much out of the pocket of his master. To conceive a human being fattened for show, while, perhaps, in the next booth a porket is taught his letters for a like purpose—all to gratify the appetite for the marvellous!

Have these poor creatures souls to feel the degradation of being shown for lucre? Have they friends or relations who commiserate their condition; or is it their parents themselves who make a market of their offspring? Have they a moment to enjoy freedom or privacy; or are they led, without intermission, from town to town, or from fair to fair, to satisfy the cravings of avarice? Are they shown on their own account, or have they hired their bodies to some mercenary master, who, in turning them to his profit, pays no regard to their wishes or their feelings? All these are thoughts which naturally suggest themselves to my mind in a fair.

Let us turn aside a little, and watch that poor fellow (they call him "Cheap Jack") act-

ing in the capacity of auctioneer to a waggon of Sheffield ware. He has been chosen for the strength of his lungs; and there he holds forth by the hour at the top of his voice, and with the most rapid enunciation, while the perspiration is pouring down his face, till perfect exhaustion compels him to give way to a fresh relay of human lungs. View him, then, stretched on his back in the vehicle, panting and gasping for breath, like a hunter brought to a stand-still in a ploughed field. Beyond a doubt the poor wretch will be driven into a consumption; and who will there be to pity or to nurse him? We may talk of superstition, of Moloch, of Saturn, of Juggernaut, and of all the bloody idols of ancient or modern times; but, if we could only calculate the number of human beings whose lives are destroyed or shortened by unhealthy professions or trades, we should be compelled to admit that more victims are sacrificed to the "golden calf," than to all the gods of stick or stone that have ever been imposed on the credulity of man.

Look at that poor old fellow superintending the revolutions of a round-about, like Time whipping on the hours. What an occupation is his!—to have to deal with a pack of mischievous urchins—to keep his horses and his chariots from injury—and, what is still more difficult, to keep his temper. He wisely secures the halfpence before he allows the riders to mount, and he has a switch in his hand to overawe the brats. And this is his job from morn till night, from day to day, without any variety but what may occur from the tricks of the creatures in whose amusement he is employed. His countenance expresses a compound of fatuity and cunning, of patience and sourness. We have no need to speculate on his feelings, if he have any; they revolve in the same constant circle; and if there be in the world any harmony between the mind and the face, it must be in the case of Round-about Johnny.

Observe that villanous-countenanced ruffian, who pretends to risk his snuff-boxes and his knives against the halfpence of the rustics, who shy at his wares as they stand perched on

the end of a stick. With what a chuckle does he pocket the coppers of the awkward clowns, as, time after time, they miss the mark! But watch the change in his countenance, when some dexterous well-practised stager comes, and repeatedly succeeds in dislodging the prize. Gradually his features assume a blacker and more malignant look; and he endeavours, by cheating and bullying, to rob the successful thrower of his right. There is no doubt about this fellow: he is by nature a brute, and few persons could be deceived in his physiognomy.

Let us now take a stroll among the booths, where gewgaws, toys, and spice-nuts invite the passing eye, or lure the greedy stomach of youth. There sits, as priestess of the gingerbread temple, a showy female, (somewhat *passé*, to be sure, but that is less from age than from wear-and-tear,) with features still beautiful, and a pair of noble eyes rolling about in search of customers, which her syren voice invites to her master's stall. She is placed there as an attraction. Has she, poor

soul! any modesty left to feel the indelicacy of her situation, or is she so hardened as to stand the rude stare, or the free jest, with equal indifference? Alas! to what a purpose is beauty devoted! I sigh, and turn homewards with a heart sick and disgusted at the ways of man.

CHAPTER XXV.

Gradual change from Tory to Reformer—The Established Church.

THIRTY-THREE years have now elapsed since I embarked in life. The first twelve years, which comprised my military career, was a stormy period in history; and in its hardships and perils I had my full share. When I look back at what I was then, and consider what I am now, I confess I am not a little surprised at the change which has taken place in my opinions on many subjects, but particularly in politics. I was born and bred a Tory. Almost the first sounds that reached my infant ears were lamentations at the horrors of the French Revolution, and execrations against the authors of them. Joined to this, my almost infantine enrolment in the profession of arms (for I was a lieutenant at eight years old, as I have already explained in my former memoirs,)

brought me naturally into mental collision with our ancient enemy, and led me to look upon a Frenchman, and every thing belonging to him, with hatred. I learnt, at the same time, to venerate Pitt, and to curse Fox, and to consider the party to which the latter belonged as leagued with the enemies of my country.

With these feelings and prejudices I went forth into the world at the age of seventeen; and it is by no means surprising that, in the bustle of a military life spent in camps far distant from my native country, and associating only with persons of my own profession, my attention should never have been directed to subjects connected with civil policy.

To be sure, the rapid increase of a national debt, already great beyond conception, and a novelty in the history of the world, did sometimes strike me as a thing to stagger my faith in the "powers that were." But this was only a passing thought; and it was not till I had given up the profession of arms, and had sat down quietly, that I began seriously to think on the affairs of my country. No doubt the prejudices of my youth and education had been gradually wearing away,

and giving place to more enlarged views, which, joined to a natural detestation of every thing like oppression or tyranny, prepared my mind for the reception of liberal opinions. Sober reflection and some reading brought me to see things in their true colours, and to view the system upon which Great Britain had been governed for many years, as not only in theory revolting to reason and common sense, but in practice ruinous. Mine was not a sudden conversion to new doctrines. One by one my early prepossessions disappeared, and I have now become as hearty a Liberal—Radical if you please—as is consistent with respect for the British Constitution—not as delivered to us by our ancestors, but as improved by the great measure of Reform, which has placed the power where it ought to be—in the hands of the people. Whether or not I shall proceed onwards to Republicanism will depend on the working of this second charter of British rights, when it shall have received those alterations in its details, the necessity of which is becoming every day more apparent.

The reader is already in possession of my sentiments on various subjects of policy. There is, however, one leading question which I have not yet touched upon, and on which I cannot take leave of the public, without expressing my opinion—that is, the Church Establishment.

Now, I will begin by saying, that if an Established Church could be maintained in purity, and with the consent of a large majority of the community, nothing would be more delightful; for the constant bickering about religion is the most hateful thing imaginable. (Indeed, it has often been a matter of surprise to me how religious differences beget hatred, when pity ought to be the feeling towards those poor souls who are considered out of the pale of salvation.) But alas! purity is impossible. Establishments of all kinds naturally become, in time, fat, lazy, and corrupt. Hence proceeds dissent; and hence, as an inevitable consequence, the Establishment loses the attachment of the majority of the people, and can only then be supported by force.

I maintain, therefore, that no Established

Church can long exist without an Inquisition. This is well known in countries under Papal dominion. The Spanish clergy considered it as the main support of their religion; and they were right, for as freedom gains ground in Spain, so will the Established Church be endangered. But, it may be said, how can you draw a parallel between the Roman Catholic Church and the Reformed Church of England? As to doctrines I do not; but I ask, is there an establishment in all Christendom which has so many enemies in its own country as the Church of England? And why is this? For two reasons—its riches, and its aristocratic character. Tithes, that fruitful source of discord, are enough to ruin any Church to which they are attached. They act like the fatal tunic, the poison of which penetrated to the bones of Hercules; and too happy will our Church be if it can escape the fate which attended the hero of ancient mythology.

As to its aristocratic character,—are not our clergy in general above their work, and must they not continue so, as long as they are compelled to incur such an expense in passing through the

Universities before they can be ordained? As parish priests, are they to be compared to either the Roman Catholics or Dissenters?

That a religious establishment of some kind was necessary in England at the Reformation, and for some time after, as a defence against popery, I readily admit. But of what use is it now? It may, at one time, have contributed to learning by its clergy having been compelled to take degrees at the Universities. But there is now no reason to fear, that useful learning or knowledge will be neglected. Much rather should we say, that to keep pace with society, those hitherto self-styled depositaries of learning must be much modified and improved.

I acknowledge myself partial to the doctrines, discipline, and forms of the Church of England—that is, if freed of its many and gross abuses; but, then, I think it ought to be supported on the voluntary principle. Indeed, I feel assured that it would stand firmer than it now does, and that its numbers would rather increase than diminish if it were maintained by the contributions of its own members alone. Surely,

if the Dissenters, who are a much poorer body, are able to support their own clergy and chapels, the Church of England might well afford to do the same. To expect peace and good-will among Christians, so long as one sect claims ascendancy, is absurd; and it is equally so to suppose, that while there is a bone to pick, the possessors of that bone will not incur the jealousy of less fortunate curs.

I do not mean to say, that the country is yet ripe for so material a change as the abolition of the Church Establishment; but come it must. In the mean time those who wish well to the Church of England, and would prolong its existence, should labour to clear it of all abuses, and to render the collection of its revenues as little obnoxious to the nation as possible.

As to the Irish Church, the Tories have very nearly disposed of that, by rejecting the Bill passed through the Commons during the last session of Parliament; and surely, if they persist in their opposition to that measure, the people of England will never support any government in the exaction of tithes from the Irish, nor risk a rebel-

lion in that country for the support of an establishment whose members are not more than a tenth of the population. If the clergy of the Church of Ireland, or rather their false friends, have been fools enough to reject the offer of having secured to them without trouble three-fifths of a revenue hitherto precarious in its amount, and attended in its collection by expense, heart-burnings, and bloodshed, the blame must rest with them.

POSTSCRIPT.

Late political changes—More of Halsborough—A word to both parties—The Ballot—Conclusion.

JUST as I had concluded the foregoing chapter, the country was surprised by the dismissal of the Melbourne ministry. So sudden and unexpected a measure was considered by the Reformers at once an insult and an injury. It was an insult to dismiss, without a cause assigned, an Administration having the confidence of the representatives of the people, and to replace it by the very men who had been turned out for their opposition to Reform. No doubt there was a strong party in the country hostile to the principles of Lord Melbourne's ministry. These consisted partly of men opposed to Reform on principle (if such a thing can be imagined), and partly

of persons who had suffered from the reforms already accomplished, or were likely to suffer from a continuation of the same system. That these, with all the bitterness of party spirit, and all the rancour of discomfited plunderers, should plot the subversion of a ministry to which they owed their fallen fortunes, was natural; but that the same monarch, who had so far responded to the public voice as to receive into his councils Earl Grey and his colleagues, and to give his assent to the full measure of Parliamentary Reform introduced by the Whig Cabinet, should all of a sudden throw himself into the arms of the opposite party —even that party, which, before they had lost their strongholds of corruption, he had set at defiance—seemed, to those who were not behind the curtain, as passing strange. The most charitable construction to put on such a proceeding is to suppose, that the King was deluded into the belief, that the people, in calling for Reform, had been under the influence of a temporary phrenzy, and that, the excitement being over, they had begun to tremble at the effects of their rashness, or, in a word, that a re-action had taken place in the public mind.

But whatever may have been the motives operating in the royal breast, it is clear that the change of ministers, and the subsequent dissolution of Parliament, was the desperate effort of a party which had been stunned but not crushed, and which still possessed sufficient power, through the means of money and influence, to warrant a trial of strength.

Relying too much on the Reform Act, the people had mostly laid down their arms: not so their wily enemies; for, while the Reformers were "reposing under the shade of their laurels," the Tories were sharpening their swords and preparing for action.

The struggle has now, however, become matter of history, and happily it has ended in favour of the people. Had it been otherwise, we might have floundered on a year or two under Tory misrule; but the end would have been a more signal overthrow to that party, which, in its fall, might have dragged with it a portion of that Constitution to which we owe reverence and affection. At length the King has been undeceived; for, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Tories, backed by the in-

fluence of the government, a Parliament has been returned sufficiently liberal to hurl the ministry of Sir Robert Peel from their seats.

No doubt the time for the struggle was well chosen. The Whig ministry had been deserted by a respectable portion of its body; and Lord Melbourne had not had the time or the opportunity to develope those measures which would have made up for the loss, by the support of such of the Liberal party as had hitherto withheld their confidence from a government, which had more the appearance of truckling to their adversaries than of following up the principles of Reform. Had the blow been deferred till after the meeting of Parliament, the increasing popularity of the ministry would have averted it.

But what have the Tory party gained by their late effort? They have only fallen lower than they were before. In fact, every movement that takes place in the body politic only shakes them nearer to the bottom. By undertaking to introduce, for the sake of place, almost the very measures they had before opposed, they have lost the only part of their character which gave them any

degree of respectability in the eyes of their country—consistency. Having levelled their entrenchments, they have advanced into the enemy's country, and, being defeated, they have nothing to retire upon. By their injudicious attempts to stay the progress of Reform, they only accelerate it; and by withholding their support to a government disposed to proceed with caution and moderation, they drive it to seek the assistance of the Ultra-Liberals, and thus hasten those measures which it is their aim to prevent.

"*Reculer pour mieux sauter*," is a true proverb; and thus it is with Reform, the course of which, like that of "true love," "never did run smooth." It must proceed by *secousses*. Thus the late agitation has advanced the cause much faster than it could have proceeded in the regular course. The Whigs are now again in power, and it is presumed that Lord Melbourne has returned with a *carte blanche* to deal with the Peers. The Reform of the Commons was the first act in the political drama. The recent exhibition of Peel, Wellington, and Co., was but a little interlude. The second act—the Reformation of the Peers—is now

to be performed; and I trust the actors, having studied their parts well, will set about the work in earnest. There must be no playing to please high persons in private boxes and slips; the performers must look for the fiat of the audience in general—that is, the people.

The late struggle has taught a lesson to Reformers of all grades, which, I trust, will not be lost on them. The Whigs have now learnt who are their real enemies, and on whom to trust; and the people have also obtained the knowledge of this important fact—that a party in the aristocracy, advocating their rights, is absolutely necessary; for of themselves they have not the power to resist the wealth, and consequent influence, of the upper classes, except through means to be deprecated by every lover of order and peace. While, therefore, the Whigs throw themselves on the people, the people will look with more indulgence on their friends; and justly weighing, from experience, the difficulties with which they were, and are still, beset, will make all due allowance for them in future—that is, so long as they show themselves disposed to proceed in that path by

which they have gained their confidence. In short, henceforth Reformers of all shades (except perhaps a few, whose orbits are too eccentric to be calculated) will see the absolute necessity of pulling together, for the keeping down of the common enemy, and for the accomplishment of practical and efficient Reform.

But though the party of the people has again the ascendancy, it must not be supposed that the foe is crushed. The Tories have been too long feasting on the flesh-pots, and are as yet in too good condition, to give in without an attempt to regain their lost power. We must wait till long privation has reduced their strength, before we can expect them to be quiet. The utmost vigilance will be necessary on the part of the Reformers, at the next registration of voters; and if we cannot have the ballot, something at least must be done to prevent the corrupt parts of the old system, still remaining, from spreading. But, above all, Corporation Reform should be commenced without delay, and pursued with an unsparing hand. This is almost as essential as the disfranchisement of the rot-

ten boroughs; and till that is carried into effect, there must be no relaxation, for there can be no security. After the declaration of Sir Robert Peel, the Tories cannot well offer any serious opposition to this measure; and when these strongholds of corruption are levelled, the way will be paved for the accomplishment of measures which they, as a party, are pledged to oppose.

The Irish Church Reform, having been the test by which the late ministry was tried and found wanting, will, of course, demand the immediate attention of Lord Melbourne's government. Indeed, it is a measure which cannot be too soon settled. The Irish Catholics, through their organ, Mr. O'Connell, have expressed their consent to be taxed for the support of an establishment proportioned to the wants of the Protestant population; and it would be wise to close with the offer as soon as possible, for there is no guessing how long they may continue in the same mind.*

* This work has been delayed so long in the press, that the measures here alluded to are now in progress. I will, however, allow

In the course of this work, I have more than once alluded to proceedings at Halsborough, having been induced to dwell on it more than its individual consequence would warrant, from its being a sample of many boroughs, I fear only nominally emancipated. These have only been handed over from the corrupt system of nomination to the equally corrupt and still more degrading one of Mammon; as a humorous friend of mine said, "from the pen to the pig-sty." I will, therefore, say a few words more about Halsborough, for the proceedings at which place I am indebted to my old correspondent.

Since the election of 1832 the Tory gentry, who had merely supported Mr. Squeezin because he had made a lodgment in the camp of the Reformers, began to commune among themselves, and to say, "If our strength be sufficient to return two Tories, why not have a man of our own choice instead of a stranger?" With this object they encouraged the views of a gentleman who had

my remarks on the subject to remain, if it be only to show that I attached the greatest importance to those two measures, to which the government have wisely resolved to confine themselves in the present session of Parliament.

represented the borough under the old system, and who accordingly took a place in the neighbourhood to be ready for the first opportunity. This latter circumstance gave him an advantage over Mr. Squeezin, who had not kept to his pledge of residing among his constituents. Mr. Squeezin, seeing that the Tory gentry were disposed to throw him overboard, set his purse to work to secure him an interest in the borough on his own account. In this respect we must do him the justice to say he was no niggard; and he succeeded in obtaining many supporters from among his former opponents, who, shutting their eyes to his votes in Parliament, (which were all in opposition to the Reform ministry,) were willing to believe that his appellation of an "Independent" was sufficient to justify their conduct.

The late dissolution of Parliament found Halsborough in this state. In the interim the Reformers had not been idle. They had secured the promise of a candidate of liberal principles, who had relations connected with the borough; and the appearance of three candidates to divide the Conservative

votes gave him the best chance of success. Whether Sir Simon Sellplace intended again to offer himself it is impossible to say; but seeing that if three Tories continued in the field the Reformers would be sure of their man, he thought it best to secure the interests of his party, and those of his old customer at the same time, by resigning. This step, however, did not seem to mend the matter much; for Mr. Squeezin having secured his seat, the contest would lie between the Reformer and the old nominee of Sir Simon, whose unpopularity among the town's-people was such as to render his return very doubtful. Unfortunately, however, the Reform candidate, who was rather late in the field, finding that the party which supported him had been much crippled by the intrigues of Mr. Squeezin, became alarmed, and withdrew from the contest. Thus the Reformers were again left in the lurch, much to their regret and annoyance; and Halsborough is once more represented by two Tories.

During the course of these proceedings the town was kept in one constant ferment of debauchery, and many a poor wretch may date his ruin from the

habits engendered during the long period which elapsed, from the dismissal of the Melbourne ministry to the dissolution of Parliament; so that unless the ballot be introduced to protect the honest voters of intimidation, and to deprive the dishonest ones of the profits of their prostitution, the hope is that Halsborough may soon be consigned to the tomb of Schedule A.

I would now say a few words at parting to the parties struggling for the ascendancy in the State, and who are, in Britain, the representatives of the antagonist principles into which Europe is divided:—first, to you who call yourselves *Conservatives;*—you must not suppose, because the people have been quiet during the late contest of parties, that they are indifferent as to who are *in* or who are *out;* or that any thing like a real re-action has taken place in favour of Toryism. Theirs has been the repose of strength, not of exhaustion —of confidence, not of weakness. The great majority of the nation are Reformers, as you well know; and they have been willing to believe that the Reform Act had given them the means of returning a Parliament in accordance with their sen-

timents. In this hope they have, as yet, not been disappointed, though it must be confessed the corrupt influence exerted by you had almost proved an overmatch for them at the last general election. Should, however, corruption increase (as is its natural tendency) to such a degree as to overpower the will of the people in the choice of their representatives, the Political Unions will rise in ten-fold power, and the indignation of the multitude will be expressed in a voice loud enough, I fear, to shake to its foundations that Constitution which it is your boast to preserve.

When it served your purpose, who were so loud in condemning agitation, as you? But who are now the agitators? What party is it that is now raising the exploded cry of "No Popery," to serve their purposes? But, let me tell you, this is a dangerous game. So long as the *minority* in the nation is employed in agitation, there is not much to fear for the public peace; but reverse the picture, and then behold the consequences. Beware, then, how you set an example which may

recoil on your heads.* Flatter not yourselves, ye Conservatives, that the result of the late South Devon election proves a re-action in your favour, or that it will benefit your cause. It will only make the people more determined to root out all the sources of corruption, and it will force the Whigs, by convincing them of the rancorous hatred you bear them, to seek their safety in the approbation of the people. The stronger and the more virulent the opposition, the more compact and more determined will be the phalanx of Reformers.

To the Reform Ministry I say again, carry the Corporation Reform Bill without a moment's delay, for, until that measure is accomplished, you are not safe in your places. Relax not in your course of liberal policy, for the least hesitation will leave you at the mercy of your enemies. I know that, even among Reformers, opinion is

* Since writing the above, Reform Associations have sprung up in all directions. These are the necessary fruits of the Carlton Club. The Reformers are once more awake and stirring, and now, I trust, they will not close their eyes, nor relax in their efforts, till they have put their enemies *hors de combat*, for some time at least.

much divided about the ballot; but I would caution you not too long to resist its introduction, for you may rest assured that every day this measure is delayed will add to the strength of the Tory party in the counties and small boroughs, while it diminishes the confidence of the people in the ministry which opposes it. I am satisfied that, without the protection of the Ballot, the Reform Act will soon become a dead letter; and that the people will have again to take the business into their own hands, as they did on the passing of the Bill, before a true representative system can be secured to them. From the majority by which Mr. Grote's motion was rejected, (after a speech to which no answer *was* given, because no answer *could* be given,) I have no hopes that the Ballot will ever be carried except by a Parliament returned expressly with that pledge; for every member, be he what he may, naturally considers himself as a practical proof of the non-necessity of secret voting.

In the remarks I have thought it necessary to make, in the course of this work, on the party to which I am politically opposed, I trust I have not

transgressed the bounds of propriety; though, had I indulged in personal invective, I might partly have been excused, for no one has been more baited for his political opinions than I have. I may safely say, notwithstanding, that I bear no malice towards any man, nor harbour any resentment, except towards a few individuals of my own station in life, who have thought proper gratuitously to withdraw from me the light of their countenance without any personal difference whatever. I have many, and a few dear friends among the Tories, in my intercourse with whom politics have made no difference. I always respect conscientious convictions, and I can make due allowance for early prejudices; but I acknowledge that I can keep no terms with those who resist Reform from a desire to hold fast the fruits of corruption. I know there are many amiable, and, I may add, talented persons who have a superstitious dread of innovation, and a kind of filial reverence for antiquity. These are very useful people in their way. They are the ballast which prevents the vessel of the State from being overset, and, as such, I acknowledge their importance; but I confess I would

rather be one of the sails which impel the bark in her course, than a pig of lead in the hold.

I venerate our Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons, and for this reason I would endeavour to free it from those corruptions which deform it; but I am not so blinded with admiration of the wisdom of our ancestors, as to suppose that we may not improve on the institutions they have handed down to us. Surely the world is growing *older* to very little purpose, if it do not at the same time grow *wiser;* and I can hardly suppose that it is yet in its dotage.

Reader, once more I take my leave of you. Whether we shall meet again, or not, will probably depend on the way in which you receive this my second attempt to amuse you.

THE END.

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